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THE NEW YORKER

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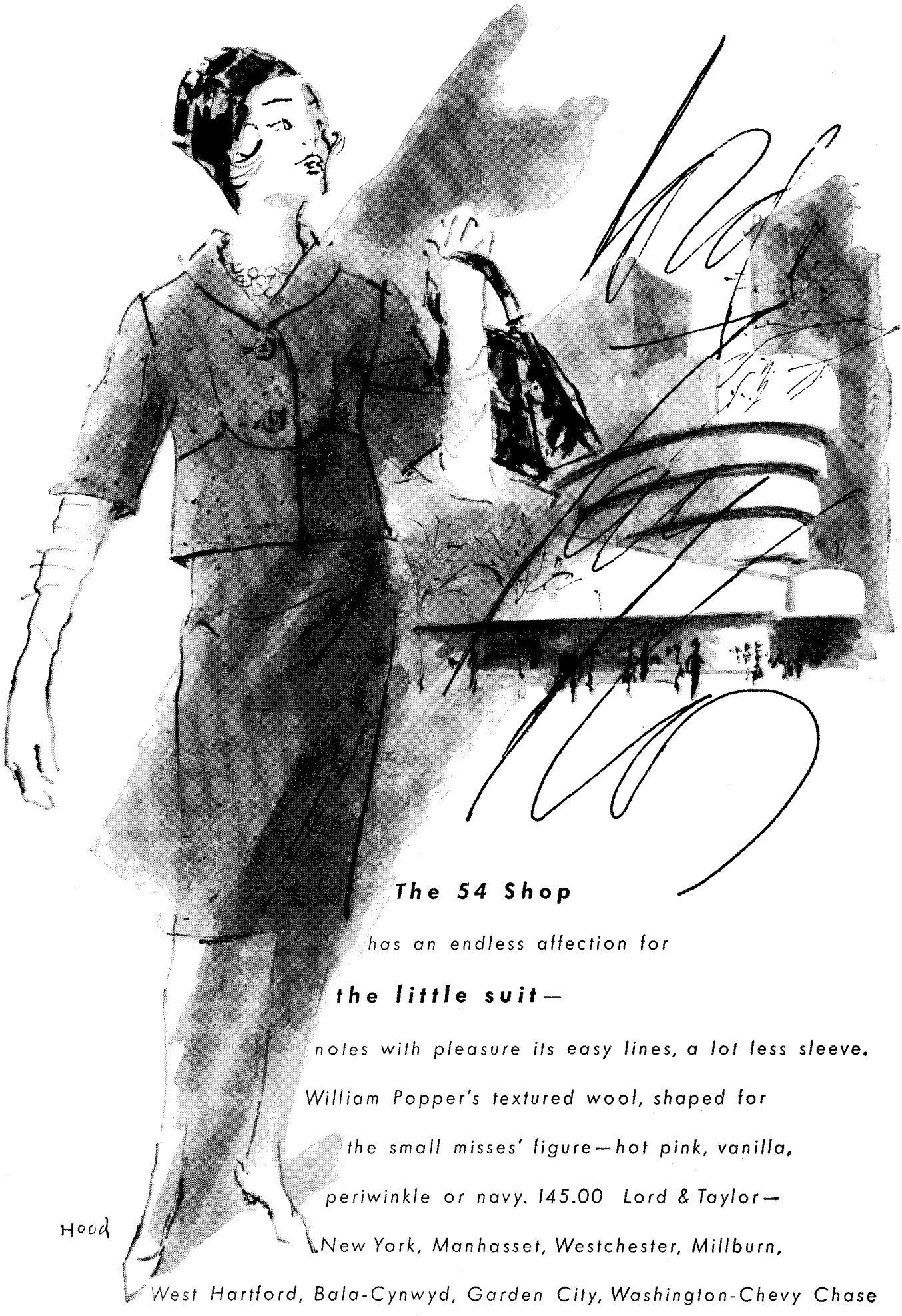

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—Loring Mandel's melodrama, an adaptation of the Allen Drury novel, deals with political shenanigans in Washington when a group of conservative senators tries to prevent a professor who has shown some Leftist leanings in the past from becoming Secretary of State. None of the characters—and there are more than thirty of them—has much substance, and the playwright's ideas of governmental procedure are highly implausible. However, Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy make an exciting group of Senatorial battlers. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's tender and touching adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley are notably effective in the drama. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Becket—Portraying, respectively, the Archbishop and the King in Jean Anouilh's dishevelled account of the twelfth-century struggle for dominance between Church and State, Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn employ such different styles that they never do blend their performances satisfactorily. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

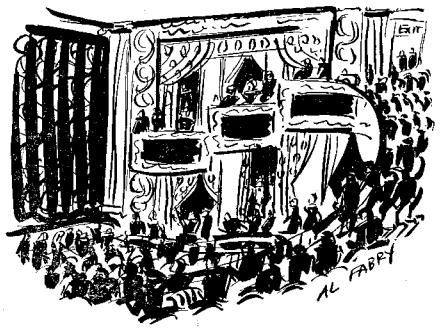
Critic's Choice—A laggardly business in which Henry Fonda functions as a newspaper drama reviewer driven to distraction because his wife has written a play that he considers abominable but that he thinks he should review. Mr. Fonda and such fellow-performers as Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton try hard, but they are only occasionally amusing. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A felicitous and funny divertissement in which two highly original comics spoof everything from modern drama to the P.-T.A. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Invitation to a March—The impressive talents of Celeste Holm, Madeleine Sherwood, Jane Fonda, Eileen Heckart, James MacArthur, and Richard Derr are not used to much purpose in this comedy by Arthur Laurents about life as it is lived on the dunes of Long Island's South Shore, but there are a few bright lines, and some of the situations have spirit. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes with a special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 5.)

Period of Adjustment—A Tennessee Williams play that is advertised as a serious comedy. It is often silly when it tries to be serious and glum when it tries to be comic, but Barbara Baxley and Robert Webber, and Rosemary Murphy and James Daly, who portray two star-crossed married couples in the South, are laudable performers. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—All kinds of droll and perceptive observations about the human race by Eugene Ionesco, who doesn't approve of conformity of any kind and establishes his case with enormous ingenuity. Zero Mostel and Eli Wallach stand out in a remarkable cast, and Joseph Anthony, who directed the show, and Derek Prouse, who translated it from the French, are also to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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A Taste of Honey—There are some strange characters on view in this drama, but Shelagh Delaney, the North Country English girl who wrote it a couple of years ago, when she was nineteen, has certainly infused them with life and put them into a convincing setting. The cast contains only five performers, and they are all excellent—Angela Lansbury, as a prostitute getting long in the tooth; Nigel Davenport, as her protector; Joan Plowright, as her daughter; Billy Dee Williams, as the daughter's colored seducer; and Andrew Ray, as the girl's sympathetic homosexual pal. Miss Plowright is especially noteworthy in a very taxing role. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Under the Yum-Yum Tree—Lawrence Roman's comedy about a San Francisco maiden who is happy to share quarters with her fiancé but wants him to keep his distance. It's all pretty arch, and while Sandra Church is now and then diverting as the determined virgin, and Dean Jones reasonably helpful as her frustrated suitor, it is Gig Young, as a libidinous landlord, who provides the play's most antic moments. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wall—Millard Lampell's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the Jews trapped in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. It has some strong scenes, but it tries to interest us so swiftly in so many people that we never get to know most of them more than casually. Among the prisoners in the ghetto are George C. Scott, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**The Best Man:** Melvyn Douglas, Lee Tracy, and Frank Lovejoy are the main participants in this *drame à clef* by Gore Vidal, which deals with the backstage maneuverings at an unidentified Presidential convention. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **The Miracle Worker:** Some seventy years ago, an Irish girl called Annie Sullivan taught a blind deaf-mute named Helen Keller how to communicate with the world. William Gibson wrote the script, and his leading players are Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. Suzanne Pleshette will replace Miss Bancroft starting Monday, Feb. 6. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **The Tenth Man:** A nihilistic young lawyer is restored to life and love by an exorcism ceremony performed on a Jewish girl who is thought to be possessed by a dybbuk. With Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Martin Wolfson. Words by Paddy Chayefsky. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Toys in the Attic:** Lillian Hellman's play about the ways in which sex and money undermine a genteel New Orleans family. Irene Worth, Maureen Stapleton, and Robert Loggia star in it. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Midgie Purvis—Tallulah Bankhead in a comedy by Mary Chase. Directed by Burgess Meredith and produced by Robert Whitehead and Roger L. Stevens, in association with Robert Fryer, Lawrence Carr, and John Herman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—If it's scenic beauty you're after, you'll find plenty of it in this account of King Arthur and his court, but the play itself is rather slow-moving, even though such lively types as Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart had a hand in the production. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Do Re Mi—Jukebox entrepreneurs at work and at play. Not very stimulating, even though it has the services of Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. The book was written by Garson Kanin, the music by Jule Styne, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—Using leers as substitutes for laughs, this importation—from France via England—describes the capers of a Parisian tart and her innumerable clients. Elizabeth Seal, an agile type, is the girl about whom the males in the cast keep buzzing. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Show Girl—The very amusing Carol Channing

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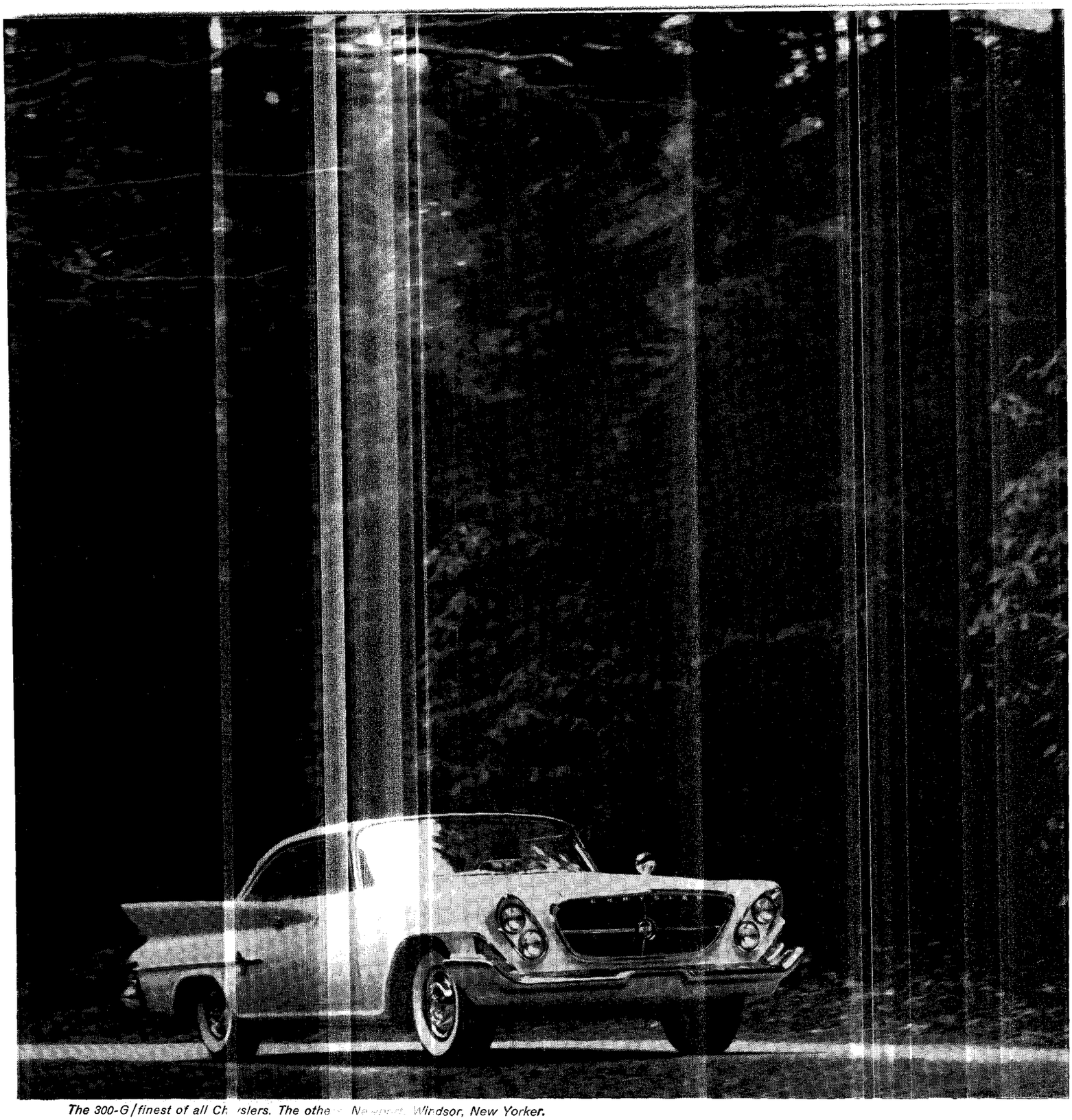

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

doing a number of lighthearted and lightweight turns, with the assistance of Jules Munshin and four Frenchmen billed as Les Quat' Jeudis. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—As directed by George Abbott (who collaborated on the book with Jerome Weidman), this show about a snoopy parson given to exploring the haunts of sinners in old Manhattan is quite tumultuous, but it isn't very long on comedy. Maurice Evans heads the large and boisterous cast, and the show has some clever settings by Cecil Beaton. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—A jolly account of the ups and downs of a backwoods Colorado girl who strikes it rich by marrying a man with a silver thumb, goes on to crash Denver and French society with a hell of a bang, and eventually survives the sinking of the Titanic. As played by Tammy Grimes, the lady is a delight, and so, on the whole, is the show. It has agreeable tunes by Meredith Willson, colorful sets by Oliver Smith, and ingenious choreography by Peter Gennaro, and has been lovingly directed by Dore Schary. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—A saga of the petroleum belt that is short on melody and wit but introduces some spectacular stage effects. Lucille Ball appears as a ruffian young woman preoccupied with making a fortune in oil, and Keith Andes, Don Tomkins, Howard Fischer, and Clifford David also participate. The music was provided by Cy Coleman, the lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, and the book by N. Richard Nash; Michael Kidd is responsible for the direction and choreography. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—Bye Bye Birdie: Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke in a musical having to do with some people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Fiorello!:** A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of LaGuardia. Howard Da Silva and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Gypsy:** The career of Gypsy Rose Lee, from humble beginnings in vaudeville to ecdysiastic heights in burlesque. Ethel Merman plays Gypsy's mother. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **The Music Man:** Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Bert Parks. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **My Fair Lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **The Sound of Music:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us about the Trapp family, who fled Austria in 1938 to evade the Nazis and became well known as singers in the United States. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

How to Make a Man—A comedy by William Welch (based on a story by Clifford Simak),

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with Tommy Noonan, Barbara Britton, Pete Marshall, and Vicki Cummings. The director is Eddie Bracken, the producer Dick Randall. Opens Thursday, Feb. 2. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8:30: "The Gondoliers." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:30: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 2:30 (primarily for children): "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 5, at 2:30 (primarily for children): "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8:30: "The Gondoliers." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

The American Dream—Edward Albee's masterly one-act horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a couple of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. Alan Schneider's direction easily matches his materials, and the results are a just about impeccable collaboration. The evening is opened by "Bartleby," a ponderous one-act opera based on the Melville story, with music by William Flanagan. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

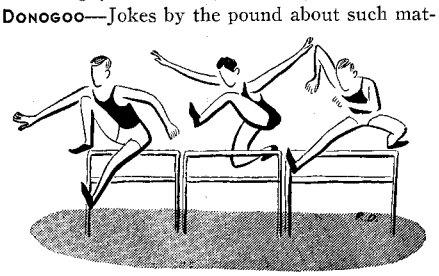
Ballet Ballads—Carmen de Lavallade, a dancer's dancer, is onstage only here and there in this resurrection of the 1948 John Latouche-Jerome Moross singing ballet (one of its three sections has been replaced, and there is fresh choreography), and when she is, everything—blurred stories, mumbled lyrics, heavy-breathing footwork—magically jumps to attention. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

A Banquet for the Moon—A smoke-filled modernization of the Faust legend, in which the hero, a venerable nuclear scientist, is finally eaten by the moon. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Call Me by My Rightful Name—A play by Michael Shurtleff. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

Donogoo—Jokes by the pound about such matters as seasickness, phony-stock issues, and El Dorados. They originated in the mind of Jules Romains, who also wrote his play to see how certain cinematic tricks would fit on a stage—tricks beyond the ken of the play's present producers. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:45 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)



Elsa Lanchester Herself—A one-woman revue, with Ray Henderson and Don Dollarhide at the pianos. Opens Saturday, Feb. 4. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Opening-night curtain at 8:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Epitaph for George Dillon—The hero of this John Osborne-Anthony Creighton revival—the original production garnered a lot of esteem but no money a couple of years back—is a literary fake, a bore, a sponger, and a begetter of illegitimate children, and it is a relief when he safely sells his soul. The writing is often eloquent, and the cast at least knows it. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Faust, Part I—Goethe's drama, presented in the original German by the Deutsches Schauspielhaus, from Hamburg. A simultaneous translation will accompany each performance; receivers may be rented. Opens Tuesday, Feb. 7, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 19. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter nightly, except Mondays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, a new and fascinating Hedda Gabler, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two excellent sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. Eileen Brennan plays the heroine with marvellous style. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Montserrat—A Lillian Hellman opus, based on

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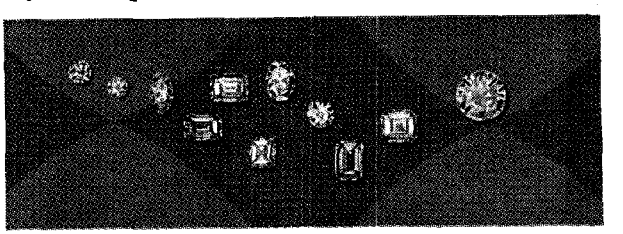

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a French play by Emmanuel Roblès, that deals with a traitorous Spanish officer who martyrs himself for Simón Bolívar in spite of the sadistic opposition of his superior. John Heldabrand tries heroically to squeeze himself into Montserrat's difficult boots, and Leonardo Cimino, as the sadist, is indelibly cruel. The set, as always at the Gate, is perfect. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

The Mousetrap—The main trouble with this Agatha Christie, which is a copy of older and better Christies, is a faulty suspense mechanism. However, thousands of happy Londoners, who love isolated mansions and nervous guests better than themselves, have been expressing nothing but approval for nearly a decade now. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Octoroon—An 1859 drama by Dion Boucicault, directed by Stuart Vaughan. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

Three Japanese Plays—Three modern one-act plays ("Sotoba Komachi" and "The Damask Drum," by Yukio Mishima, and "Han's Crime," adapted by Herbert Machiz from a story by Shiga Naoya) in English, directed by Mr. Machiz. Opens Friday, Feb. 3. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—Ralph Henry Barbour didn't like it. In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly entertaining) is being presented at the Premise, a coffeehouse far more comfortable than most, at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A new housing project (permanents only, no transients) that offers de-luxe accommodations, such as wine with every course. Freddy Alonso's and Joe D'Orsi's dance bands keep up a permanent chatter.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—"Anything Goes," Cole Porter's pungent *petite histoire* of American culture in its unformative years, has been trimmed to Cotillion Room size and staffed by such sturdy voices as Wilbur Evans, Jimmy Carroll, and Larry Douglas. It is front and center at dinnertime every evening, and additionally at supper on Fridays and Saturdays. There's no scenery except the customers' furs. Plenty of dance music is tossed off, too, during the night. The last stand for "Anything Goes" is Sunday, Feb. 5. On Tuesday, Feb. 7, the Messrs. Carroll and Evans will reappear, along with a few new faces, in a truncated version of that old romantic musical called "Rosalinda." Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's polite followers are the dance musicians in the upper-bracket Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The happy talk of Ted Straeter's flowing

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covey of minstrels and the brisk persiflage of Mark Monte's exemplary band make the Persian Room glow in the dark of night. At dinner and supper, a singer named Constance Towers, a veritable hollyhock of a girl, expends her skill and aplomb on a series of terribly solemn pronouncements. She shuts up shop Tuesday, Feb. 7; the next evening brings aboard Hildegarde and her fluttery handkerchief, fluttery cantatas, and fluttery small talk. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo Le-Fleur's orchestra plays in the Palm Court for the cocktail hour (four to seven) and in the Edwardian Room for the dinner hour. No dancing in either abode. . . . ¶ The stilly night in the Rendez-Vous, a good-looking rest home, is mildly punctured now and then by the languid dance orchestras run by Maximillian Bergere and the almost legendary Nicholas D'Amico. They start at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Jones Beachers have moved in from the Island to the Grill, where his querulous saxophones swoon and sway through the dance music all evening long. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Twice a night, at fashionably late mealtimes, Marti Stevens, beautiful and withdrawn, accomplishes her purpose, which is balladry, with gentle finesse rather than fury. Her recital hall is the baronial Maisonette. Milt Shaw's band and Walter Kay's trio fill the rest of the evening with cut-glass dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Space of truly noble proportions is the scheme of the Columns, a moonlit terrace upon which dinner music begins at seven-thirty and dance music an hour later. Gunnar Hansen's and Charles Holden's little orchestras do the ¾ and ¼ honors. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There's room for the improvement of one's peace of mind among the widely spaced armchairs and tables of the Savoy Room, where Ray Hartley addresses a piano from cocktails through suppertime every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Old Order, which changeth not as much as one might think, is still visible here and there in the Embassy Club and the Knight Box. The Club serves strutters' music by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band from eight-thirty or nine until one-thirty or two; the Box serves sitters' music by Jani Sarkozi's violin from eight o'clock on. Both caravansaries are closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room, suddenly unafraid of humor, is now host to Adolph Green and Betty Comden, who are reverting to type (their long-ago days in night life) by singing—and clowning—a lot of the lyrics they have thought up through the years. They get going during dinner and supper; the sonorous orchestra of Emil Coleman and Theo Fanidi's band do dance music all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, decorated to suggest an Elysian field, Michael Zarin's band alternates with the orchestra of Ray Bari. The music is sedentary from six to eight-thirty, and dance-tune after that. Sundays, when the music is sedentary from six to eight, and then dance-tune until one, the Baris are by themselves.

Note—From a windowside seat in the Rainbow Room, at the top of the 30 Rockefeller Plaza ski tow, New York seems more and more a Lilliputian bazaar. There's intermittent non-dance music by a trio during cocktails and dinner. The phone: CI 6-5800 Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): *"J'y suis, j'y reste"* is the motto, possibly expressed not quite so succinctly, of the inmates of this distinctly Manhattan inglenook. Murray Grand's East Fifties piano, which begins at eight, also provides, after the theatre, the background for Jane Harvey, a cool and collected singer. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The playboys (j.g.) and the playgirls (j.g.) of the Western World at their decorous merrymaking, which is supervised by Goldie Hawkins, headmaster and pianist-in-chief. The order of the evening is this: Bob Printz on piano from five-thirty to eight; Mr. Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a team. Closed Sundays. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, lord of the manor and of the Steinway, presides on a slight eminence at the west end of as fine a sweep of greenery as the town affords. He's there from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday administrator. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the biggest traffic jams in downtown Rome. No one is more expert at threading the amiable throng than Herman Honigsberg's élite corps of ambulatory violinists, which is on the move until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a squad of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine family dinner party in a combination concert stage, opera house, and dance hall. The head of the family is Aldo Bruschi, operator of piano, oboe, concertina, and basso profundo. Every week, from Tuesday through Saturday, he stages miniature operas, which right now run to Puccini and Verdi. Additionally, from Thursday through Sunday, he runs a dance group and accompanies the succession of singers who wander in and out of the spotlight. I.e., never a dull moment. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle keep that is 1066 and all that, plus a few moves to bring matters up-to-date, such as Norbert Faconi's tableside manner and violin. No music Sundays. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards at play, which is hard on the feet, vocal cords, and stringed instruments but generally easy on the ears. The theme is flamenco. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Malmaison**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The style to which we'd all like to become accustomed. The piano in the bar is run by Jules Kuti, who is on from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The House of Lords in a sociable mood. The court musician is George Feyer, whose parlor piano is distributed from eight-thirty through suppertime. Closed Sundays. . . . **Barberry**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): An old-established pump room, rebuilt into a Moorish town house, and a rather handsome one. The bar and kitchen remain

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

American, though, and so does the leisurely music, which is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, with and without a bordure of violin by Richard Wilson. This goes on from six to midnight, and a trifle later on Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic portfolio, mostly British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): Skillfully sidestepping the native girl who is giving away *leis* by the armful, you press on into the interior of Polynesia, where a native restaurant and native musicians (the Polynesians seem to have been the inventors of the electronic ukulele) await you every night of the week. George Taylor, who's definitely from the mainland, plays piano in the bar every night but Sunday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Trattoria* of style, without being obtrusive about it. The music, which is wandering minstrelsy, is provided by the voices and instruments of casual hillbillies from (where else?) the seven hills of Rome. Their work night is six to two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A slice of life after dark in Madrid. The illusion is assisted no end by the guitar and piano that lurk within, not to mention the footwork of Nila Amparo. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): First, second, and third Hungarian rhapsodies, sometimes simultaneously. The ceaseless ebb and flow of music is most successfully surmounted by the Old World tenor of Tibor Rakossy and the trilling of Janine Poret. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): From nine-thirty to one, this opulent little bar, a Joan Miró daydream, is in the charge of a new guitarist, Gustavo Lopez, who does night-dreaming music. No music Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who keeps making the grand tour from Caracas to Europe and back, is spending this winter at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park. He's around from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, and Sunday is his day of rest. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons and singers who never stop vocalizing. Vienna, it is plain, is really international, for the balladists are on loan from Iceland, Pakistan, Outer Mongolia, and Sheepshead Bay. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER. Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A big, wide, wonderful world replete with seven-foot seraphs who do their vigorous setting-up exercises as unassumingly garbed as Susanna on her way to meet the Elders. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jimmy Durante, a mass of reject inhibitions, is trying as best he can to bring the house down in dust around his impervious ears. There is also a set of eight dulcet damsels whose ballet is all play and no work. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Still another new wit, Woody Allen, has been imported from the provinces and put to work here. More familiar are the faces of Martha Wright, a truly outgoing soprano; of Barbara Gilbert, a flippant young merrymaker of wayward lyrics; and of the good, honest troupe of Irishmen named the Clancy Brothers and Tom Makem, collectors and purveyors of indigenous airs very few of us have ever heard before. The background is the inventive Jimmy Lyons trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) and the garrulous piano of Otis Clements. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty's piano recites casual tone poems from six to eight, and there are sometimes milkman's matinées of piano and/or trio. No music Saturdays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," which is Julius Monk's most recent and most pungent white paper on the state of the nation, pays its disrespects at nine-fifteen and midnight. The *farceurs* in the revue are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, and Gerry Matthews (Monk veterans all), as well as Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl. William Roy and Carl Norman make their two pianos sound like an orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The silly season of Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, who play tricks not only with bass and piano but with voice, is in full flower. Their foolishness is supplemented by the keyboard work of Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, whose variations on themes by Gershwin, Kern, et al., are seventeen-jewel. The pianos begin at nine, the foolishness at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): This venerable institution has, for the moment, reverted to its original, we're-all-pals concept by employing the services of Isobel Robins, a Goldilocks troupial and spitfire; Felicia Sanders, a voice of clarity and decision; and Milt Kamen, philosopher for both the Common and the Uncommon Man. The old family retainers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, musicians to whom every night is Halloween, and Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor—are still on hand. Peter Daniels and Loumel Morgan administer the interlude piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): "Stewed Prunes," the second-story occupant of this Village playpen, is a tongue-in-cheek study (after all, it's mostly pantomime) of many forms of human frustration, executed by a set of three inventive young people. Seminars at nine and twelve weekdays, and at five-thirty and nine on Sundays. Tuesday is their night off. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The back room is populated by (a) a set of customers who can't wait to get on the floor and do dance steps they have just made up, and (b) a hurly-burly show that is semi-detached Latin in attitude. Sundays, the sole event is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Around ten, next door to the bar, the eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the fevered songs of Domingo Alvarado convert the alcove they occupy into one of our best music rooms. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a Bureau of Standards for all girls who aspire to sing in public, goes about her recital with the calm that comes with a few decades of experience. Her dignified mountain fastness, high above the torrential freshet called the Roundtable, is also occupied by Sam Hamilton, her permanent equerry, and Don Evans, a pair of young men capable of putting any piano into a state of beatitude. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A revue called "O, Oysters!," and very, very Village, goes its miniature way, with a cast of six, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty every night but Sunday.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The sweet and low-down trumpet of Bobby Hackett is the salient feature of a quartet whose remembrance of things past is faultless. Bob Corwin, the solo pianist, keeps the keyboard warm as toast, and Mr. Condon, having temporarily put aside his guitar, serves now as innkeeper. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): People who have been

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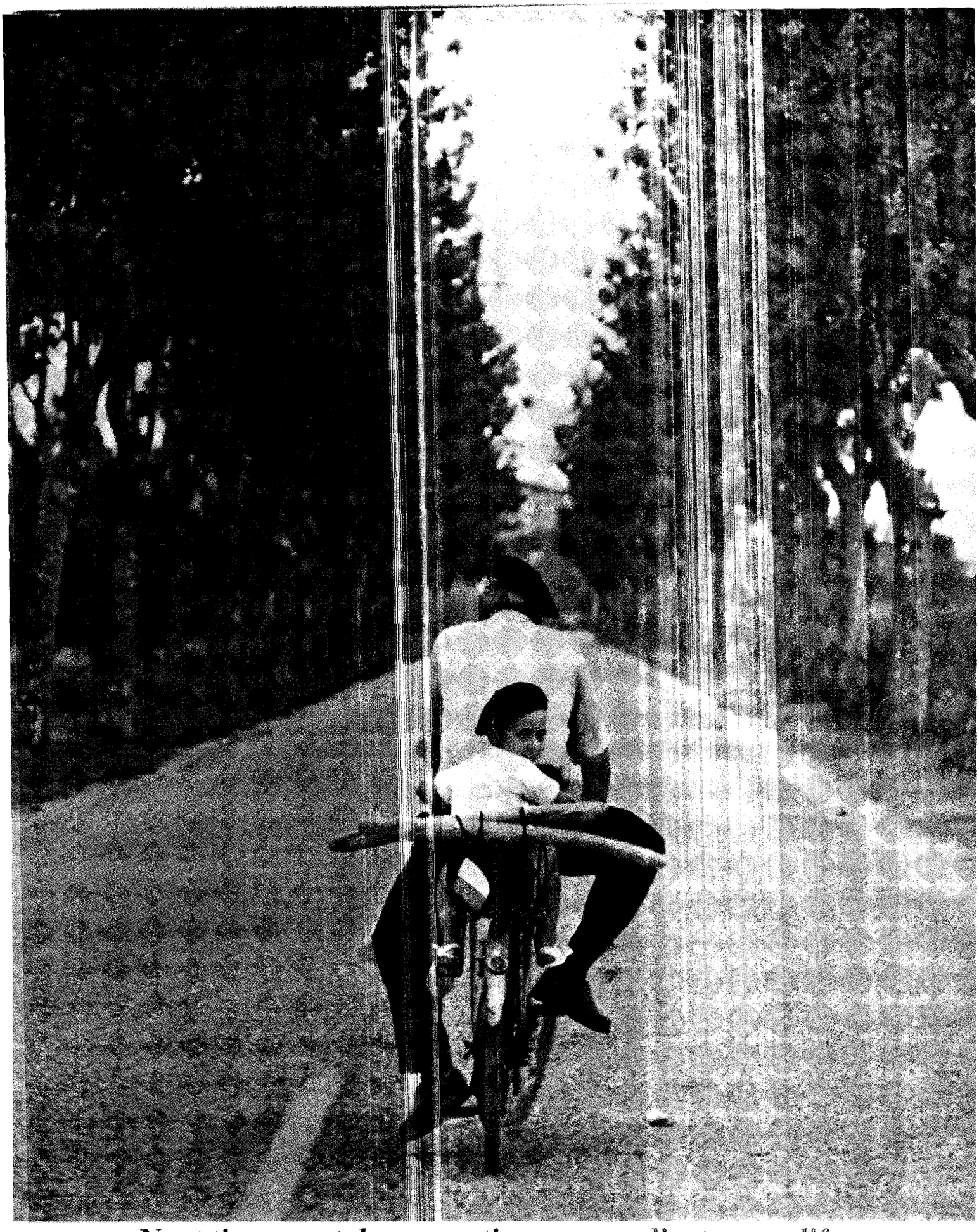

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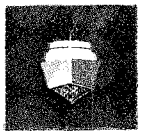

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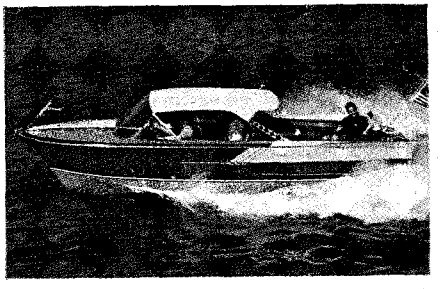

The 21-ft. Continental for 1961.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stocking up on the album called "Sin and Soul" may now hear its author, Oscar Brown, Jr., sing the stuff in person for the very first time. His group of musicians and a foursome run by the eminent Jimmy Raney take turns on the sound track. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . ROUNDTABLE, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The Dukes of Dixieland, a real hard-breathing assortment of men, finish up on Saturday, Feb. 4, and so does the foursome of Cootie Williams, which is now devoted—as jazz was in the beginning—to making music for dancing. On Monday, Feb. 6, the new arrivals will be Mel Tormé, who rearranges the bric-a-brac in every song he sings to suit his taste, and generally everyone else's; a band led by Al Cohn; and the trio of Dorothy Donegan, who frequently regards her piano as a punching bag. The Cohns will also play for dancing. They all operate every day but Sunday. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some real veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are whooping it up, and sometimes gagging it up, for the sake of that dear old Southland. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . THE EMBERS, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The orchestration here has become incidental to the front-table camaraderie, but this is not the fault of Jonah Jones, whose horn could blow the whole house down at one huff and puff were he ever permitted to unplug it. He has a foursome on duty; the remainder of the music is Muzak. The Jones gang departs on Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . BASIN STREET EAST, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Peggy Lee, who's become a First Lady as well as a superlative nipup singer, gives all her songs a great deal more than mere lip service. She's assisted by an up-and-coming band that only she could conjure with. She and her crew leave on Wednesday, Feb. 8; the next evening, the laudable Frances Faye arrives, to strike terror into the heart of any song she happens to lay her carefree and armor-piercing voice on. Gene Baylos, a denizen of old Broadway, will start telling his jokes the same night. Closed Sundays. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Flip and hip is the piano of Billy Taylor, who runs one of the most persuasive of the new-era trios. He takes his post inside the oval bar around ten. No sounds on Mondays. . . . METROPOLE, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Music to watch Grandma Moses to. The exhibit of primitives opens up at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman handle the day trick; the night job is handled by Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays) and the Bourbon Street Six (off Mondays), with a Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday assist by Sol Yaged's fivesome. On Saturdays, by the way, the room upstairs is open to accommodate the Coles and Max Kaminsky's quintet. . . . BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The Broadway beat, which is elbow to elbow and dark to dawn. A good reason for perfect attendance is Buddy Rich, who gets such obvious pleasure out of banging his drums that everyone else feels happy, too. He's accompanied by a bunch of the boys. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are out of action. . . . HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The big city seems far away from this cozy hero-sandwich conveyor belt. John Coltrane's set of four extroverts, which makes its not too fine points with fierce emphasis, will be withdrawing on Sunday, Feb. 5. On Tuesday, Feb. 7, Herbie Mann's assortment of drum majors (all male, though) will return to action, along with Mr. M.'s flute. Come as you are is O.K. with the owners. Closed Mondays. . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Cookouts every night but Monday by the Empire City Six, whose melodic line is below the Mason-Dixon Line. Sundays, there are five-o'clock matinées as well as soirées. . . . FIVE SPOT, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A part of the Village where the iceman cometh, and every night, too. Right now, the fare involves Gigi Gryce's quintet, whose pet instrument seems to be the candy cane. Monday is the Gryce night off. . . . JAZZ GALLERY, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): Weekend sessions are again the rule. On Fridays and Saturdays, Joe Williams, lately the true-blues singer of the Basie band, and Harry Edison's sleepy-time sextet take turns. . . . PRELUDE, 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Red Garland is the main event of the threesome that is wintering way uptown. No music Mondays. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Old wine in an old bottle. The tastings are held only over the weekends. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, all stops and all corks will be pulled out by, it is reported, Jo Jones, Buck Clayton, Tony Parenti, Conrad Janis and his Tailgate Jazz Band, Gene Sedric, Johnny Letman, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JASON BERGER—Slashingly drawn Expressionist landscapes by a young Boston artist; through Feb. 18. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

REMO BRINDISI—Large, fluent oils, mystical in concept. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Padawer, 112 Fourth Ave., at 12th St.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD—Water colors; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

KENNETH CALLAHAN—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAFFAELE CASTELLO—Paintings; through Feb. 18. (Trabia, 14 E. 95th St.)

EDWIN DICKINSON—A retrospective of his paintings; through March 11. (Graham, second and third floors, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER DOWNSBROUGH—Sculptures and drawings; through Feb. 16. (Area, 80 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

JOSÉ ECHAVE—Paintings and drawings, by a Uruguayan artist, depicting the people and landscapes of his country; through Feb. 18. (Galeria Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

JIMMY ERNST—Lacy, lively abstract landscapes, in his first showing in three years; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

EMLEN ETTING—Still-lifes, landscapes, and portraits; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

WALTER FELDMAN—Abstract paintings, mostly; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ALICE FORMAN AND JON HENRY—Abstract paintings; through Feb. 16. (Camino, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

O. LOUIS GUGLIELMI (1906-56)—An exhibition called "The Complete Precisionist;" through Feb. 18. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

DAVID HARE—New sculptures, cheerfully experimental in manner, together with a few paintings and drawings; through Feb. 14. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

HANS HARTUNG AND WILLI BAUMEISTER—Paintings and pastels by the former, a present-day Paris abstractionist, and paintings by the latter, a leader of modern art in Germany, who died in 1955; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

DAVID HAYES—Forged-metal sculptures; through Feb. 25. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

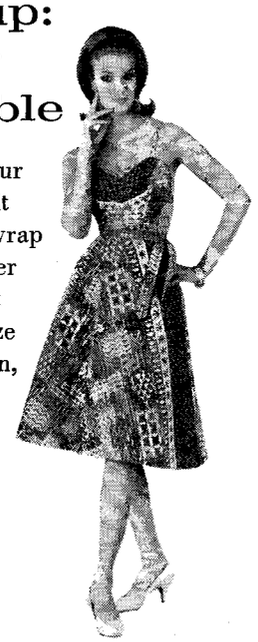
WASSILY KANDINSKY—Abstract paintings (1905-40); through Feb. 18. (New Gallery, 50 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER KINLEY—Oils by a young British painter. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

ROBERT KNIPSCHILD—New landscapes, more abstract in tendency than formerly; through

Peck and Peck

Hawaiian wrap-up: sarong ensemble



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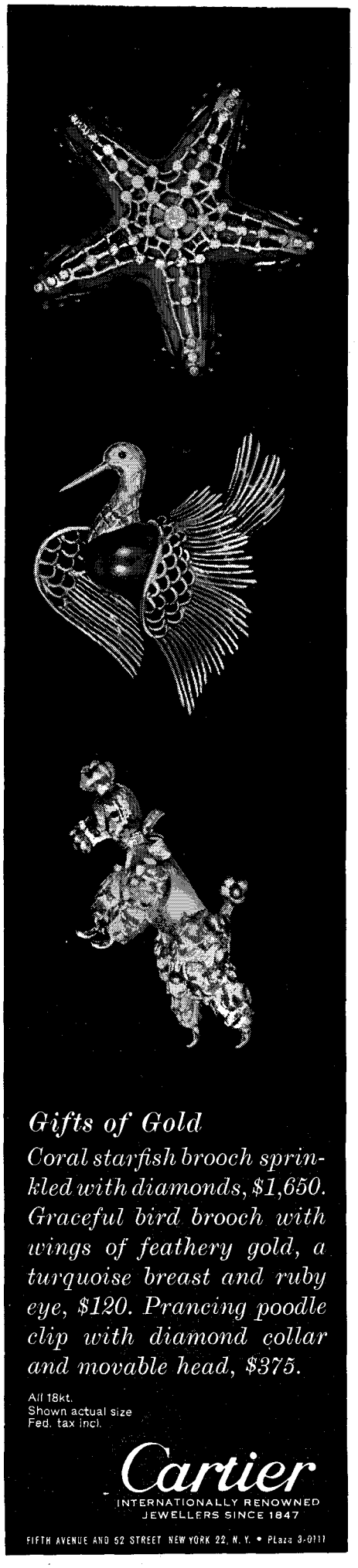

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Feb. 11. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Fritz Koenig—Thirty bronzes and a group of drawings by a young German sculptor; through Feb. 18. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Yasuo Kuniyoshi—Paintings and drawings dating from 1921 to 1952, the year before his death; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Robert J. Lee—Figure paintings and landscapes with figures; through Feb. 18. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Robert Mallary—Wall sculptures and relief collages; through Feb. 25. (Stone, 18 E. 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Gerhard Marcks—Twenty-five bronze sculptures of figures and animals by the German artist; through Feb. 18. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Maril—Paintings of shoreside and other scenes; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Castellane, 19 E. 76th St.)

Harry Mathes—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Feb. 15. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St.)

Matta—Abstract Surrealist paintings; starting Friday, Feb. 3. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

William Pellicone—Fire paintings, the name given to abstractions made of oil pigments on wood, burned with an open flame; through Feb. 16. (Phoenix, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Robert Philipp—Genre paintings and still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Alex Redein—Seascapes, landscapes, interiors, and nudes; through Feb. 14. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jerri Ricci—Impressionistic water colors of landscapes, and dock and street scenes, in and about Rockport, Boston, and Gloucester; through Feb. 18. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Robert Richenburg—Large abstract canvases; through Feb. 25. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Larry Rivers—Six welded-steel sculptures and one cast in bronze; through Feb. 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Salerno—Stone sculptures and slate reliefs; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Tetsuro Sawada—Papers painted in sumi, water color, and gouache by a modern Japanese artist; through Feb. 25. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

Katherine Schmidt—New paintings, super-realist in style, in her first exhibition in fifteen years; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Gérard Schneider—Paintings by the contemporary French abstractionist; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Sills—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Feb. 18. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jack Smith—Abstract still-lifes and figures by a young English painter; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Theodoros Stamos—Non-objective oils; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

David Weinrib—Welded-metal abstract sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Thrall Soby Collection—Paintings and sculptures (by Picasso, Miró, de Chirico, Marini, Calder, and others) from a collection that has been pledged to the Museum of Modern Art. For the benefit of the Museum's library. Through Feb. 25. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Audubon Artists—Their nineteenth annual, containing works in various mediums by both members and selected non-members; through Sunday, Feb. 5. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Recent Drawings by New York Artists—Examples by more than a hundred painters and sculptors, including Milton Avery, Helen Frankenthaler, and Costantino Nivola; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (New School, 66 W. 12 St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Sculptures—Works by contemporary European artists, among them Eduardo Chillida, Elisabeth Frink, and Carel Visser; through Feb. 18. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Primitive Art—At the **d'Arcy**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A show called "Surrealism in the Primitive Arts," consisting of sculptures, paintings, and masks from the South Pacific islands and the American Northwest coast; through Feb. 28. . . . **frumkin**, 32 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of objects from the islands of New Ireland and New Hebrides, in the Pacific; through Saturday, Feb. 4.

Americans; Group Shows—At the **artists'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Thyra Davidson, Robert Hallett, Adolph Rosenblatt, and six other painters; through Feb. 18. (Weekdays, noon to 5:30.). . . **grand central moderns**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Byron Browne, Hugo Robus, Stan Freborg, and other members or recent guests; through Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . **james**, 70 E. 12th St.: Early and recent work by gallery regulars, including James Billmyer, Dorothy Eisner, and Miriam Raeburn; through Feb. 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **durlacher**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings from the sixteenth century to today, illustrating similarities and diversions in style; through Feb. 25. . . . **fried**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Miriam Bergman, Theo Hios, Barbara Hepworth, and others; through Feb. 18. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hahn**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Braque, Kandinsky, Chagall, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Painters and sculptors, including Gris, Mondrian, and Giacometti; through Saturday, Feb. 11. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A show, primarily of oils, entitled "Trends of the 'Twenties in the School of Paris" and consisting of works by Vivin, Picasso, Utrillo, and others; through Feb. 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **slatkin**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "The Artist as Draughtsman," an exhibit of drawings, pastels, and water colors of five centuries by, among others, Boucher, Degas, and Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo; through Saturday, Feb. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Arts of Thailand," an exhibition of three hundred pieces dating as far back as the sixth century. Included are sculptures (ranging from life-size Buddhas to small animals), paintings, illuminated manuscripts, ceramics, silks, jewelry, theatrical masks and puppets, and decorative objects in gold, silver, and crystal. Through Feb. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings by Cézanne and Monet, sculptures by Bourdelle and Matisse, drawings by Picasso and Miró, Japanese prints, and Tiffany glass are among the recent acquisitions now on view; through Sunday, Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Paintings done from 1945 to the present, including eleven recent murals, by the Abstract Expressionist Mark Rothko; through March 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through March 1. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—No special exhibition at the moment, while a show of paintings from the Arensberg and Gallatin Collections of the Philadelphia Museum of Art is being installed. It is scheduled to open on Tuesday, Feb. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A Civil War centennial exhibit of documents,

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books, and works of art relating to the war and Abraham Lincoln, and depicting the civic and military role of American Jews, both Northern and Southern; through Feb. 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Illustrated Incunabula," an exhibition of illustrations in books printed in Europe before 1501; through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Japan: Design Today," a display of textiles, ceramics, woodwork, metals, china, glassware, toys, and semi-ceremonial objects; through Sunday, Feb. 5. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A showing of the entire collection of Raymond Wielgus, of Chicago, comprising masks, figures, ornaments, and pottery vessels, from the Americas, Africa, and Oceania; through Sunday, Feb. 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—From the Museum's collections: Forty seventeenth- to nineteenth-century Tibetan tankas, or banner paintings, done by Buddhist lamas; Far Eastern art objects; and American paintings and sculptures by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, Hugo Robus, Adja Yunkers, and others; through Feb. 26. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"The Precisionist View in American Art," an exhibition of paintings, mainly from the twenties, organized by the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis. The artists include George Ault, Charles Demuth, and Charles Sheeler; through Feb. 28. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Hans Hopf, Eberhard Waechter, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 2: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Martha" (in English), with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, Giorgio Tozzi, and Lorenzo Alvary. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Tebaldi, Margaret Roggero, Nicolai Gedda, and Theodor Uppman. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 6, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Heidi Krall, Eugenio Fernandi, Lorenzo Testi, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Martha" (in English), with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2: "Alcestis" (in English), with Eileen Farrell, Nicolai Gedda, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Hans Hopf, Eberhard Waechter, and William Wildermann.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Alfred Wallenstein conducting on Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 3, at 2:15; and Sunday, Feb. 5, at 3 (all with Zvi Zeitlin, violin). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30 (with Beverly Sills, soprano). . . . ¶ Thomas Schippers directing on Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 10, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 3 (all with Lili Chookasian, contralto, and the Westminster Choir).

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell conducting, with Annie Fischer, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna—Frederic Waldman conducting an orchestra in an all-Bach program, with Isidore Cohen, violin, and Chester Watson, bass-baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Guy Fraser Harrison conducting. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Ars Nova Orchestra—Robert Mandell conducting, with Vivian Rivkin, piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Baroque Ensemble—Daniel Antoun directing and acting as violist, with Alison Antoun, viola, and the Columbia University Chorus. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2831.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Mark Orton directing, with soloists. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 5:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Frank Brieff directing. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

The Limeliters—Folk singers. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 7-5987.)

Paul Zukofsky—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

William Clauson—Balladeer-guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—A program of contemporary European chamber music, performed by Cathy Berberian, soprano; Paul Jacobs, piano; and an instrumental ensemble conducted by Luciano Berio. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 3 and 9.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-61—The second in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Harriet Wingreen, piano; Walter Trampler, viola; and composers Henry Cowell, Vincent Persichetti, Ralph Shapey, and William Sydeman. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Benno Moiseiwitsch—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. The last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Harry Shub—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Noel Lee and Paul Makanowitzky—In a program of sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Nancy Cirillo—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Marjorie Mitchell—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 5:30.)

New York Chamber Soloists—With Adele Addison, soprano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Tenor and guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lex-

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ington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Note—The Festival Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 12, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 6, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Composers' Showcase—A program of works by Aaron Copland, including a concert version of his play-opera "The Second Hurricane," with Dorothy Renzi, soprano; Julius Baker, flute; David Glazer, clarinet; and singers from the School of Music and Art. Mr. Copland will act as narrator and take part in a discussion period following the concert. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concert—Dizzy Gillespie's quintet. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 4, at 2: Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 7: Boston vs. Los Angeles and Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 10, at 9: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 4: Joey Archer vs. Don Fullmer, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11: Federico Thompson vs. Charlie Scott, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 5, at 7: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2: Rangers vs. Canadiens.

Indoor Polo—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Wednesday, March 29.

Tennis—Professional matches: Barry MacKay, Earl Buchholz, Pancho Gonzales, Lew Hoad, Andres Gimeno, and Alex Olmedo. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 7:30.). . . ¶ Amateur matches: U.S.L.T.A. Men's Indoor Championships, singles and doubles. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 7; Friday, Feb. 10, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 11, at 1; Sunday, Feb. 12 (semifinals), at 2; and Monday, Feb. 13 (finals), at 1:30. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200.)

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 3, at 7.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **CITY CENTER GILBERT & SULLIVAN COMPANY** (programs primarily for children): "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Sunday, Feb. 5. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Afternoons at 2:30.) . . . **NEW YORK PRO MUSICA WIND ENSEMBLE:** With members of the New Art Wind Quintet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 3. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.). . . **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting a program of French music, with Lynn Harrell, sixteen-year-old cellist, and members of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Stage Shows—By the **PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES:** "Emperor's Nightingale," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) . . . **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Chingling and the Magic Peach." (Royal Playhouse, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Aladdin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Cinderella." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MERRY WANDERERS CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Hiawatha." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Cut-ups." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.). . . **PENNY-WHISTLE PLAYERS:** "Witches Are for Wearing." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call WA 9-7407.). . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Snow White," Saturday, Feb. 4. "Adventures of Brer Rabbit," Saturday, Feb. 11. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Afternoons at 3.) . . . **THEATRE EAST:** "Circus Lion." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Astronomy in the News;" through Feb. 27. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.). . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Feature pictures or cartoons. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, at 1:45: French, Italian, and English furniture; Oriental decorative objects; old Continental porcelains; paintings and drawings; and rugs. The property of Mrs. Russell A. McKinnon and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, at 1:45: American and English furniture, blue Staffordshire historical ware, jasper and black basalt ware, paintings and drawings, Audubon prints, and Oriental and hooked rugs; owned by Philip Peckerman and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 4.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Feb. 12, 15, 18, 21, 24, and 28, and March 5, 7, and 12.

Boxing—Golden Gloves Tournament: New York City finals, Feb. 20. Eastern Championships, March 10. (Madison Square Garden.). . . ¶ Floyd Patterson vs. Ingemar Johansson,

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15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Miami, March 13.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden, Feb. 13-14.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 19, 22, and 26, and March 1, 5, 8, and 12.

Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships. (Iceland Rink, March 10-12.)

Track Meets—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** New York Athletic Club, Feb. 17.... ¶ National A.A.U. Indoor Championships, Feb. 25.... ¶ Knights of Columbus, March 3.... ¶ I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships, March 11.... **102ND ENGINEERS ARMORY:** Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events, March 4.

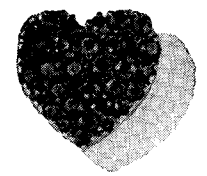
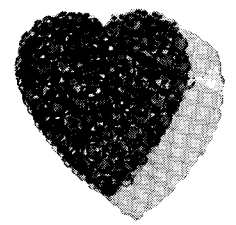
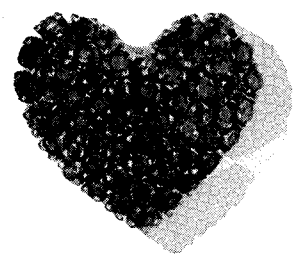
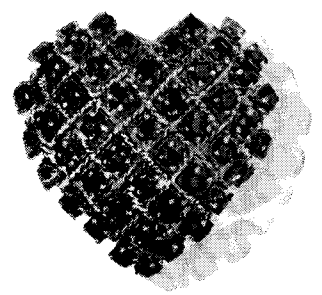
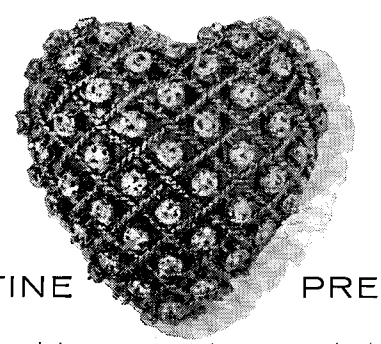
Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 15.... **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7460): The New York Philharmonic season continues through April 16.... ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 12.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 14 and March 7.... ¶ Boston Symphony, Feb. 15 and 18 and March 8 and 11.... ¶ Orchestra of America, Feb. 22.... ¶ Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers, Feb. 24.... ¶ Myra Hess, piano, Feb. 25.... ¶ Dimitri Bashkirov, piano, Feb. 26.... ¶ Mischa Elman, violin, Feb. 28.... ¶ American Opera Society, March 1.... ¶ Two benefit concerts on March 5: Members of the New York Philharmonic in an all-Villa-Lobos memorial concert, and the Symphony of the Air in a concert in memory of Dimitri Mitropoulos.... ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, March 6.... ¶ Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, March 13.... ¶ Giulietta Simionato, mezzo-soprano, March 14.... **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Clarion Concert, Feb. 14.... ¶ Martina Arroyo, soprano, Feb. 17.... ¶ Andres Segovia, guitar, Feb. 18.... ¶ New York Sinfonietta, Feb. 19 and March 12.... ¶ American Opera Society, Feb. 21.... ¶ Hyman Bress, violin, Feb. 22.... ¶ Rafael Puyana, harpsichord, Feb. 24.... ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Feb. 27.... ¶ Fordham University Glee Club, March 3.... ¶ Odetta, folk singer, March 4.... ¶ Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, March 5.... ¶ Amato Opera Company, March 7.... ¶ Albert Fuller, harpsichord, and Robert Gerle, violin, March 8 and 15.... ¶ Aksel Schiotz, baritone, March 14.... **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (RE 7-8490): Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Feb. 12.... ¶ Zino Francescatti, violin, Feb. 18.... ¶ Bach orchestral concert, March 4.... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Zita Carno, piano, Feb. 16.... ¶ Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, Feb. 23.

Ballet—New York City Ballet, at the City Center, March 14-April 9.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Sam Spewack's comedy "Once There Was a Russian," with Walter Matthau, Françoise Rosay, Albert Salmi, and Julie Newmar.... ¶ A three-week engagement by the Comédie-Française, at the City Center—for the first week, a double bill by Molière, "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and "L'Impromptu de Versailles;" next, Molière's "Tartuffe;" then, Racine's "Britannicus;" and the final week, Feydeau's "Le Dindon."... ¶ Hal March in "Come Blow Your Horn," a comedy by Neil Simon.... ¶ "13 Daughters," a musical by Eaton Magoon, Jr., starring Don Ameche.... ¶ Jean Kerr's comedy "Mary, Mary," in which Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, and Michael Rennie will appear.... ¶ "The Devil's Advocate," an adaptation by Dore Schary of Morris L. West's novel; Leo Genn, Sam Levene, and Edward Mulhare have the principal roles.... ¶ Jason Robards, Jr., and Hume Cronyn in "Big Fish, Little Fish," a play by Hugh Wheeler.

Poetry Readings—Feb. 13: Robert Lowell.... ¶ Feb. 27: E. E. Cummings. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. AT 9-2400.)

Other Dates—Lincoln's Birthday is Sunday, Feb. 12; Monday, Feb. 13, will be a holiday. ... ¶ Washington's Birthday is Wednesday, Feb. 22.... ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 25-March 5. ... ¶ International Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 4-12.... ¶ Coliseum Antiques Fair, at the Coliseum, March 4-12.... ¶ The United Nations General Assembly will reconvene here on March 7.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Ballad of a Soldier—The camera is the star of this almost plotless Soviet account of a young soldier's short leave from the front, but what a venturesome, memorable star it is in the hands of director Grigori Chukhrai! The principal actors, Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, are so young and so attractive that one willingly forgives the excessive simplicity of their brief love story. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Ben-Hur—This winning entry in the 1959 Oscar Stakes cost a lot of money to condition, and it certainly covers a lot of Near Eastern ground. Time: three hours and thirty-two minutes. Charlton Heston is up in the climactic chariot heat. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Big Deal—An extremely comic parody of a crime melodrama. Half a dozen radically incompetent petty thieves in Rome attempt a difficult safecracking job and at every point outwit and double-cross themselves. An Italian import. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Feb. 6.)

Don Quixote—A chance to see a superb Russian actor, Nikolai Cherkasov, in a consistently subtle and affecting performance as Cervantes's mad, sad knight. Director Grigory Kozintsev is equally impressive for his color photography, which is just as well, since the story itself never builds up much dramatic steam. This Soviet movie was filmed in the Crimea, and suffers from a sloppily dubbed translation. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Exodus—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch. You'll need sustenance around about the middle of the third hour, because goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head a large and luckless cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

General della Rovere—A magnificent picture on all counts—subject matter, direction, acting, and photography. The scene is Genoa, the time is 1943, and the story tells of a sleazy Italian collaborator with the Nazis who learns, little by little and half against his will, how to become a good man and, in dying, a great one. The director, Roberto Rossellini, has brought out the best in two great actors, Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer, and the rest of the cast is exemplary. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

I'm All Right, Jack—An English film, as funny as you're likely to see in many a day, in which the dizzy operations of a missile plant, mismanaged by capitalists and slowed down by workers, are explored most spiritedly. Peter Sellers is at once hilarious and pathetic as a shop steward who dreams long dreams of making Britain a workers' paradise, and Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, and Richard Attenborough are diverting as the well-heeled types who stand in his way. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 8, tentative.)

It Happened in Broad Daylight—You had better be warned that this is about an insane murderer of little girls. Hard as it may be to believe, the picture turns out to be charming as well as frightening, thanks in large part to Heinz Ruhmann, as a police inspector, and to the rural Swiss setting, which effectively heightens the horror by looking ever so pretty and peaceful. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Feb. 8, tentative.)

The Misfits—Clark Gable's last performance and Marilyn Monroe's best performance make this picture about a lonely young divorcée and an aging cowhand worth seeing, in spite of a soft and sentimental script by Arthur Miller. Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter, and director John Huston give notable support in a losing cause. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

The Sundowners—Local fauna—kangaroos, koalas, dingoes, and thousands of sheep—share top billing with some travel-poster scenery in this almost too wholesome tale about a family of Australian drovers. Director Fred Zinnemann has concentrated on the countryside, but there are also excellent performances by Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, Peter Ustinov, and Michael Anderson, Jr. Really a film for children, but it's a dour grownup who won't find some pleasure in it. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through Feb. 8.)

Tunes of Glory—A splashy, old-fashioned, uneven film about a peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. What puts it on everybody's "must-see" list is the astonishing bravura performance of Sir Alec Guinness, as a complex, sentimental bully who pulls down his world about his head. John Mills is remarkable, too, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson assist in the skirmishings. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Two-Way Stretch—A broad and happy farce, showing exactly how to break out of a progressive British prison, steal a truckload of diamonds, and break back in again, all in the same night. Peter Sellers is wickedly funny as the chief jailbird, and he gets talented help from Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

REVIVALS

Across the Pacific (1942)—Spies and counterspies. Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 3.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 8.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Feb. 8, tentative.)

The Crucible (1958)—Jean-Paul Sartre's version of Arthur Miller's drama about witchcraft and theocratic oppression in the Salem of 1692. With Mylène Demongeot and Simone Signoret. Formerly called "Witches of Salem." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 2.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Feb. 7.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 7.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 6.)

Journey Into Fear (1943)—Orson Welles in the Eric Ambler thriller about secret agents in Turkey. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 2.)

The Thing (1951)—Ominous vegetation from Mars on the loose. With Kenneth Tobey and Robert Cornthwaite. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 6.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valli. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Feb. 8, tentative.)

To Live in Peace (1947)—Aldo Fabrizi as an Italian peasant who befriends a couple of G.I.s, one of them colored, during the war. Made in Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Feb. 2: "The Incredible Shrinking Man" (1957), with Grant Williams and Randy Stuart. . . . ¶ Feb. 3: "Peyton Place" (1957), with Lana Turner and Hope Lange. . . . ¶ Feb. 4: "12 Angry Men" (1957), with Henry Fonda and Lee J. Cobb. . . . ¶ Feb. 5: "Paths of Glory" (1957), with Kirk Douglas and Ralph Meeker. . . . ¶ Feb. 6: "Funny Face" (1957), with Audrey Hepburn and Fred Astaire. . . . ¶ Feb. 7: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957), with William Holden and Alec Guinness. . . . ¶ Feb. 8: "The Defiant Ones" (1958), with Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except Friday, Feb. 3, and Tuesday, Feb. 7, when there will only be showings at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but just to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE.

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
THE MISFITS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Feb. 7: "The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow.

From Feb. 8: "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Where the Boys Are," Dolores Hart, George Hamilton.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Young One," Zachary Scott, Bernie Hamilton.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
TO LIVE IN PEACE (in Italian), revival; and "One Summer of Happiness," revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

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NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 8 (tentative): I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Feb. 7: THE SUNDOWNERS; and "Caltiki, the Immortal Monster," John Merivale.
From Feb. 8: "St. Ignatius."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 7 (tentative): "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison.
From Feb. 8 (tentative): IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT; and "The Big Chief" (in French), revival, Fernandel, Gino Cervi.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Feb. 7: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.
From Feb. 8: "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Feb. 4: THE SUNDOWNERS.
Feb. 5-7: "A Breath of Scandal," Sophia Loren, Maurice Chevalier; and "Blueprint for Robbery," J. Pat O'Malley.
From Feb. 8: "The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow; and "Stop! Look! and Laugh!," the Three Stooges.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Feb. 6: THE BIG DEAL (in Italian).
From Feb. 7: "Breathless" (in French), Jean Seberg.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
DON QUIXOTE.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 7 (tentative): "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison.
From Feb. 8 (tentative): "North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Feb. 7: THE SUNDOWNERS; and "Caltiki, the Immortal Monster," John Merivale.
From Feb. 8: "A Summer Place," revival, Richard Egan, Dorothy McGuire; and "The Bramble Bush," revival, Richard Burton, Barbara Rush.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 7: "A Breath of Scandal," Sophia Loren, Maurice Chevalier; and "Blueprint for Robbery," J. Pat O'Malley.
From Feb. 8: "The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow; and "Stop! Look! and Laugh!," the Three Stooges.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
To be announced.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Feb. 4: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson; and "The Golden Age of Comedy," revival, a silent-movie anthology.
Feb. 5-7: "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire; and "Who Was That Lady?," revival, Tony Curtis, Dean Martin.
From Feb. 8: "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 7 (tentative): "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival, in uncut version.
From Feb. 8 (tentative): THE THIRD MAN, revival; and THE BLUE ANGEL (in German), revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Home Is the Hero," Arthur Kennedy and the Abbey Theatre players.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 7: "A Breath of Scandal," Sophia Loren, Maurice Chevalier; and "Blueprint for Robbery," J. Pat O'Malley.
From Feb. 8: "The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow; and "Stop! Look! and Laugh!," the Three Stooges.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Feb. 7: GIGI, revival; and "Les Girls," revival, Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.
From Feb. 8: IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT; and "The Big Chief" (in French), revival, Fernandel, Gino Cervi.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
TWO-WAY STRETCH.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
DON QUIXOTE.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 5: "Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire.
From Feb. 6, at 8:30: "Hand in Hand," John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Child Study Association of America.)

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (in Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Feb. 7: "A Breath of Scandal," Sophia Loren, Maurice Chevalier; and "Blueprint for Robbery," J. Pat O'Malley.
From Feb. 8: To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Feb. 2: JOURNEY INTO FEAR, revival; and "Tiger Shark," revival, Edward G. Robinson.
Feb. 3: ACROSS THE PACIFIC, revival; and "Only the French Can" (in French; formerly called "French-Cancan"), revival, Jean Gabin.
Feb. 4: "The Greatest Love," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Alexander Knox; and "Five Star Final," revival, Edward G. Robinson.
Feb. 5: "Show of Shows," revival, John Barrymore; and "Two Seconds," revival, Edward G. Robinson.
Feb. 6: HIGH SIERRA, revival; and THE THING, revival.
Feb. 7: "They Drive by Night," revival, Ann Sheridan, George Raft; and "Hi, Nellie," revival, Paul Muni.
Feb. 8: THE BIG SLEEP, revival; and "Wagonmaster," revival, Ben Johnson.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 7: "Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters; and "Hell Is a City," Stanley Baker.
From Feb. 8: "Bells Are Ringing," Judy Holliday, Dean Martin; and "Please Don't Eat the Daisies," revival, Doris Day, David Niven.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 2: THE CRUCIBLE (in French; formerly called "Witches of Salem"), revival; and "The Last Bridge," revival, an Austro-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell.
Feb. 3-6: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "Of Love and Lust" (in Swedish), revival, Mai Zetterling, Anita Bjork.
From Feb. 7: THE GRAPES OF WRATH, revival; and "Tobacco Road," revival, Charley Grapewin.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Feb. 8: THE SUNDOWNERS; and "Caltiki, the Immortal Monster," John Merivale.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 7: GIGI, revival; and "Les Girls," revival, Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.
From Feb. 8: IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT; and "The Big Chief" (in French), revival, Fernandel, Gino Cervi.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Feb. 7: "A Breath of Scandal," Sophia Loren, Maurice Chevalier; and "Blueprint for Robbery," J. Pat O'Malley.
From Feb. 8: To be announced.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Feb. 7: THE SUNDOWNERS; and "Caltiki, the Immortal Monster," John Merivale.
From Feb. 8: "A Summer Place," revival, Richard Egan, Dorothy McGuire; and "The Bramble Bush," revival, Richard Burton, Barbara Rush.

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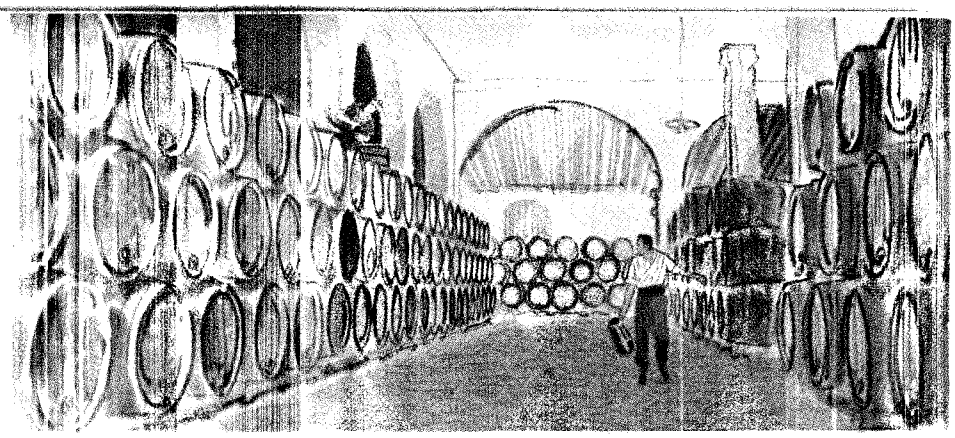
This is Spain's slow "solera" method of producing *true sherry*... by adding vintage after vintage to preceding years' sherries. The new 1959 wine is mixed, little by little, with older sherry in the top row of piled-up casks. Years later, some of the maturing wine will be drawn off into still older casks below. The final casks yield "finos" *(dry sherries)*, or "amontillado," (medium sherries) or the precious "olorosos". True sherries come only from Jerez (we call it "sherry") de la Frontera, in Spain.



The Sherry you can drink "instead"

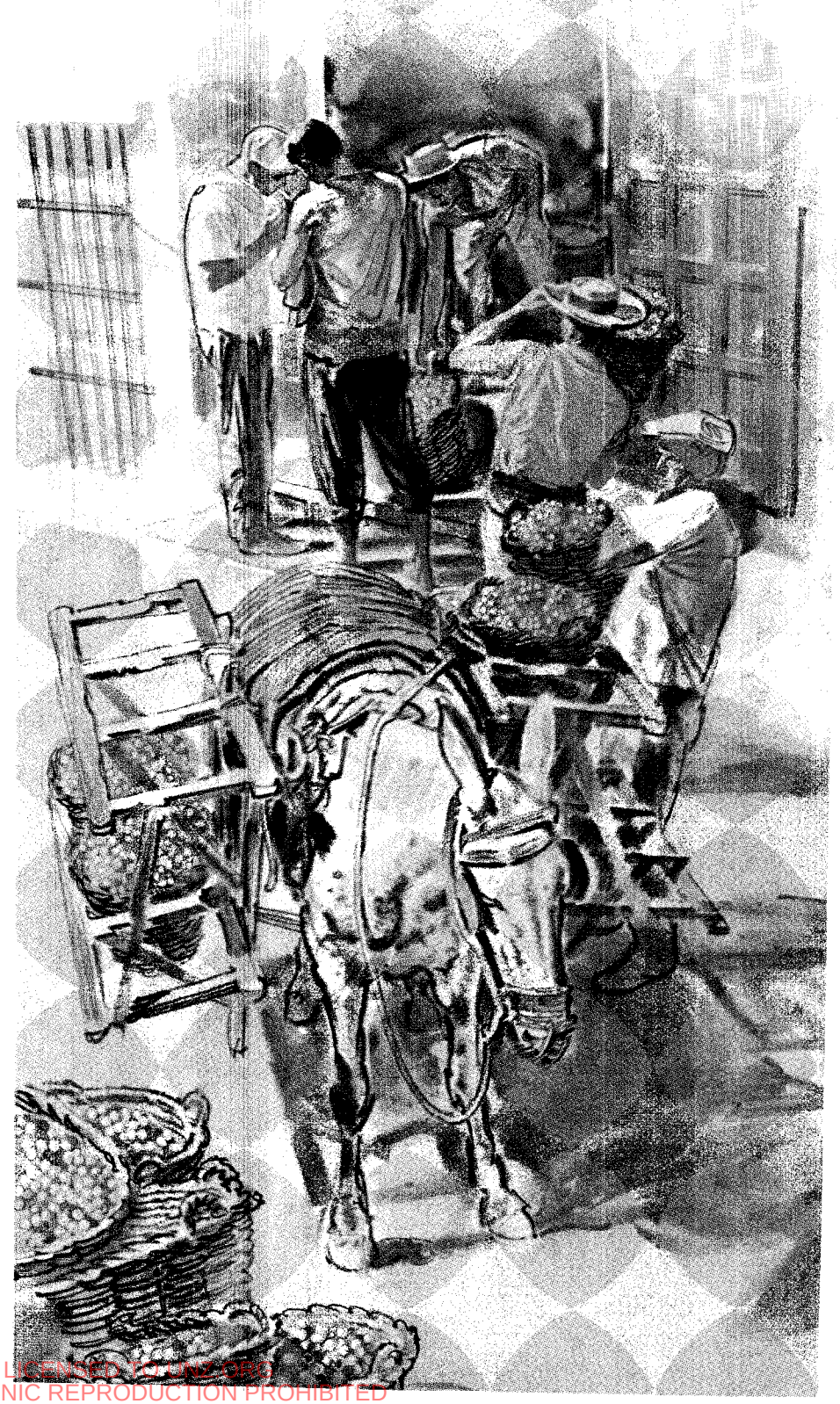
Your friends, you'll notice, are drinking more *sherry* these days...instead of mixed cocktails.

Imported sherry is a "mixed" drink, too. But the mixing of today's cocktail sherry started many years ago.

"Mixing", indeed, is the life story of all Harvey's sherries. From one cask to another stacked below it, maturing Sherry wine is mixed, a little at a time, at intervals of several years.

Finally, from the casks containing the sweeter "oloroso" sherries, choice shipments are brought by Harvey's to Bristol, England. Blended and bottled there, they reach *you* as *Harvey's Bristol Cream*. Through the blender's art, a bottle of it which you buy today, tastes exactly the same as in Queen Victoria's reign.

Instead of a cocktail, you can choose from 6 imported sherries under Harvey's label...all the way from "fino" (dry) and "amontillado" (medium) to the "oloroso" (mature, sweet, "cream" type).



BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
WINE MERCHANTS, JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
BRISTOL, ENGLAND. FOUNDED 1796

BRISTOL CREAM®. Spain sends you no greater sherry than this, blended and bottled by Harvey's in Bristol. The years have made it more costly, more golden, more sweet...more fitting for finishing the festive or the formal dinner. *In Bristol, other Harvey's sherries are blended, too, including*...Bristol Dry®. Pale, light "fino", to be served chilled or on the rocks...Harvey's Amontillado, an amber "medium" sherry, often preferred as a mild cocktail.

G.F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT
SOLE IMPORTERS FOR THE U. S. A.

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THE BONNEVILLE CONVERTIBLE FOR 1961

Why a Wide-Track Pontiac delivers you fresh and ready for fun

There's a remarkable absence of "fatigue factors" in this refreshing car.

Front and rear suspension systems have been specially tailored for Wide-Track. This creates a ride as smooth as a tide-washed beach. Quietness and cornering control are improved.

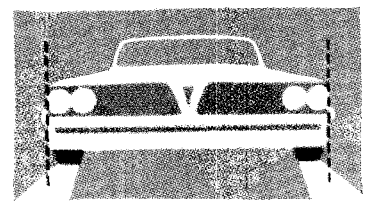
More durable rubber-insulated body mounts are used to keep road hum down where only the tires can hear it. Extra body insulation and sealing eliminate tiring noise and vibration.

New Wide-Track design contributes to greater stability. You feel an invigorating response, unwavering control.

Next time you feel like going places, let the tireless Pontiac spirit move you. It's the awakening, Wide-Track way to travel that starts at your fine Pontiac dealer's.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

IT'S ALL PONTIAC! ON A NEW WIDE-TRACK!



THE ONLY WIDE-TRACK CAR

Pontiac has the widest track of any car. Body width trimmed to reduce side overhang. More weight balanced between the wheels for sure-footed driving stability.

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NEW HORIZONS IN COMMUNICATIONS

The Bell System will spend 2½ billion dollars for new equipment, new services and new ideas this year to grow with America

That's a lot of money.

But the Bell System has been investing in additional plant at a high rate for the past five years.

With those dollars, during that time, we've opened up some far-reaching frontiers.

For example:

We put nearly 15 million *more* telephones into service. We added facilities for a billion more Long Distance calls a year.

We bounced telephone calls off the moon and Echo I as a prelude to a world-wide satellite communication system.

We developed Data-Phone service so that electronic business machines can "talk" to each other over regular telephone lines. (Some day, machines will do more talking than people!)

We extended Direct Distance Dialing so that more than half our customers can dial their own Long Distance calls quickly and easily.

We introduced the lovely little Princess phone that lights up for easy dialing—and the Call Director telephone that gives business a versatile, efficient intercom system in one compact instrument.

More Advances Ahead

We're testing pushbutton phones that are faster than dialing—and an Electronic Central Office that provides telephone services never known before.

We're launching Bellboy—a small pocket receiver that tells you when someone wants to reach you on the phone.

These are only a few of the notable new products and services from Bell Telephone Laboratories being made available for nation-wide use.

Our job is BIG—and growing at a fantastic rate. Right in the midst of America's population explosion, *telephones have been multiplying faster than people!*

More Capital Needed

To meet this demand . . . to improve and extend your service . . . takes dollars by the billions. And investors will continue to put up the billions only if they expect to be reasonably well paid for the use of their money.

Only with continued adequate earnings can we conduct the research and plan the orderly expansion that keep the quality of your telephone service going *up*—while holding the price of it *down*. All these things benefit the telephone user, of course.

But, in addition, those dollars generate local jobs and opportunities—add to national progress and prosperity—and further advance the finest, fastest telephone service in the world.

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, PRESIDENT
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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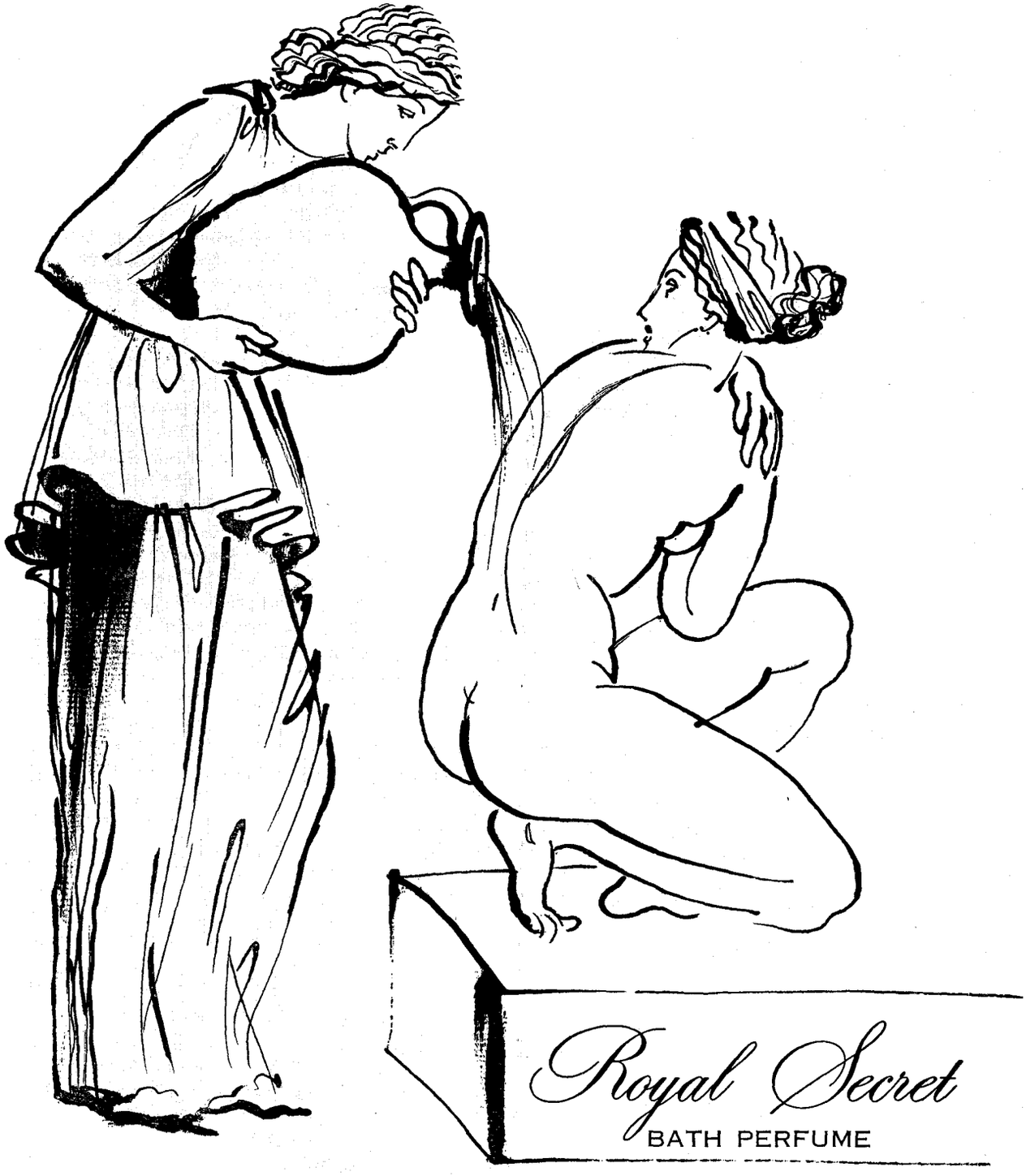

FOR THAT FEELING OF UTTER LUXURY

Start your day or evening with a bath that leaves your skin soft and sweetly scented. A few drops in your tub or on your skin perfume your bath — and you — with a fresh and heartlifting fragrance that clings for hours with sweet persistence.

Germaine Monteil

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

As rhetoric has become an increasingly dispensable member of the liberal arts, people have abandoned the idea, held so firmly by the ancient Greeks and Romans, that eloquence is indispensable to politics. Perhaps President Kennedy's achievements in both spheres will revive a taste for good oratory—a taste that has been alternately frustrated by inarticulateness and dulled by bombast. There have been a few notable orators in our day—most recently, Adlai Stevenson—but they have been the exceptions, and it has taken Mr. Kennedy's success as a politician to suggest that the power to "enchant souls through words" (Socrates) may soon be at a premium once more. Whatever the impact of the Inaugural Address on contemporary New Frontiersmen, we find it hard to believe that an Athenian or Roman citizen could have listened to it unmoved, or that Cicero, however jealous of his own reputation, would have found reason to object to it.

We are all familiar by now with the generally high praise the President received for his first speech, but before the responsibility for a final judgment is yielded to Time it would be a shame not to seek the opinion of a couple of true professionals. Both Aristotle and Cicero, the one a theorist and the other a theorizing orator, believed that rhetoric could be an art to the extent that the orator was, first, a logician and, second, a psychologist with an appreciation and understanding of words. Cicero felt, further, that the ideal orator was the thoroughly educated man. (He would be pleased by Mr. Kennedy's background, with its strong emphasis on affairs of state: the philosopher-orator-statesman.) Of the three types of oratory defined by the ancients—political, forensic, and display (in which audience participation was limited to a judgment of style)—the political was esteemed most highly, because it dealt with the loftiest of issues; namely, the fate of peoples, rather than of individuals. ("Now the trumpet summons us again . . . against the common enemies of man. . . .") The ideal speech was thought to be one in which three kinds of persuasion were used by the speaker: logical, to present the facts of the case and construct an argument based on them; emotional, to reach the audience psychologically; and "ethical," to appeal to the audience by establishing one's own integrity and sincerity. The Inaugural Address, being a variation on the single theme of man's rights and obligations, is not primarily logical, although it contains no illogic; it is an appeal to men's souls rather than to their minds. During the Presidential campaign, Mr. Kennedy tested and patented an exercise in American psychology that proved to be all the emotional appeal he required for the inaugural speech: "And so, my fellow-Americans, ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country." His ethical persuasion, or indication of his personal probity, consisted of an extension of that appeal: ". . . ask of us here the same high standards of strength and sacrifice which we ask of you."

Aristotle recognized only one (good) style, while Cicero thought that there were three styles—the plain, the middle, and the grand. To Aristotle, who considered it sufficient for a style to be clear and appropriate, avoiding undue elevation (whence bombast) and excessive lowliness, it would have seemed that Mr. Kennedy had achieved the Golden Mean. The formality of the Inaugural Address ("To that world assembly of sovereign states, the United Nations . . .") is appropriate to the subject; the language ("In your hands, my fellow-citizens, more than mine, will rest the final success or failure of our course") is clear and direct. Cicero's ideal orator was able to speak in all three styles, in accordance with the demands of his subject, and in that respect Mr. Kennedy filled the role by speaking plainly on the practical ("All this will not be finished in the first one hundred days"), by speaking formally but directly on the purpose of national defense ("For only when our arms are sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be employed"), and by speaking grandly on the potential accomplishments of the movement toward the New Frontier ("The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it—and the glow from that fire can truly light the world").

The address, however, is largely in the grand style, which is characterized by Cicero as the ultimate source of emotional persuasion, through figures of speech and a certain degree of dignified periodic rhythm, not iambic ("The world is very different now. For man holds in his mortal hands the power to abolish all forms of human poverty, and all forms of human life"). The oration is so rich in figures of speech—the many metaphors include a torch, a beachhead, jungles, a trumpet, a tiger—that we can imagine students of the future studying it for examples of antithesis ("If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich"), personification (". . . the hand of mankind's final war"), and anaphora ("Not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need; not as a call to battle, though embattled we are . . ."). "Battle" and "em-

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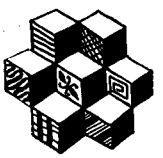
battled"—an excellent example of paronomasia.

And so we leave the speech to the students of rhetoric, having invoked for Mr. Kennedy the blessings of Aristotle and Cicero, and for ourself the hope that he has reëstablished the tradition of political eloquence.

Affectionate Collector

MOST museums are never quite sure what the ultimate humor of their benefactors will be, so the Museum of Modern Art is fortunate in knowing that Mr. James Thrall Soby, a modest, gentle-voiced, fifty-four-year-old collector who is a frequent donor to the Museum, and a trustee and chairman of its Committee on Museum Collections as well, has irrevocably willed it his remaining seventy paintings, drawings, and sculptures, which constitute one of the finest concentrations of twentieth-century works of art in the world. This committed assemblage, which went on exhibition this week at Knoedler's for the benefit of the Museum's library (one of the finest concentrations of twentieth-century-art data in the world), is the fruit of thirty-five years' collecting by a man whose first purchase was a group of Maxfield Parrish reproductions. "I got those when I was a sophomore at Williams," Mr. Soby told us the other afternoon over a Scotch-and-soda. "I was tired of the way college rooms looked, with all those pennants and banners, so I bought the color reproductions. I later got tired of *them*." Mr. Soby also got tired of Williams, and left in 1926, at the end of his sophomore year, to return to his ancestral home, in Hartford. Having been a man of independent means since he was fourteen, thanks to cigars and pay telephones (as we shall see), he began to buy the works of local painters who showed in Mystic and Essex. "I soon got tired of them, too," he said. "They seemed derivative. I started buying books illustrated by the School of Paris, and then I decided to go to Paris and see what was going on there."



"What was?" we asked.

"Why, an enormous amount," he said. "The School of Paris."

Mr. Soby has never tired of this school, or of the New York School, which he also took up. He began to buy paintings by Picasso, Matisse, Miró, Derain, and so forth when he was in his twenties, and he has since acquired, and helped persuade the Museum to acquire, more of the works of these men, as well as works by Klee, Gris, de Chirico, Balthus, Calder, Ben Shahn, and a host of others. He has written thirty-one books on painters and painting, most of which have been published by the Museum. "The Museum's library is miraculous for research, and it has an absolutely miraculous staff," he said. "Its head librarian, Bernard Karpel, is the world's top bibliographer in the field of modern art. It lets me borrow books, so I can take them to my place in Connecticut, where I do my writing. I like to write about art, because I don't know what else to do. For me, criticism is the art of affection; I like to write only about people whom I admire enormously, and say why I think they're good. I don't like to compare artists. I suppose this has to be done, but I don't want to do it."

We asked Mr. Soby if he could recall the first picture he ever noticed, and after a moment's reflection he came up with "The German Lovers." "My father was in the tobacco business," he said. "He manufactured a cigar called The German Lovers. Its trademark, which appeared on every box, was a sentimental, academic nineteenth-century German painting, which my father owned and loved. It showed a pipe-smoking man and his *Frau* seated in a kitchen. My maternal grandfather, William Hazlewood, was a tobacco importer; he is said to have brought back from Cuba a pocketful of tobacco seed, which he tried out in Connecticut. Almost all the shade-grown rapid tobacco in that state is supposed to have come from it. My father and his great friend Joseph W. Alsop, Sr., had tobacco fields up and down the Connecticut River Valley, mainly around Suffield. He and another friend, William Gray, founded the Gray Telephone Pay Station Company, the first of its kind. The thing that made it a success was a device enabling the operator to return your nickel when you didn't get your number. My father never smoked, except for trial puffs of his cigars; he really disapproved of smoking. He died when I was fourteen. One of the trustees of his estate gave me hell when I bought Picasso's 'Seated Woman,' in 1932. It was expensive for those days. It was also a terribly tough image. People told me you couldn't live with it. But you don't have to look at a painting all the time."

Mr. Soby has lived with his paintings in West Hartford—during the nineteen-thirties he was a trustee of the Wadsworth Atheneum and a member of its acquisitions committee—and in Farmington, where he used to own a Greek Revival house. He now lives with them in New Canaan, where he and his wife have a large Victorian house with plenty of wall space. "Everything in the Knoedler show is ordinarily hung or installed there," he said. "I thought of getting a modern house, with more glass and less wall space, and building a special gallery for the paintings, but I like to see pictures out of the corner of my eye as I sit. In general, I've bought what I couldn't resist for myself, and I've tried to help pick the leaders of the predominant schools for the Museum. I'm bitterly opposed to the idea that any one direction taken by art is necessarily the right track. I will defend Edward Hopper, for example, as fervently as the newest of the abstract painters. But I really am convinced that this new so-called New York School—Willem de Kooning, Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, and so on—is the best strictly contemporary school in the world. I think it can stare any other school down. It isn't as fully represented in my collection as the School of Paris, but that's because I've been more interested in seeing that the Museum got its products. And besides, by the time it got going, I didn't have any more wall space."

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SIGN observed on the windshield of a car parked at Fifty-first Street and Fifth Avenue: "EMERGENCY DELIVERY OF CANDLES TO ST. PATRICK'S."

Snap

THERE were almost four hundred weathermen in town last week, attending the forty-first annual meeting of the American Meteorological Society—a God-sent opportunity, we thought, to get to the bottom of the abnormal winter we have been having. With the mercury heading down toward five degrees (a three-year low) and another snowstorm expected momentarily, we deposited our galoshes and windbreaker in the Hotel Barbizon-Plaza's cloakroom—already stacked, we noted, with an assortment of umbrellas, parkas, and ear muffs—and ascended to the thirtieth floor, where a meteorological cocktail party was in full swing. The windows offered a good view of the cumulus clouds settling atop the Tishman Building, but the weathermen were studiously gazing the other way, intent on the cumulus inside the room—thunderheads of cigarette smoke that bobbed and dipped in the conversational updrafts.

"When do you think it'll get warmer?" we heard one weatherman ask

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"The President and Jackie you know. Then there's Joe, the father, and Rose, the mother. And then Bob and Ethel, Ted and Joan, Eunice and Sarge, and then . . ."

• •

after our ears had thawed sufficiently.

"Next summer," another answered.

Gloomily, we sought out Dr. Thomas P. Malone, president of the Society, and put the same question to him.

"Can't say," he replied, his face falling like the barometer. "It sometimes happens that wind currents get stuck in abnormal patterns, and when they do, you just have to wait for them to get unstuck. Last week, Alaska had the weather we should have been having here; they suffered a fifty-degree heat wave." Dr. Malone went on to tell us that in his non-presidential moments he directs research and forecasting for the Travelers Insurance Company.

Our next visit was with Dr. H. E. Landsberg, director of the Office of Climatology, United States Weather Bureau, Washington, D.C., whom we asked about a theory, expounded at the meeting the day before, that we are in a cold cycle that began in 1940.

"I don't know," said Dr. Landsberg, cloudy in gray tweeds. "I thought we were still in a warm cycle that began in 1885. The national records are kept in Asheville, North Carolina. I have four hundred million punch cards

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there. As soon as I can run them through the computers, we'll know."

Dr. W. O. Roberts, director of the High Altitude Observatory, at Boulder, Colorado, was equally baffled by talk of a cold cycle. "I thought the world was generally hotter than it had been," he said, between sips at a cocktail. "Theoretically, carbon dioxide from cars and factories has blanketed the earth, like an enormous gas chamber, keeping the heat in. If the world should turn out to be getting cooler, it would knock that theory into a cocked hat, wouldn't it?"

We agreed.

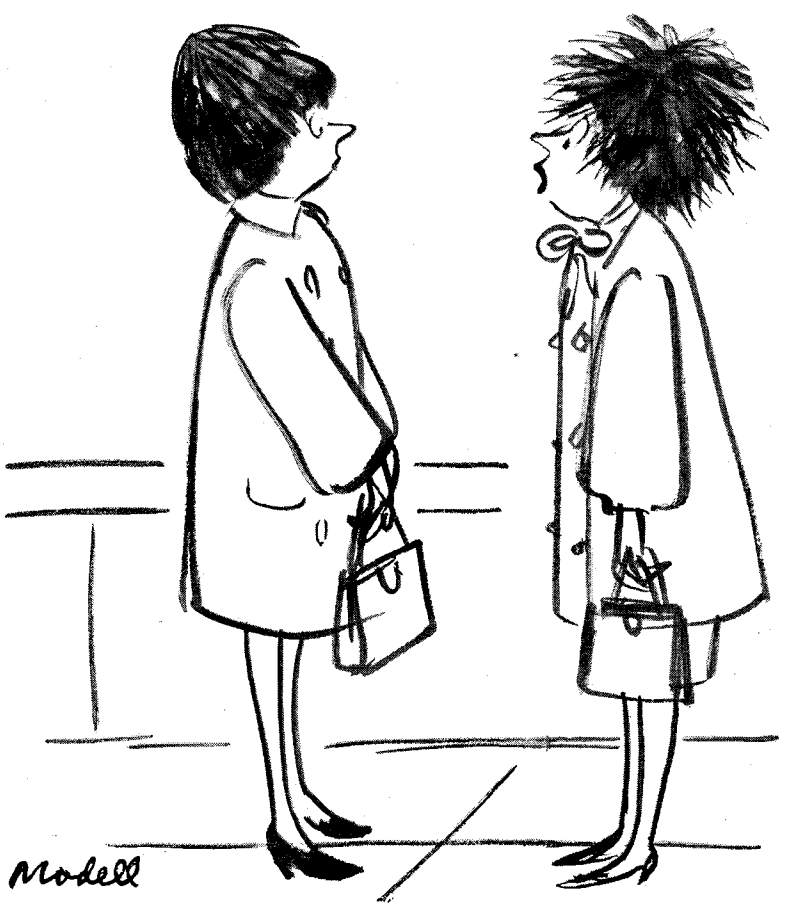
Dr. Roberts put down his glass and said he didn't believe in cycles anyway—ups and downs, certainly, but not cycles that could be tied to predictable causes.

Soon we were face to face with a thickset and cheerful meteorologist, Mr. C. G. Knudsen, soon to be meteorologist in charge of the United States Weather Bureau office in New York. Cycles or no, he said, we've been having most remarkable weather, beginning last autumn with Hurricane Donna and continuing through December's twenty-inch snowfall (a record), the Inaugural Snowstorm (as January 20th's has come to be called), and the current cold wave. "The January temperatures are much below normal here in New York, even though we haven't had many record-breaking days," he went on, with the concern of a doctor for a wayward patient. "There has been a continuous blanket of snow since mid-December, making for low early-morning temperatures. A deep trough in the upper atmosphere is siphoning cold air from Canada. If we could move it a few hundred miles to the west, we would be all right—only then, of course, the central states would get it."

We moved off to intercept Mr. E. J. Christie, retiring meteorologist in charge of the New York office of the United States Weather Bureau, but were beaten to it by a young meteorologist from California, who wanted to know if the weather would unfreeze sufficiently for him to drive to Idlewild the next day. "Ask Mr. Knudsen," said Mr. Christie, whisking a flurry of crumbs from his sleeve. "I only work in the good-weather department."

Leaving Mr. Christie, we ran into Mr. D. Ludlum, who described himself as a free-lance weatherman from Princeton. Mr. Ludlum told us that he ran a meteorological-instrument business on the side, and he readily admitted that the dirty weather was good for it. Being in an optimistic frame of mind, he said that New York weather had been worse than this in the past; the 1888 blizzard aside, there had been more snow up to this time in 1899 and 1947, and perhaps, with a benevolent turn in the troposphere, 1961 wouldn't even go down as a record year.

We joined a group of young weathermen near a window, who were twitting a meteorologist from Toronto on the ground that he hailed from the same place as the cold air. "It doesn't come from Canada," he said defensively. "It comes from the Arctic, and merely passes through Canada on its way to you." A cold wave in Toronto could usually be expected in New York a day later, he went on, and as the mercury was mighty low in Toronto right now, New York could count on at least another couple of days of cold. "Looks as if we were in for some precipitated tabular crystals of frozen water right now," he concluded, pressing his nose to the window.



"I washed my hat, and I can't do a thing with it."

Dress Optional

AN acquaintance of ours who is a member of the New York Athletic Club dropped into the dining room of that establishment the other day and was refused service because he was wearing a tieless sports shirt. Being a man of some ingenuity, he quickly figured out a way to get a meal. He simply went to the club's Bath Department, took off his clothes, and summoned a waiter. Presently, in the buff, he enjoyed some excellent roast beef.

Vero

THE Italian tenor Franco Corelli made his American début at the Metropolitan last Friday in "Il Trovatore," and the critics described him as "another luminous exponent of the Italian repertoire" and his work as having "greatly excited the audience, pro and con." Though hitherto little known in this country, Corelli has made a formidable name for himself in Italy; he is famous there not only for his voice but for his fiery temperament and his appeal to teen-agers, who in Italy, as here, don't ordinarily frequent the opera. Teen-agers dote on Corelli partly because he is one of the few operatic tenors whose looks match the roles they're called on to play. He is a lithe, handsome man of thirty-six, with wavy black hair and large brown eyes; his height, of which he is boyishly proud, is an inch over six feet, and he increases it onstage by wearing shoes with two-inch heels. At the moment, Corelli's only rival on his home grounds is the tenor Mario Del Monaco, of whom he says simply that Del Monaco is ten years older and has a darker voice.

Corelli and his wife are paying their first visit to the States, and since he speaks no English and she speaks only a little, they are enjoying all the usual terrors and bewilderments of trav-

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ellers in a foreign land. When, accompanied by an Italian-speaking friend, we called on them a few days before Corelli made his début, we found the great man staring in shocked silence at a TV screen on which a comic version of "Madame Butterfly" was being shown. It took our friend some time to explain that such sacrileges are a commonplace of American TV and give no small pleasure in some circles. Steering the conversation off "Butterfly" and onto Corelli, we learned that he is a native of the town of Ancona (pop. 89,000), on the Adriatic coast, that he was a first-year engineering student at the University of Bologna when he first realized that his voice was worth cultivating, and that, two voice teachers having proved unsuccessful, he taught himself to sing. His teaching method consisted largely of listening to records made by various distinguished tenors, imitating their renditions on a tape recorder, and tirelessly improving these imitations. The tenors Corelli admires the most and learned the most from are Caruso, Gigli, Lauri-Volpi, and Pertile. His professional career got under way when he won a vocal competition at Spoleto in 1952, and since then he has sung in all the important opera houses in Italy and in many of the major opera houses of Europe.

Mrs. Corelli mentioned with pride that her husband has twenty-seven operas in his repertory and is currently getting up two more—"Rigoletto" and "Les Huguenots." "Today, while he is still young, Franco is using his very high range," she said, in Italian. "Later, he will do other roles, which require the darker, slightly lower voice. Most tenors have a range of about two octaves, but Franco has a range of three." Her husband shook his head, forbidding her to exaggerate. "Two and a half," she amended. "In the last year or so, he has lengthened his voice by adding three tones at the top and not losing a single bottom note in the process. For a while, everyone thought Franco might be turning into a baritone; now he is a true *tenore acuto*. His contract with the Metropolitan calls for three months in New York and two months on the road. We are anxious to see what American audiences are like. In Italy, the audiences are always severe and rather rigid. They sit with raised guns waiting for you to make a mistake. The Germans are more sympathetic; they applaud *everything*. The English, on the other hand, don't applaud until the end of the act, so you never know where you are. But the most difficult audience is the Spanish. They remember all the old singers and constantly make comparisons between a modern singer and someone they heard twenty-five, or even fifty, years ago."

"*Vero*," said Corelli, looking as if he found that challenge great but not too great.

"We collect old opera records and new cars," continued Mrs. Corelli, who is plainly the family spokesman. "Right now, we have a beige-and-turquoise Lincoln Continental, a gray Jaguar, and a white Alfa Romeo Giulietta. We're going to have to sell the Lincoln, though, because the heater gives off some sort of vapor that bothers Franco's throat. I want to replace it with a Thunderbird, but I fear that Franco will insist on a Cadillac. Franco loves sports—rowing, swimming, tennis, and Rugby. I like to watch. People speak of Franco's temperament, but I say merely that he is very sensitive. The newspapers reported last year that he stopped in the middle of a performance in Naples to strike a member of the audience. The truth is this: The opera was 'Trovatore,' and the lady who was singing the mother had apparently been a little afraid of Franco's popularity and had given out a certain number of tickets to Neapolitan students. At the end of the first scene of the second act, when Franco and the lady came out to take their bows, one of the students stood up in a box in the third tier and yelled '*Sola! Sola!*'—meaning 'Let her take her bow alone.' Then he yelled '*Vai via!*' to Franco. That is a great insult in Italian, because it is how you tell a dog to go away. It was too much for Franco's sensitivities. He rushed backstage, ran up three flights of stairs to the box, found the door of the box locked from the inside, and broke it down with his shoulder. He was just about to hit the student when a couple of stage managers hurried in behind him and dragged him back to his dressing room. He was so upset that he completely lost his voice; he couldn't even talk for twenty minutes. After a terrible interval, he went back onstage and sang the greatest 'Pira' of his entire career."

"*Vero*," said Corelli.

Call

IN the middle of the afternoon of Inauguration Day, the seven-year-old son of a snowbound man in Chappaqua ran into his father's study, bursting with excitement, and announced, "Dad, Mr. Kennedy's on the phone!" It was the plumber.

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THE BEGINNING OF A LONG STORY

THE front door should have been painted before this. Now it was too late. The mother had put off having the front door painted, and now the winter had settled in and the weather was very bad. It was much too late in the year to do any outside painting. It was the worst winter Dublin had seen in years. Everybody said so. There was nothing but rain, day after day. Everything got very damp, and every funeral marked the last chapter in a story that always began with somebody getting his feet wet. The mother mourned over her garden, which was being killed by the frost, and she worried over the colds and the flu and the pneumonia that were in the air, and she said that every time she went to the front door she was mortified because it was in such bad condition it made the house look like a tenement. The house did not look like a tenement. It looked like itself, a small plain house in a row, faced from the other side of the terrace by a row of other houses just like it, all made alike of undistinguished gray stone with slate roofs and tiny front gardens protected by iron railings. It was a very ordinary house, a regulation uniform for the lives of certain families, or for some families at a certain stage in their lives. It was better than a workingman's house but not good enough for a successful man and his family to live in. It was a clerk's house, and the man who lived in it was a government clerk with a wife and three small daughters.

Ellen was the eldest. She was eight. The mother had kept her at home for the day because of the flu that was going around. The flu had been going around all winter, and no more that day than usual. The flu was only an excuse. The fact was that the mother had woken up that morning filled with the passionate determination to keep all three of her children safe at home under her roof and with her all day long. It was her gesture against the cruelty of the winter, to deprive it of Ellen's warm body for one day. Johanna, the middle one, was already out of school with a cold, and Bridget was too young to be sent to school. Bridget was only four.

The mother had a fire going in the back bedroom for Johanna, who was in bed there, and the coal range was going all day in the kitchen, but the other rooms in the house were cold. The front sitting room was cold. The back sitting room, which they also called the dining room, was cold. The front bedroom where the mother and father slept in their big brass bed was cold. The bathroom, halfway up the stairs, was cold, and the little room they called the boxroom, next to the bathroom, was cold and felt damp. The narrow linoleum-covered hall that led from the kitchen to the front door was like a dungeon, it was so cold. The mother said it was just like a dungeon in the hall. All the cold air that forced its way in when the front door was opened died in the hall when the door was shut again, and died on the stairs that led up to the halfway landing.

There was dark-red carpet on the stairs, held in place by brass rods. The mother polished the brass rods every week, starting at the top and kneeling on every step on her way down. It was not a long way. One time she had taken all the rods out of the stairs and had taken them down to the kitchen to give them all a proper cleaning and Bridget had worked her way in under the carpet and had sat there on the bare stair, making a big lump in the middle under the carpet, and nobody could go up or come down. There was no one upstairs. They were all downstairs. The mother and Ellen and Johanna had stood at the foot of the stairs and implored Bridget to have sense and come out but Bridget only laughed and said she would come out when she liked. Ellen thought they might all take hold of the end of the carpet and pull it taut and tight so that Bridget would be squeezed out, but Johanna said that if the carpet got Bridget the wrong way—if it got her flat on her back—it might smother her and she might be dead by the time they got her out.

"Oh, don't say the like of that to me," the mother said sharply. "Don't ever say a thing like that again."

The stairs were very narrow, but the mother thought that if she made a quick rush up the stairs and got a good hold on Bridget she might drag her out by main force, but as soon as she set her foot on the bottom step Bridget began to wriggle around under the carpet and the mother got nervous and put her foot down into the hall again.

"She's so small," she said to Ellen and Johanna, "and her bones are not all formed. If I came down with my foot on some part of her I might damage her for life."

At the end of an hour Johanna began to cry because she wanted to go upstairs to the bathroom and the mother lost patience and shouted at Bridget that if she didn't come out from under the stair carpet this very minute she'd come up there and drag her out and whack her till her bottom was bright red. When Bridget heard the words "whack" and "bottom" she began to cry. When Bridget cried she bawled and her mouth got very large. When she cried her mouth got enormous. Ellen and Johanna rushed around to the side of the stairs to see if they could get a look at her and Bridget edged toward them away from the wall and tilted the carpet up so that they could see her and greeted them with a wild howl to show them she was not just pretending to cry. Her mouth was stretched wide and around it her face was only a bright-red rim with her little nose stone white in its center. Ellen knew

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that a stone-white nose is a bad sign. It meant that the rage had carried the blood to the top of Bridget's head.

"Oh, Mammy," Ellen cried, "she's working herself into a passion."

The mother ran around to the side of the stairs and took two of the banisters into her hands and stared between them at Bridget.

"Oh, and she's got her mouth wide open and it's filling up with dust," she cried. "Oh, Bridget," she entreated, "come on out and don't be frightening your poor mother. I didn't mean it, Bridget. Mammy was only pretending. You know I wouldn't whack my little Bridget. It's only that I was afraid you'd be lonely in there by yourself. Come on now, Bridget, come on."

Bridget stopped wailing and looked at them all, and Johanna got up on her toes and waved at her little sister as though she had not seen her for a long time.

"Come on, Bridget," Johanna said. "She's not going to whack you."

Bridget began to smile, and she crawled out and went triumphantly into her mother's arms. The mother clutched her and squeezed her and kissed her and murmured to her as though she was a brave child who had come through some terrible danger. Johanna and Ellen watched them.

"You'd think she'd done something great," Johanna said.

"It's awful the way she's always looking for notice," Ellen said.

Bridget had got so dirty from sitting under the stair carpet that they had to take off all her clothes and wash her all over. When the father heard the story, when he came home that evening, he laughed and said it served the mother right for working too hard and trying to do too much.

"If it isn't the brass rods on the stairs," he said, "it's the brasses on the front door. And if it isn't the brasses on the front door, it's something else. You'll wear yourself out."

The mother replied that nothing made a house look as neglected as neglected brass. She added that it was very important to keep up the appearance of a place, especially here in Dublin, where the people were only looking for an excuse to look down on you.

The father threw his evening paper to the floor beside his chair and then he picked it up again and began looking at it. "That's enough of that," he said, and his face turned red with anger. The mother's face turned red, too. The father looked at his paper and the mother went on with her knitting and Ellen and Johanna looked at each other.

"Ah! Just what the doctor ordered!"

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Everybody in the room was thinking about the same thing. They were all thinking about the terrible row the mother and father had had over the tennis club, and how the father had run out of the house and not come back for hours. The tennis courts lay beyond the long cement wall that was the common end wall for all the back gardens of all the houses in the row. The gardens were separated from one another by cement walls, and united by the common end wall. The tennis club was very up to date. It was all surrounded by trees and in the summertime it was very smart with deck chairs and brightly painted wooden chairs placed around the edges of the courts and at tournament time there was a stand for the judges and a platform for the prize-giving. The afternoon of the row, the father had said that they could all go up and sit in the back-bedroom window. There was a grandstand view of the tournaments from the back-bedroom window, the father said. It was summertime and they were all in the garden and they could hear the cries and shouts and cheers coming over to them from the courts at the other side of the wall, but they couldn't see anything. But the mother said that she didn't want her children sitting up in the back-bedroom window staring at the people who belonged to the club. If anyone on the courts looked up and saw them, she said, and knew what house they were looking from and who they were, they might think the children were hoping to be asked over. Everyone knew, the mother said, that the people who belonged to the club thought they were better than anybody else, and she didn't want her children put in a position like that. Her face was red and her voice was shaky, but she kept on talking until she had finished.

"Put in a position like what?" the father had asked.

"Put in a position of looking as if they were asking for favors," the mother had said, and looked as if she might cry.

The father said, "Oh, dear God!" and jumped up from the grass where he had been lying. Once he was up he

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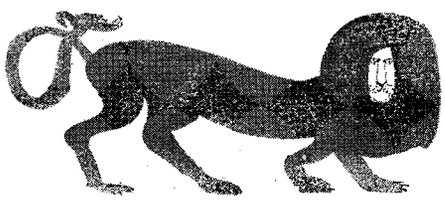
looked as if he might get down on the grass again, but instead he marched away up the garden and in a minute they heard the front door bang. The children all rushed into the house and along the hall to the front sitting room and looked out through the windows and saw him flying off down toward the main road. The children were glad he was gone, as long as he was going to be cross. But when they got back to the garden the mother looked at Ellen with a frightened, afflicted smile, and Ellen knew that she was nearly crying.

The mother came from the country. She was the eldest child of a small farmer and she had five brothers. Of her life at home she had two remarks to make—she had loved to attend a cow in calf, and calving, and she had hated having to black her father's and brothers' Sunday boots. But sometimes she talked to the children about the place at home, and told them how her father whitewashed the house every year and painted the outside doors and the window frames bright green and always kept the thatch in the best of condition. Her father was better at thatching than any man in the parish, she said, and their place was one of the best-kept places in the parish. But in Dublin, where no one knew her or her family, she felt she had to prove herself. She felt awkward in Dublin, although she liked being in the city. The women on the farms in Ireland had no life at all, she said. In the country, everything was for the boys, the sons. She felt that the people in Dublin looked down on her for her country accent, and she was afraid that her clothes would never look as smart as they should. She often wondered if people were laughing at her. She was very uncertain. She was always unsure of herself except when she was dealing with her children. Besides her children the only people among whom she had any force were the poor men and women who came begging at her door, and her force, for these, could be measured by the kind and quantity of what she gave them—a penny here, twopence there, a half a loaf of bread, a cup of tea at the door or at the kitchen table, a knitted shawl for an expected baby, a pair of old shoes, old gloves, a jam jar of kitchen fat, a child's vest that was old and small but still useful.

When she was with a poor person, standing inside her front door talking to them as they stood on her front step, or doing something in the kitchen while they sat and had tea at her table, she was ashamed of having as much as she had, but when she was with other people—the people her husband used to bring home occasionally the first year or two they had the house, or with her children's teachers at the school, or with people in shops—she was ashamed of her own appearance and of the shortcomings in her dress and in her children's dress. She used to become heartbroken over the shortcomings in her children's dress. One winter she sat down and cut up her own heavy coat to make coats for Johanna and Bridget, and then she made round caps to go with the coats from the material that was left over, but the little outfits were never a success. She turned the material when she cut it up and the children did not recognize what it was they were wearing. When the children asked their mother where her big coat had gone, she told them she had pushed it up the chimney for a joke and that it had turned into black smoke. After that, when the children saw smoke coming from the chimney they said it was their mother's coat up there.

Johanna was capricious at the best of times, but when she was in bed sick she was very hard to deal with. Today she had decided that she wanted the back bedroom and the fire that was in it all to herself. Ellen would have liked to sit by the fire there and read her book, and Bridget said she might like to stay there, too, because it was a novelty to have a fire in the bedroom, but Johanna wouldn't listen to them. She said she was too sick to have people talking in the room. She wasn't too sick to sit up in bed with a shawl around her, playing with her crayons and her books, but she was too sick to let Ellen and Bridget share her fire. Ellen said Johanna was selfish, but Johanna only smiled and said nothing. Johanna often said nothing.



The kitchen was small and square and it had a red tile floor. The fire in the coal range turned red with the heat and roared like a lion behind its little iron door. The three stray cats that had found lodging in the woodshed for the winter had been let in for the day and they had curled themselves up on the floor as close to the range as they could get, and as the day wore on and they got over their wariness at being inside the house they breathed more easily and their fur went up and down and their round curled bodies seemed to expand and grow softer, as though they had made themselves into sponges to soak up as much heat as they could while they had the chance. Bridget was wedged into the small wooden child's chair that Ellen and Johanna had owned in their turn, and Ellen had made a table for her out of one of the kitchen chairs and put the old tin tray with the plasticine on it. The mother finished the washing early and pegged it across a line she had put up under the kitchen ceiling. The arms of the father's shirts hung down like streamers, stiff and dry, and brushed the

HOMECOMING

I remember a season of two springs
when, at the year's turning, I hurried south.
Midway, leaves sprang on the trees.
Yellow strings laced the willows where I passed
and fat streams parted their lips in the thaw.

I came too late to hear the blessing said,
but stood where lilacs burst and bees sang in
the white bloom over the grave.
The earth was closed in that sweet air. The flowers
drove me north. Midway, the petals turned to snow.

Homeward, the spendthrift streams pursed their mouths,
the trees unfleshed, the ground locked up its ruts,
and farther, death belonged
in this place. Weeks late, the rotten ice went out.
Midway between my business and the world's,

I found no hard north left to balance on.
Wet sunlight pulled the worms up, and that rock
I read as sound as ice
upon my map, sank into spongy ground.

—Maxine W. Kumin

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mother's light-brown hair as she moved about the kitchen. At four o'clock she went up to the back sitting room to light the gas fire to warm up the room for the evening, and then they all moved up there, Ellen with her book, which was about the adventures of a fifteen-year-old Spanish princess in a strict girls' school in England, and Bridget, laboriously, with the plasticine on the old tin tray. The back sitting room had linoleum and the grate was really a coal grate but a gas fire had been fitted into it. Folding doors divided it from the front sitting room, where there was a patterned carpet and an open grate and French windows that opened out like doors. The linoleum in the back sitting room was not the same as the linoleum in the hall. The linoleum in the hall had been there when they moved into the house, and they had paid extra for it. The only other decoration that had been left in the house by the people who had been there before was the shiny paper—red and green diamonds all over it—that was pasted over the inside of the glass panel in the door of the bathroom upstairs. Bridget could not be left alone in the bathroom because she would tear the paper off, reaching up and tearing off little bits that she would lick and paste to her face so that she could run around the house saying, "Look at me. Who am I? No, no, I am not Bridget. No, I am not a strange little woman. No, I am not the child next door. I am a bathroom window." Only her mother and her father and her sisters could understand anything Bridget said.

The dining room smelled fresh and cool after the hot stuffy kitchen, and the mother said it was nice to get out of the kitchen after having been there all day. She smiled at Bridget, who had already settled herself on the hearthrug. Then she pulled Bridget gently to her feet and kissed her, and she bent down low and lifted the plasticine tray from the floor and put it up high on the mantelpiece.

"Upstairs now, Bridget," the mother said, "and you're to lie down at once and shut your eyes up tight."

Bridget went off upstairs obediently, because she knew there was a fire in the room upstairs and that the room would be nice and warm. The mother opened the big lumpy cotton bag of mending and darning that sat on top of the sewing machine, but she tied it up again without taking anything out. She yawned and sat down on her low chair by the fire, and when the knock came at the door she told Ellen to run and see who it was.

The man who had knocked at the door was not standing up on the mat in the recess, out of the rain. He was standing below the step, with his cap in his hands. He was all wet, and his eyes were full of rain. Ellen thought he might be blind, but then she saw it was only that he was all wet, and the rain was so straight and heavy that even at this short distance it fell like a curtain between

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"Me friend!"

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them. She had to hold the door with both hands to keep it from blowing wide in the wind.

"Would you ask your mother if she has a pair of old boots she wants to give away?" the man said.

"A pair of old boots," the mother said when Ellen went back with the message. "I've no boots. I'd better go out. He must be in a bad way, to go around in this weather."

Ellen wanted to go with her and look at the man again, but the mother closed the door into the hall so firmly that Ellen stayed where she was, listening. She heard the front door open and close, and then she heard her mother go along the hall on her way to the kitchen, and after her mother the man. She felt left out. She would have liked to go into the kitchen, too. She was standing in the middle of the room, trying to think of an excuse that would take her back to the kitchen, when her mother came in.

"Poor fellow," she said, "God help him, I gave him something to eat. I left him there by himself. I knew he wouldn't touch anything as long as I was in the room. Now, don't you go down there bothering him. I wish I had a pair of shoes to give him. He hasn't even a pair of socks on him. I gave him a pair of socks. I'm going to run up and see if I can get Johanna to lie down for a sleep. She's been sitting up in the bed all day. I'll be down in a minute. And don't you go near the kitchen."

Ellen was always very curious about the poor men and women who came to the door, especially when they had a boy or girl of her own age with them. She liked it when her mother gave her something to give to them. She was interested in the man in the kitchen, and when she went back by the fire to her book she continued to listen for the sound of the kitchen door opening, or for some sign that he was in the house. There was no sound, except the slapping of the rain outside and the rattle at the windows where the wind tugged the house. Then the door opened, and Bridget came in, smiling and hanging from the doorknob.

"I *sat* down the stairs," Bridget whispered. "I was good. I was quiet."

"Where's Mammy?" Ellen asked.

"Mammy's asleep. In Johanna's bed."

Johanna often refused to go to sleep unless her mother lay down beside her. Ellen lifted the old tin tray of plasticine off the mantelpiece and put it on the floor at a safe distance from the fire, and Bridget sat down beside it and began to pummel it.

Ellen went very quietly out of the room and down the three steps from the hall to the kitchen and opened the kitchen door and peered in. The man was asleep. He lay huddled over the table and his arms were around his head, hiding his face. As she opened the door he spoke out suddenly in a loud voice, but did not move, and she stepped quickly back out of the kitchen and closed the door. When she heard him speak out loud again, she slipped back into the kitchen and closed herself in with him and stood watching him. She hoped he would not speak again. She wanted him to be quiet, as he had been, and she thought that if she stared at him he would be quiet, or wake up, but the words came out growling and roaring and bubbling in a voice that was much too fierce to belong to the poor little man who lay all wet across the table. She was as distressed as though a dog or a cat had implored her in words that she knew but could not understand because the voice was animal. The man didn't sound at all as he had sounded when he asked for the boots. He was wearing the socks her mother had given him, and his broken boots were drying on a chair by the range, together with his cap. She wished he would come out of his nightmare and raise his head. The warmth of the fire was lost on him. His voice stumbled on, and then he gave a great groan, or a sigh, or a cry, and gave up. She thought he was beginning to wake up; he stirred and his fingers opened, but he lay quiet. She hurried out of the kitchen and went upstairs to get her mother, but her mother lay on Johanna's bed, fast asleep. She was sleeping with her head thrown back and her mouth a little open. Ellen moved to waken her, with a little touch on her shoulder, but then she held back and did not waken her. It would be nice if her mother could just sleep on.

She went downstairs and into the back sitting room, where Bridget still played with her plasticine. The gas fire gave out great warmth. No one but Bridget could play with the plasticine, because she had mauled all the colors together and ruined it to suit herself. Ellen sat down on the floor beside Bridget.

"Bridget," she said, "everybody is asleep except you and me. Johanna's asleep. Mammy's asleep. Everybody's asleep."

"Everybody," Bridget said, and paused to look thoughtfully up into Ellen's face.

THE clock on the mantelpiece—the glass clock that you could see the works of—said ten minutes to six. The father would be home soon. Ellen

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knew that she ought to do something, but she sat still. She sat up close to Bridget and watched Bridget's hands in the plasticine and smelled the plasticine. The room was much too dark. She ought to light the light. She ought to wake the man and then wake her mother. Or wake her mother and let her wake the man. There were a whole lot of things she ought to do. She didn't know which of them to do first. Then, too, her mother would want time to get the washing down off the line before she began to get the tea ready. The tea would be late now anyway, and there now, there was her father at the door, opening it with his key, coming into the hall. All the time she had been sitting doing nothing he had been waiting in the rain for the tram, getting into the tram, sitting in the tram, and walking from the tram stop up to their gate. She ran out into the hall to confront him. Any other night she would have raced to meet him, but tonight she edged toward him, waiting while he shook out his coat and spread it all over the hall stand to dry, and shook out his hat, and took his evening paper out of his pocket. He turned and saw her, and as he looked down at her she remembered the Saturday afternoon she had been sent to do a message at one of the shops up the main road, and on her way back through the shopping crowds she had seen him coming toward her and he had not seen her. She had waited for him to see her and then she had run up to him and touched him and said "Da!" and he had said he was delighted to see Miss Ellen promenading on such a fine day and he had brought her into Kennedy's and bought her a bag of glacier mints. When they parted, she to go along home and he to go wherever he was going, she stood and watched with tears in her eyes because they had said goodbye, till he was far away in the crowd, and then he disappeared from sight so suddenly that she ran across and put one foot off the path and down into the road, craning to see if she could get a last glimpse of him, and there he was standing down in the road looking for her, and he raised his arm up high and opened his hand and then shut it again, and opened it and shut it again, in the gesture of farewell that he always gave to all of them. And she turned and ran home so wildly that she collided with a woman who was wheeling a big baby in a pram, and the woman caught her by the shoulder and said, "You young bandit, mind where you're going! What's wrong with your mother that she can't teach you manners?" and Ellen pulled herself away and shouted, "Let go of me, y'oul bag," and then she was terrified that her mother would find out how she had spoken to the woman, and she walked properly the rest of the way home.

But tonight she whispered to her father, "Da, don't make a sound. Johanna's upstairs asleep and Mammy's in the kitchen making a surprise for the tea. And the back sitting room is lovely and warm, only Bridget is at her plasticine."

The father said, "Oh, the plasticine," and made an exaggerated show of tiptoeing down the hall and into the room, getting lower and lower toward the floor as he went and then, when he got near the fire, stepping on Bridget, who gave a cry of happiness and outrage and struck out at him.

"What's that?" he cried. "What's that? What's that I stepped on—a lump in the rug? Is that what it is?" Then he pretended that Bridget had caught fire and he smacked her all over until she hung limp as a rag doll from his hands. At last he sat down in his chair by the fire and tried to open his paper, which was all wet. Ellen slipped out and up to the bedroom. The room was dark now, and she felt her way across to Johanna's bed, but before she could speak the mother woke up and sat straight up in bed.

"Oh, Ellen," she said, "you gave me a fright. What time is it? Put on the light. Why didn't you wake me? Is your father in?"

"He's in the dining room, Mammy," Ellen said. "He only just came in. He's reading the paper. And Mammy, the

"That was unworthy of you, Frank."

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poor man fell asleep in the kitchen and he's still there."

"The poor man—the poor man that wanted the boots. Oh, Ellen, Ellen, why didn't you wake me? What possessed you to let me sleep on? Oh, what'll I do now?"

She got stiffly off the bed and put her hands up to her hair, which was straggling after her heavy sleep.

"Oh dear," she said. "Oh dear, dear, dear."

There was still a red glow in the fireplace and she went across and poked it up and put on a shovel of coal.

"Don't you get out of bed," she said to Johanna, who watched her sleepily. "And Ellen, you go on downstairs and keep your father company. And keep the door to the hall shut."

When Ellen went back to the back sitting room, her father was spreading his paper over the table to dry it.

"The news is wet tonight, Ellen," he said. "It's a rotten old paper anyway. I wonder why I buy it. Now, where are the cards? We'll have a game of old maid before tea."

As her father was shuffling the cards, Ellen heard a sound in the hall. She knew what had happened. The man had stumbled against the top of the three steps up from the kitchen. The father heard him, too, and he got up.

"Don't tell me she's carrying the tea up here?" he said. "And me with the old paper all over the table."

He opened the door. The mother stood against the banisters, looking at them. The man stood beside her, caught in flight, and his face wore the artful, afflicted smile that Ellen recognized from seeing it on her mother's face. He was afraid. The father walked past the man and along the hall and opened the front door and the man followed him. As the man was going past him the father said, "Have you a place to go for the night?" and then he put his hand in his waistcoat pocket and gave the man something—sixpence or a shilling, maybe both. "Good night, good night, good luck," he said, and shut the door, and came back down the hall and into the dining room and sat down again in his chair by the gas fire. They all went in after him.

The mother said, "I'm sorry, John."

The father looked up at her.

"It isn't that I mind the cups of tea and all the rest of it," he said. "It isn't that I mind the way every man, woman, and child that comes near the place can get around you. What I mind is hiding down there in the kitchen and teaching the children to tell me lies. That's what I mind. And I won't have it. Do you hear me? I won't have it."

"I was only afraid you'd be angry," the mother said.

"You're always being afraid," the father said. "That's all I hear—that you're afraid. What's there to be afraid of? What's wrong with you? And you're making Ellen the same way."

"Oh, leave Ellen out of it," the mother whispered.

"How did he get here, that's what I'd like to know," the father said. "What brings them all to this house? Not content with opening the door and giving them money I can't spare, you have to invite them to come in and sit down and make themselves at home. What's the matter with you?"

"He only wanted to know if I had a pair of old boots," the mother said.

Bridget turned from watching her mother's face and looked at her father's shoes. Ellen also looked at them, and the father looked down at them.

"I'm wearing them out as fast as I can," he said, and he began to laugh. Then he stopped laughing and he put his elbows on his knees and buried his face in his hands. Bridget tried to do the same thing, although she was standing up.

"Would you like your tea on a tray by the fire here?" the mother asked.

"All right," he said.

The mother brought a tray to her husband, and Ellen carried a tray up to Johanna, who was sitting up in bed with her crayons and a picture book.

"There was an awful row," Ellen said. "And Mammy is crying in the kitchen and she won't have any tea."

"Oh, she's always crying," Johanna said.

THE back bedroom held two narrow beds for Ellen and Johanna and a high-sided iron cot, painted white, that Bridget still slept in. They always left one side of the cot down so that Bridget would know she wasn't really a baby any longer. Halfway up the stairs, in the boxroom, the father had a gramophone and a set of French Linguaphone records, and a set of the Encyclopædia Britannica that he was buying in installments from a man who came selling it at the door. There was a lumpy little bed in the room, a spare bed. Later in the evening, as she was going upstairs to bed, Ellen heard a French voice talking in there, a man's voice. That meant her father was sitting in there alone, sitting on the edge of the bed, listening to the gramophone, learning French. He often went in there to have an hour to himself after tea, or on a Sunday afternoon. Sometimes after tea he went to see a play in town, but the mother never went with him, because she had the children to mind. He said that when Ellen was bigger she could go with him. He

THE ELEGANCE OF STATELY MEASURES

It seems as if the centuries were lost
Until conspiring sounds, in melody,
Create a new authority, well sprung
In passages unlocking all that's free

In us; it seems the past is then not lost,
But ancient love is with its witchery
Flown down the airs of time to swell the blood;
Music makes a triumph of mute history.

This harmony, which pelts the stately pleasure,
Keeps order whole, and binds us to the sense—
Rich, vivid, dense, oracular—
Of some girt, primitive inheritance

Unsurpassed by mind, yet fresh:
The word that none can say in death,
Music that is a lifted light of life
And frees an elegance in strife.

—RICHARD EBERHART

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liked to go for long walks in the Dublin hills on Saturdays and Sundays in the good weather, and in the summertime he often went to Wicklow and had a few days by himself. He said that when Ellen's legs were longer she could go on the walks with him, too. Sometimes in the summer holidays the father took them all to Killiney or Greystones for the day, but the strand was always crowded and one or another of them generally lost something in the soft sand. Ellen had lost her First Communion medal and the chain that held it around her neck. The father liked to go swimming, and he used to dip the children in and out of the water and then carry them back on his wet sharp shoulders to the mother, who would dry them under a very big towel that would keep the other people from seeing them when she stripped their bathing dresses off.

The window of the little boxroom looked out over the roof of the shed where they kept the coal and the firewood and the empty boxes where the stray cats made their beds on nights like tonight. The roof of the shed was of corrugated tin, and Ellen thought that when her father had finished listening to the record he would hear the great drumming the rain made when it hit the tin, and she wished she could hear that sound from her own bed.

Ellen did not know how long she had been asleep that night when she woke to find her mother fitting herself into the bed beside her.

"Oh, Ellen, don't wake up," the mother said. "I'm perishing with the cold and you're as warm as a little bull always. I'll just get warm. I'll just lie here a minute."

Ellen moved quickly over and made room, and she and her mother lay squeezed together. The mother turned on her side and her long plait fell across Ellen's face. Ellen put her arm out into the night and lifted the plait gently and laid it across the top of the pillow. The mother made a little sound and settled more deeply into the warmth of the bed. Ellen put her arm out again, and put her hand timidly against her mother's face. She felt her mother's hard forehead, her eyelids, her cheek, her pointed nose, and at last her mouth.

"What is it, Ellen?" the mother asked.

"I was afraid you were crying," Ellen said.

The mother took Ellen's hand and put it back under the covers. She was very careful, as though it was not Ellen's hand at all but a small creature she had found lost and was putting back into its nest.

"Ellen," she said, "I was only cold."

"Now you won't be cold any more," Ellen said.

"I'm getting lovely and warm now," the mother said. "Only my feet, and they'll soon warm up."

They slept. When Ellen woke again it was still dark, not yet time to get up. She felt comfortable and safe. Her mother had said she was as warm as a little bull. Other times her mother had said that Ellen was strong as a little horse, good as gold, bold as brass, growing too fast, growing out of her clothes, getting bigger every time you looked at her.

Around the house the rain fell contentedly without interruption. The rain had all the time in the world. Ellen thought that the poor man would surely come back, and she hoped that when he came back she would be by herself in the house. Her father would be off out somewhere and her mother would be out, too. And Bridget and Johanna would not be there. She would open the door to him and bring him down to the kitchen and give him something to eat. She would turn her back so that he would know she was not looking at him when he was eating or looking at his food. She wouldn't ask him any questions or bother him with talking to him, and she wouldn't tell him she had heard him talking in his sleep, and after a while he would get used to her and he would begin to talk of his own accord and he wouldn't be afraid any more.

—Maeve Brennan

"That's what I like about Biology—the way he blushes."

•

He has sent cuttings of this plant which have been grafted to Mrs. Holden.—*Arlington (Va.) Northern Virginia Sun.*

Known locally as Mrs. Holden the Uncomfortable.

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A CONTRACT WITH CUNARD

MY DEAR CUNARD STEAM-SHIP COMPANY, LTD.:

I AM well aware that any kind of ticket, whether it be for leaving a hat in a cloakroom or flying to Japan, carries certain Conditions of Sale printed on the back, in full or in part, or implied or referred to, or drawn to the attention of the purchaser by notice or other means affixed or impaled on the wall of the office, bureau, cubbyhole, or any other place whatsoever where the ticket is, was, has been, or will be obtained. I also know that any purchaser who has the curiosity to examine such Conditions and the patience to wade right through a paralyzing morass of tiny print will find that the person or persons who sold him his ticket have been at pains to rid themselves of almost all responsibility for his hat or his person, as the case may be, and have covered themselves against anything that he or they may or may not do in a series of disastrous contingencies to which the whole history of the world can scarcely afford a parallel.

It is also clear to me that in contracting to convey me and my baggage ("or provide transportation as specified herein," to use your own phrase) from Liverpool to New York you cannot be expected to undertake so arduous and even hazardous a task with the half dozen or so slipshod provisos thought adequate for the temporary custody of an overcoat at a theatre. The sea is an unstable element, indifferent to man's wishes, setting at naught his most careful contrivings, and I certainly do not propose to cavil at any of the "liberties" you so rightly reserve on my ticket for yourselves, your ship, her master, your agents, and others, in a praiseworthy attempt to foresee and guard against the innumerable surprises and mischances of a voyage across the pitiless Atlantic. No man of sense and good will could object to Clause 3, for instance, of your Terms and Conditions, which begins (you will remember):

> 3. The ship shall have liberty to proceed with or without pilots, to tow and assist vessels in all situations, to be towed, to adjust compasses, to drydock with the passengers and their baggage on board, to carry cargo of all kinds, dangerous or otherwise, to comply with any orders or directions as to departure, arrival, routes, ports of call, stoppages, destination or otherwise, given by the government of any nation or department thereof or by any person acting or purporting to act with the authority of such government, or any department thereof, or by any committee or person having under the terms of the war risk insurance on the ship the right to give such orders or directions, and if by reason of and in compliance with such orders or directions anything is done or is not done the same shall not be deemed a deviation and compliance with the same shall be deemed a fulfillment of the contract voyage....

By all means. Let the ship be towed and adjust compasses as necessary. Should I at any time during the voyage poke my head out of my porthole, attracted by an unfamiliar sound of hammering, and observe that we are hard and fast in a concrete container, shored up by vast balks of timber, while men chip busily away at the barnacles on our hull, you will not find me at the head of a throng of passengers angrily complaining that this was not the purpose for which I and my baggage came on board. I shall fully understand that some person or committee acting or purporting to act with the authority of some government or other has, in all probability, got us into this pickle, and I shall readily agree that whatever is done or not done, or wherever we are or are not (even if we are back in Liverpool again), the contract voyage has been fulfilled. I am not the kind of man lightly to bring a charge of deviationism against the master of a ship who, for all I know, may have cargo of all kinds, dangerous or otherwise, on board.

It is not, I see, altogether unlikely that we *shall* be back in Liverpool again. Clause 3 continues (I need hardly remind you):

> ...to proceed by any course or route whatsoever although in a contrary direction to or out of or beyond the direct or geographical or customary or advertised route to the port of destination once or oftener in any order, backwards or forwards, without notice to passengers, and for any such purpose to call and/or remain or omit to call and/or remain at any port or ports, place or places whatsoever, to put back or into any port at the discretion of the master and to deviate from the direct and customary course, and to carry the passengers and their baggage back to the port of embarkation or to any port or place whether beyond the port of destination or not, and to make any delay whatsoever at, or in sailing from, the port of embarkation or any such port or place as aforesaid...

and to all of this, let me say at once, I give my hearty consent. I quite see that circumstances might arise in which the master of your ship might wish to sail out of or beyond or in a contrary direction to the port of destination, and might be compelled to shuttle backwards and forwards, once or oftener, in any order and for any number of years whatsoever without calling or omitting to call at any port or place, with or without pilots, whether such ports or places were or were not behind, in front of, or beyond any destination whatsoever from which any ship of yours had previously deviated. It is true that the expression "backwards or forwards" reads a little oddly in a context where one might have expected "ahead or astern," but in general I would no sooner dream of contesting the propriety and necessity of Clause 3, in whole or in part, with or without commas, than I would question the wisdom of Clause 19 ("Any person carried under this ticket hereby assumes all risk of war and warlike operations....'), or of that other bit that warns me not to try to hold you liable for injury or delay to myself or my baggage "arising from dangers of the sea or other navigable waters, Acts of God or public enemies, barratry of master or crew"—do you get much of that, I wonder?—"seizure under legal process, saving or attempting to save life or property at sea or from any deviation," etc., etc.

No. In all these matters I accept you as the experts, and I do not doubt that your twenty-two Terms and Conditions are the result of bitter experience—of countless occasions on which passengers have made a fuss simply because they have been carried into or out of or beyond, or backwards and forwards in any order, or because of some trivial piece of barratry, or because anything whatsoever has been done or not done. My complaint, such as it is, is purely on a matter of presentation, about which I know at least as much as you.

ALL of your Conditions are set out in 8-point type, in which I have reproduced sections of them above. It is, as anyone can see, a perfectly legible type size. But you seem not to be aware of the old printer's rule that lays down that "for easy reading"

8-point type	should	not	be	set	wider	than	4	inches
10-point	"	"	"	"	"	"	5	"
12-point	"	"	"	"	"	"	6	"

—the reason being, of course, that there is a width beyond which the eye cannot readily follow printing from line to line.

The column of Conditions (Nos. 1-3) on the front of my

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"He thinks he's so great!"

• •

ticket is just under six inches wide, precisely as shown in the samples above, which means that the passenger, in attempting to discover what he has let himself in for, runs a grave risk of reading the same line several times over, skipping a line (which may contain upwards of twenty-five words about doing or not doing anything whatsoever), and in general proceeding by a course or route contrary to or out of or beyond the direct and customary manner of reading, once or oftener in any order, backwards or forwards. This is a risk that I am *not* prepared to accept, and one, moreover, that is nowhere covered by your Conditions.

Whether you prefer to narrow your column to four inches or to reset your Conditions in 12-point, as the printer's rule appears to require, is for you to decide. The latter would insure maximum legibility; here, for your convenience, is a specimen of 12-point:

Barratry of Master or Crew

I must warn you, however, that this resetting will increase the size of your ticket from its present dimensions of seventeen inches wide by ten and an eighth inches long to something like seventeen inches by twenty, which might prove unwieldy in a high wind.

A more serious problem arises when we turn to the back of the ticket, where Clauses 4-22 are set, you will notice, at a column width of no less than ten inches—possibly a world record for 8-point. The printer's rule does not, so far as I know, extend to type sizes suitable for lines of such interminable length, but by a process of extrapolation we arrive at a minimum of 20-point, and I am not sure that you would care either for the hint of overemphasis in a phrase like

Warlike Operations

or for the formidable acreage of ticket involved. You may decide, on reflection, to cut down the number of Conditions.

And where, as a matter of interest, do you get that hyphen in "Steam-Ship Company"?

Yours sincerely,
H. F. Ellis

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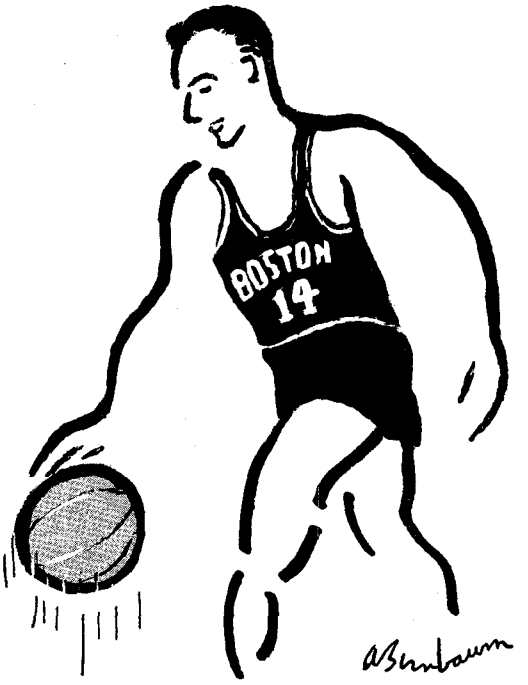
PROFILES

A VICTIM OF NOBLESSE OBLIGE

BASKETBALL, the only major sport that was indisputably invented in the United States, has occasionally been described by purists who feel that somehow it lacks the manly qualities of football and baseball as "a game played with a round ball on an oblong floor before a square audience." Such detractors are members of a rapidly shrinking minority, though; in the past decade or so basketball, which was originated at the International Y.M.C.A. Training School, in Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1891, has become something like a national addiction. As a high-school sport, it attracts more spectators than any other. As a college sport, it has a drawing power second only to that of football. In the last Olympic Games, basketball teams from sixteen countries competed. And though still adolescent as a professional sport, basketball is now lusty enough to be presented some thirty times a winter at Madison Square Garden—to name just one cockpit—to a total audience of at least a quarter of a million. There are probably a number of reasons for basketball's new popularity as a spectator sport. (It has always been a popular sport to participate in, since a handful of semi-skilled players can get a rousing game under way with a minimum of equipment.) One factor may be an affluent society's resourcefulness in creating new consumer needs, or, to put it more bluntly, the pressure on the proprietors of such arenas as Madison Square Garden and the Boston Garden to find something besides boxing, ice hockey, and indoor track to keep the box office humming during the long winter evenings. Another factor may be the psychological commonplace that people can get used to, and even addicted to, anything; the spectacle of ten tall, skinny young men running around in midwinter in costumes that look very much like summer underwear no longer appears quite as bizarre as it once did. Or, if an individual player, rather than an economic or anthropological force, can be singled out for a major contribution toward making basketball an institution, the best candidate is probably Robert Joseph Cousy, a black-haired, hollow-cheeked, thirty-two-year-old backcourt man, or guard, who is now playing his eleventh season with the Celtics, the team that represents Boston in the eight-city National Basketball Association and that since 1959 has held the Association's—and therefore, as Association men reckon it, the world's—championship.



Robert Joseph Cousy

Though Cousy is virtually a dwarf among those in his trade because he stands only six feet one and a half in his sweat socks, he is regarded by most students of basketball as the game's supreme technician. It is probable, too, that most members of the sport's public still regard him as its most spectacular entertainer, despite the recent emergence of such rousing performers as Elgin Baylor of the Los Angeles Lakers, now in his third season, who scored seventy-one points in one game this fall; Wilt Chamberlain of the Philadelphia Warriors, who stands seven feet one—almost a foot taller than Cousy—and, in the year and a half he has been playing, has averaged around thirty-eight points a game, many of them scored by dropping the ball into the basket from on top; and Oscar Robertson of the Cincinnati Royals, a newcomer this season, who shows signs of becoming much the kind of all-round player Cousy is. On the court, Cousy is graceful, shifty, durable, and determined. He has scored more points during his professional career than any other player in the Association's history except Dolph Schayes, the strong man of the Syracuse Nationals, who not only stands seven inches taller but has played two seasons longer. In a total of over seven hundred and forty games, Cousy's scoring average is close to twenty points a game, a point or so better than Schayes' average; and of the veteran players—there are just five of them—who have achieved higher averages, none has played in as many games as Cousy has; also, one of them is six feet four, one is six feet six, one is six feet eight, one is six feet nine, and one is six feet ten. In the crucial matter of "assists," or plays in which the ball is so accurately and swiftly passed to a teammate that he can pop it into the basket at once, Cousy has far outstripped all rivals, including half a dozen so-called "playmakers," who are poor shots themselves and are in the game primarily for their ability at assists. This complex of skills not only makes Cousy a dazzling performer but tends to make his team perform dazzlingly. In these days of the supercoach, the captaincy of a professional team in any sport is usually a more or less ceremonial post, the principal responsibilities of which are to argue with the referee now and then and to pat teammates on the back in moments of stress. Cousy, however, wields almost unlimited tactical power as the captain of the Celtics—a position he has held for the past four years—because about three-quarters of the time he is the man with the ball.

Cousy's opponents and their coaches are probably most awed by the manner in which he leads an offensive maneuver known as the "fast break," which is as difficult to execute well as it is rousing to watch when well executed. The offensive team's object in attempting a fast break is to get its players down the court with the ball before the defensive team can get there to prevent a shot at their unguarded basket. The difficulty lies in the fact that the defensive team is always on the alert for precisely such a move, and its two guards are almost sure to get downcourt ahead of the ball, while their three colleagues—the center and the two forwards—are bound to be on their way there as fast as their long legs will take them. Most of the time, the best that a fast-breaking team can hope for is to gain a second or two—rarely three—during which three of its

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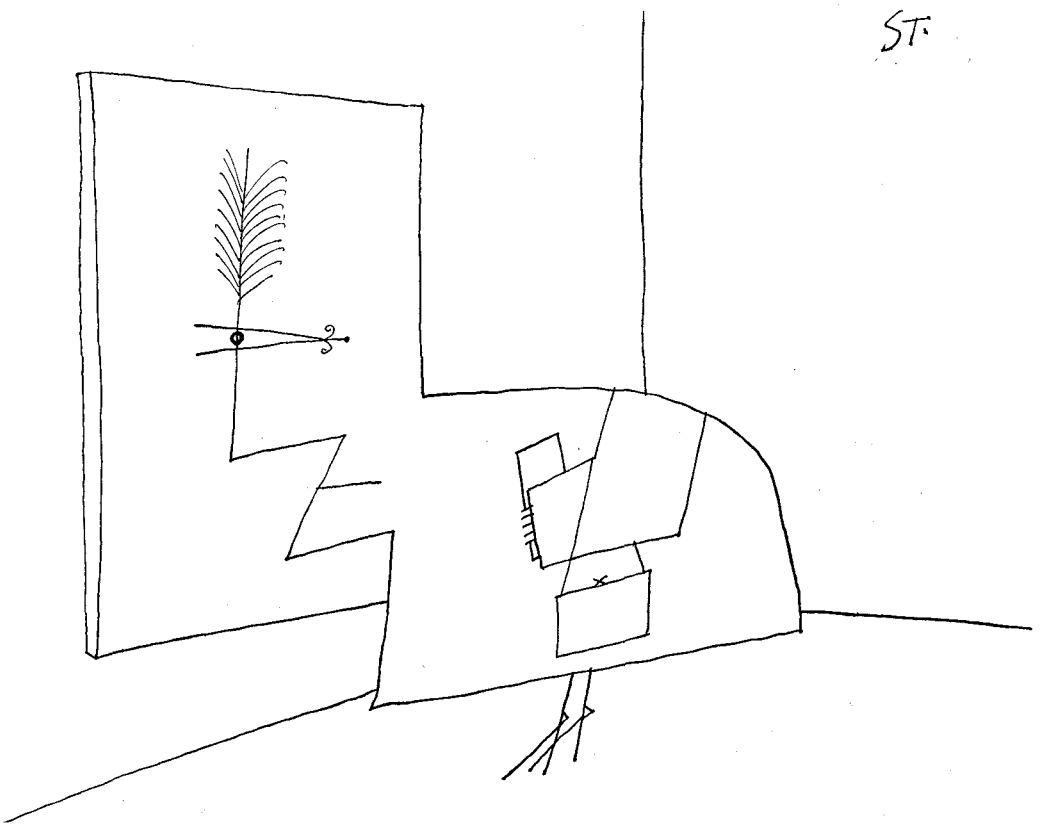
players are guarded by only two opponents. If a basket isn't made before a third opponent arrives, the advantage disappears, and a more deliberate and less dramatic method of scoring must be tried. For the fast break to work at all, it must be led by an exceptionally skillful and sagacious player, who can bring the ball downcourt rapidly and securely, feint his opponents out of position with a deft twist or two, decide instantaneously whether to make a shot himself or pass to a teammate, and get off the shot or the pass with speed and accuracy. Though nearly every one of the over eighty men currently playing big-league basketball was a college All-American, only three or four are regarded by coaches as thoroughly qualified to lead a fast break successfully against an adept defense, and of these Cousy is universally admitted to be the authoritative practitioner. Consequently, the Celtics try to fast-break almost every time they get the opportunity, and the futility of attempting to do much about this strategy when they're all having a good night was astonishingly demonstrated during a game a couple of seasons ago when Boston scored a hundred and seventy-three points—a record for the four twelve-minute periods in a regulation game. (The Celtics' opponents, the Lakers, were by no means idle, scoring a hundred and thirty-nine—apparently a record for a losing team.)

One reason for Cousy's effectiveness is that, save for his comparative lack of stature, he is constructed almost exactly as he would have been if a canny basketball coach had designed, manufactured, and assembled him. A basketball is thirty inches in circumference, and Cousy's hands are of such dimensions that in them it looks the size of a softball held by a ten-year-old (his feet, proportionately large, take a thirteen shoe). So big are his hands that he can get a sufficiently firm one-handed grip on the ball to whip a sidearm pass the full ninety-four-foot length of the court with almost the accuracy of a shortstop throwing to first base; indeed, many of Cousy's acquaintances believe that if he had decided to go in for baseball instead of basketball, he would have been a brilliant shortstop—a hypothesis he himself has never bothered to ponder, since he considers the tempo of baseball molasseslike compared to the non-stop excitement of basketball. Cousy's shoulders slope sharply, and his arms are unusually long (three inches longer than those of his fellow backcourt man on the Celtics, William Sharman, who is just his height), which means that he can keep the ball close to the floor while dribbling and still remain more or less upright, and correspondingly mobile. His long arms also enable him to reach farther behind his back than a man built along more orthodox lines, and this is the secret of a showy tactic that has become one of his trademarks—changing the ball from hand to hand behind his back while swiftly dribbling it down the floor. This bit of legerdemain, which he surprised himself with when he first executed it in his college days, not only possesses considerable terpsichorean charm but allows him to switch his direction at will, casting adrift the opposing guard and leaving himself free to shoot without interference. According to teammates, Cousy can see out of the corners of his eyes better than the majority of people, which gives him the advantage of being able to take in what's happening on most of the court most of the time with a minimum of head-twisting, as well as that of being able to throw the ball accurately in unexpected directions. Though he is slender, even skinny, from the waist up, he has the strong, heavy legs needed to get him through the forty-eight minutes of fitful running, sudden starts and stops, quick wriggles and turns, and constant changes of speed that each game demands. Recently, a friend remarked, "I bet Cooz has ruined more young basketball players than anyone else in the country. High-school coaches hate to have their kids see him play, because afterward they want to do what he can do with his hands and arms and legs and eyes and reflexes, instead of sticking to what they can do with the hands and arms and legs and eyes and reflexes God gave them."

IT is axiomatic in the world of sports that brawn is only one of the qualities a winner needs; the strongest flesh is of no avail unless the spirit is hostile. On this ground, also, Cousy qualifies as a champion. There is nothing playful about his play. When he is on the court, he says, he feels that his opponents are, in plain fact, his enemies, and he has summed up his general attitude toward them at such times by saying he would just as soon "jam the ball down their throats." Since basketball is a game in which physical contact is at least officially forbidden, he has not yet found a situation in which it would be advantageous to attempt that feat, but he does play with a visible passion that both stimulates his own team and unsettles the opposition. When the Celtics have been doing badly for a few minutes and, in an attempt to rally them, Cousy, his face red, his knees pumping, his torso swaying in intricate rhythm, dribbles wrathfully under the basket into the thick of things, transfers the ball from his right hand to his left behind his back, and hooks in a basket from an angle that defies gravity, he is one of the truly theatri-



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cal sights of American sport. Just a few days ago in New York, precisely such a situation arose and Cousy, characteristically enraged, personally took over the ball and in rapid succession scored six baskets on his own; he ended the evening with thirty-three points, a total most men five years younger and six inches taller rarely achieve, and he was also awarded nine assists, or part of the credit for eighteen points more. In fact, if either the Association's records or the spectators' senses are admissible evidence, Cousy's skill and stamina are just as great as they ever were, even though he is in his fourth decade, middle age for an athlete. However, he himself feels that an insidious mellowness has begun to creep up on him, and he has had to intensify the pre-game mental exercises that he has in recent years used to goad himself into the proper playing mood, usually working himself up in a way that would qualify him for full-fledged membership in the Actors' Studio. Three or four hours before he is to go on, he begins brooding over any grievances he has against the opposing team, any of its players, or, for that matter, his coach, his third-grade teacher, or Nikita Khrushchev. By the time he gets to the locker room, he has put himself into a sort of sullen trance so deep that he hardly hears what anyone says to him, and speaks himself, if he speaks at all, in something close to a snarl.

Cousy's most consistently invoked object of hatred for some time was Slater Martin, who, until he retired last spring, played in the backcourt for the St. Louis Hawks, the team that, year in and year out, has given the Celtics more trouble than any other. Martin, a brilliant defensive player, had been in the Association nearly as long as Cousy, and had guarded him in every game in which they both appeared. Martin was so alert and persistent that he was able to stay within inches of Cousy every second the latter had the ball, and when, under this surveillance, the latter managed to score eighteen or twenty points against the Hawks, he was exhausted by the effort. Off the court Cousy and Martin had a friendly enough relationship, but during the dark pre-game hour in the locker room Martin assumed in Cousy's brain the image of the most consummate scoundrel who ever plotted to undo an honest man. Now that Martin is gone, Cousy is without a thoroughly satisfying object of wrath, though he does manage to work up fairly fierce emotions on occasion in regard to a Syracuse backcourt man—and master of the fast break—named Larry Costello, and a New York backcourt man named Richie Guerin, who, when he has the ball and Cousy is guarding him, particularly enjoys taking Cousy into the melee of flying knees and elbows under the basket.

According to a team of Massachusetts scientists who have used the Celtics, among others, as guinea pigs in a study of the physiological factors involved in the competitive spirit, what Cousy does when he is in his more lowering moods, whether he knows it or not, is to absorb into his system immense quantities of a couple of adrenal hormones called epinephrine and norepinephrine. The adrenal glands of practically all basketball players, these investigators have found, are likely to put out a good deal of epinephrine, which is associated with, in their words, "vigilance, alertness, and self-control;" Cousy's adrenal glands, say the researchers, put out ten times as much epinephrine as the adrenal glands of any one of his teammates. As for norepinephrine, which the scientists say goes along with "aggression, anger, and combativeness," it appears to be a hockey player's hormone, by and large (though tests haven't yet been given to football players or prizefighters), and basketball players generally get along without much of it; but Cousy, just before a game starts, has a higher norepinephrine level than any hockey player the scientists have so far examined. After

"How the hell did I know he was prepared to fight for what he believed in?"

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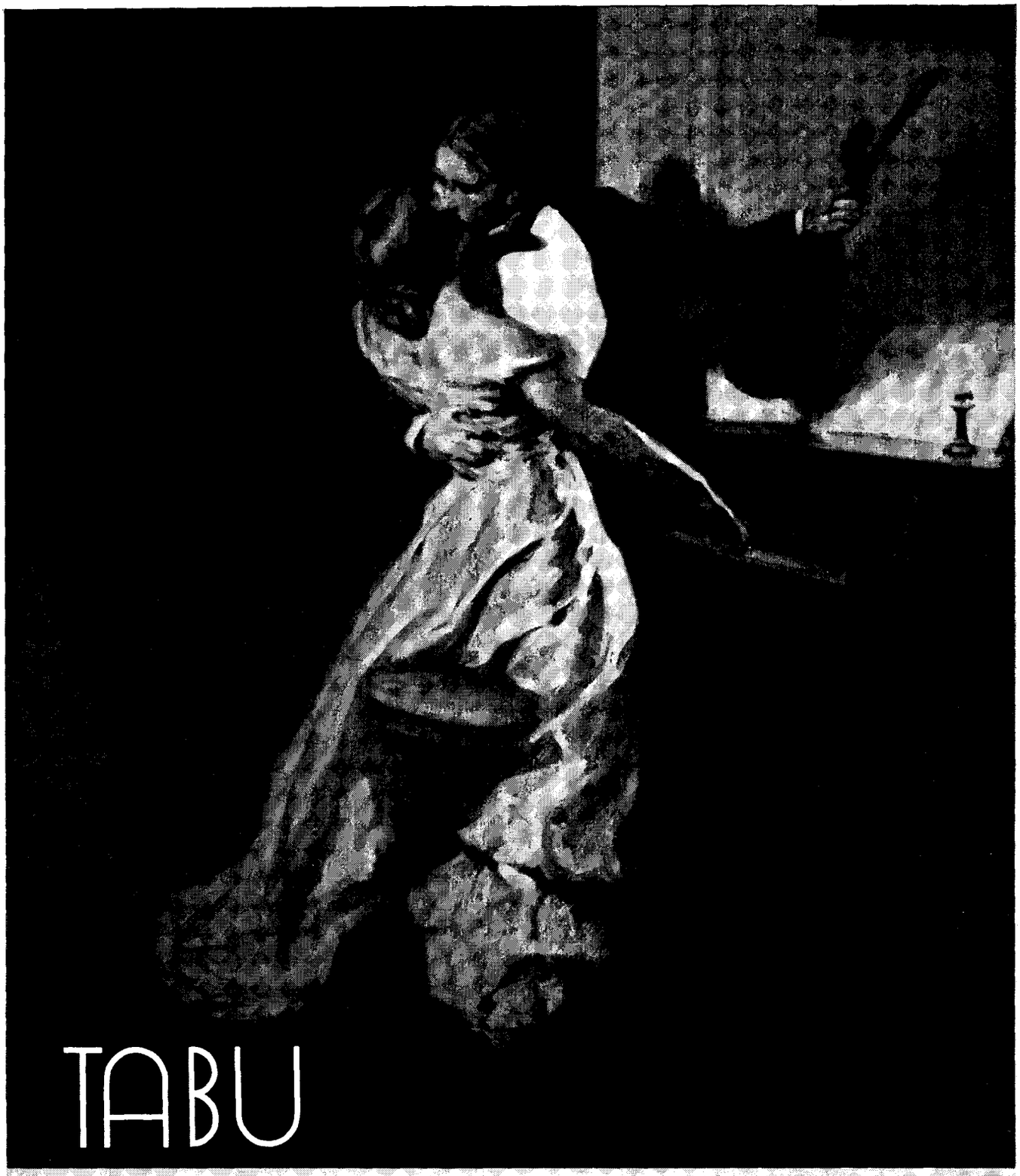

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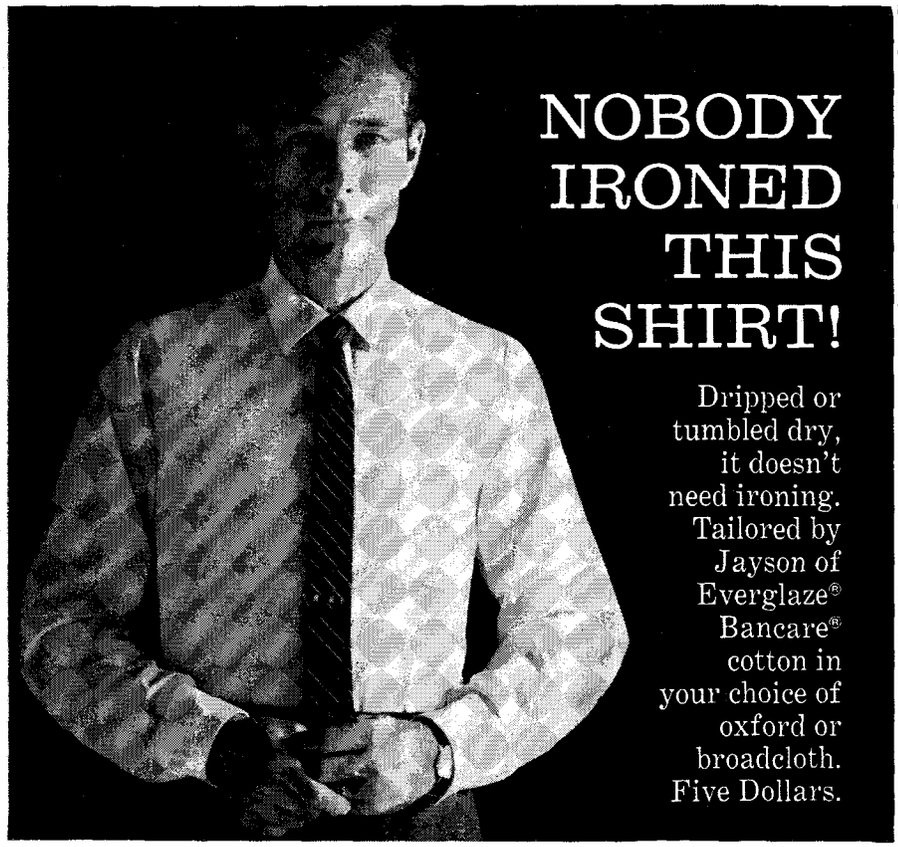

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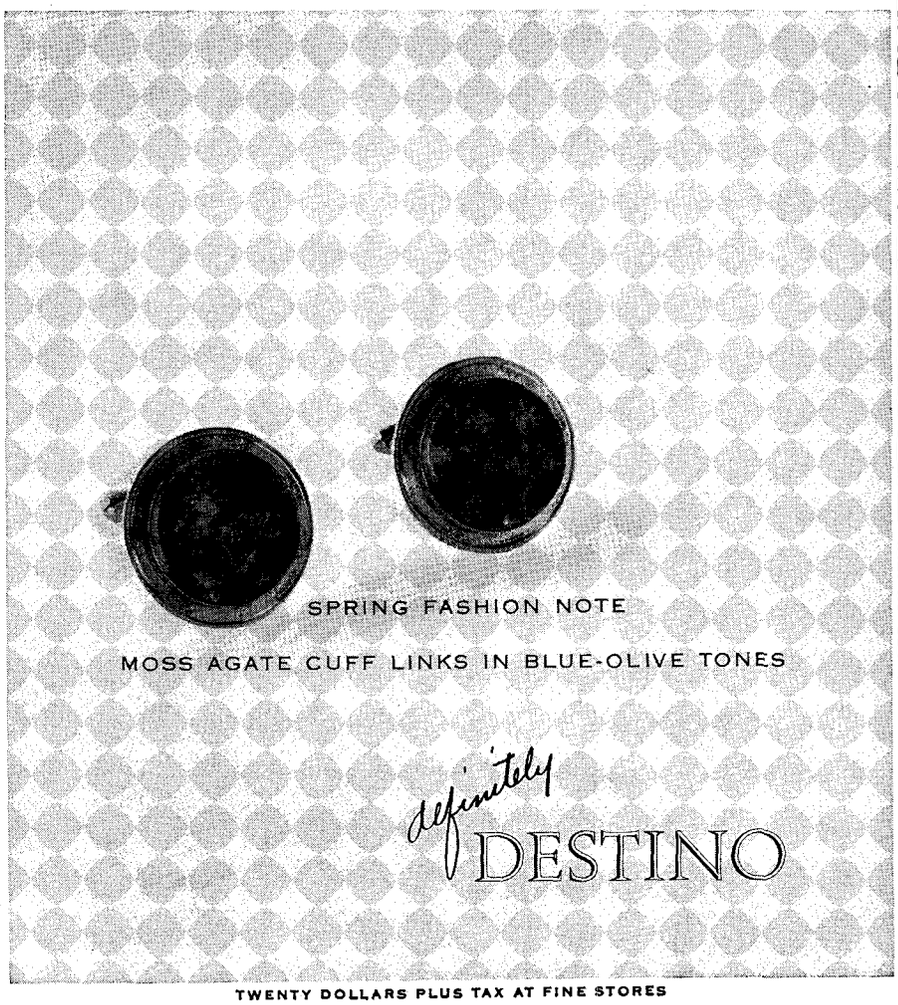

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a game, he is presumably purged of his aggression, anger, and combativeness; although he shows physical wear and tear, he is then ordinarily able to reassume his pleasant, if not precisely carefree, non-working personality.

Cousy takes his responsibilities to his team and his profession with such uncommon seriousness that a teammate (like Cousy a college graduate) has called him "a victim of noblesse oblige." With all deference to such erudition, it should be kept in mind that Cousy's devotion to his work is, of course, not altogether idealistic: he receives twenty-eight thousand dollars a year base pay, plus an attendance bonus of up to thirteen thousand, from the Celtics, a sum that makes him the highest-paid player in the game; and, in addition, he is able to earn perhaps as much again from business opportunities that are showered on him as the most widely admired basketball player of his generation, a hero to an incalculable number of little boys, a subject of frequent discussion in hundreds of newspaper sports sections, and one of the most conspicuous of the 186,587 citizens of Worcester, Massachusetts, where he has made his permanent home ever since his graduation from Holy Cross University there. Regardless of his honors and emoluments, though, there is no question but that he feels his eminence imposes special obligations on him. Unlike many of his professional colleagues who idle through a game now and then, he has no doubt that he owes it to the team of which he is captain, and to the customers who have paid to see him, to be at his best every time he plays, even in exhibition games. Ordinarily, he is able to bear lapses by his teammates with phlegm, though he has been known to lose his shower-room conviviality and become snappish when they have performed poorly. But if he suspects that he himself has been loafing, he comes close to despair. In the spring of 1958, for instance, after the Celtics had lost the last game of the championship playoff to the Hawks by one point, Cousy, to the astonishment of the other players, who had seldom seen more than a faint crack in his stoical exterior, sobbed and cursed his fate in the dressing room. He is a man who is addicted to self-analysis, and for months after the outburst he pondered the reasons for it. He has concluded that it was not the loss of the championship that unmanned him, and he can cite the record to prove that he himself didn't have an especially bad night, though it wasn't one of his best. He broke down, he believes, because he felt that he had neglected to

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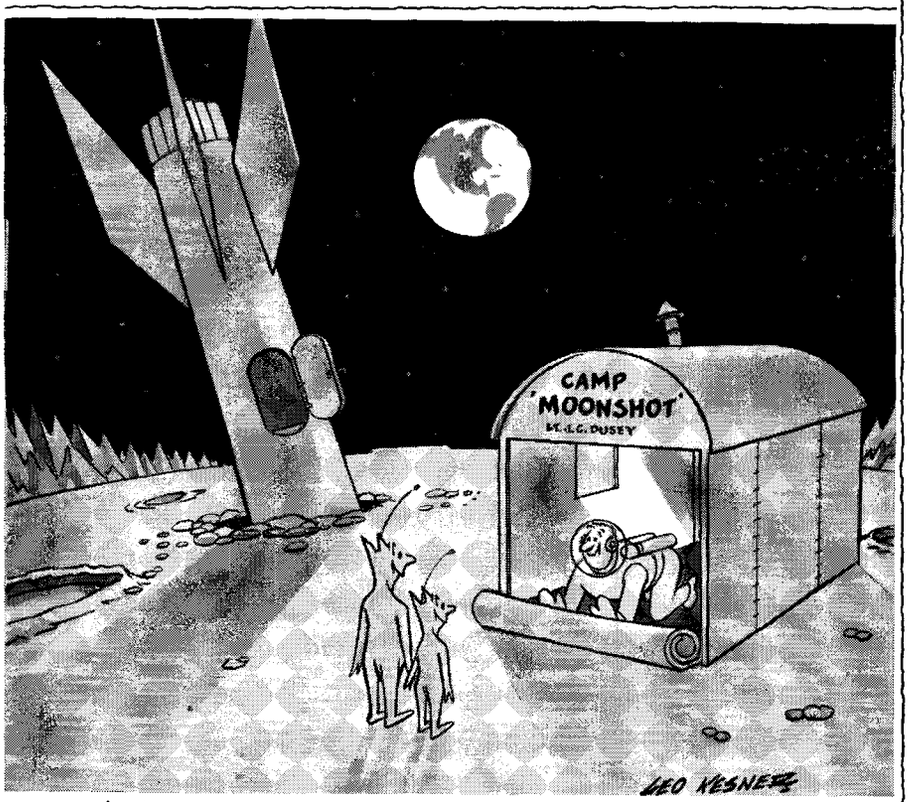

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work himself into a full-blown rage before the game, and had thus shirked his responsibility as the team's guiding spirit.

Cousy in street clothes has almost as powerful a sense of dedication to basketball as Cousy in uniform. Although he has no aversion to making an honest dollar, he has been known to turn down a lucrative speaking engagement because he was offered second billing to a baseball player—an order of precedence that he considers dishonorable not so much to him as to the game he plays. His only regret over his long infatuation with basketball concerns his years at Holy Cross, during which, he says, he was too preoccupied with the sport to do proper justice to the opportunities offered by a college education. Consequently, he felt, after becoming a leader in his profession, that his learning was not commensurate with his position in the world and that he should do a daily stint of additional academic study. For a while, he culled from a dictionary at the beginning of each week five words that he was not in the habit of using—and that he believed would not sound highfalutin if he did use them—and then tried to work them into his conversation regularly during the next seven days. A couple of years ago, having acquired some confidence in his vocabulary, he tackled the more complicated project of learning how to enjoy books, and he recently summed up his progress for an acquaintance by saying, "History and biography are still too much for me. I stick to novels, but at least I've graduated from Mickey Spillane."

Cousy graduated eleven years ago as a Bachelor of Science from Holy Cross, where he majored in business administration but also took as many courses as he could in education and sociology. It was for one of the latter that he wrote, in his senior year, a paper on "The Persecution of Minority Groups." The subject was one that had been on his mind since he was a child, for he was born in New York in the predominantly German neighborhood of Yorkville in 1928, eight months after his parents arrived in this country from France, and he lived there until he was eleven. As a French boy—and an only child at that—growing up in a German section during the thirties, he had minority-group troubles of a rather special kind, since he not only spoke English with a French accent but was handicapped by a speech defect (which still plagues him occasionally) that made him pronounce "r"s as "l"s, and while being called "Frenchy" by

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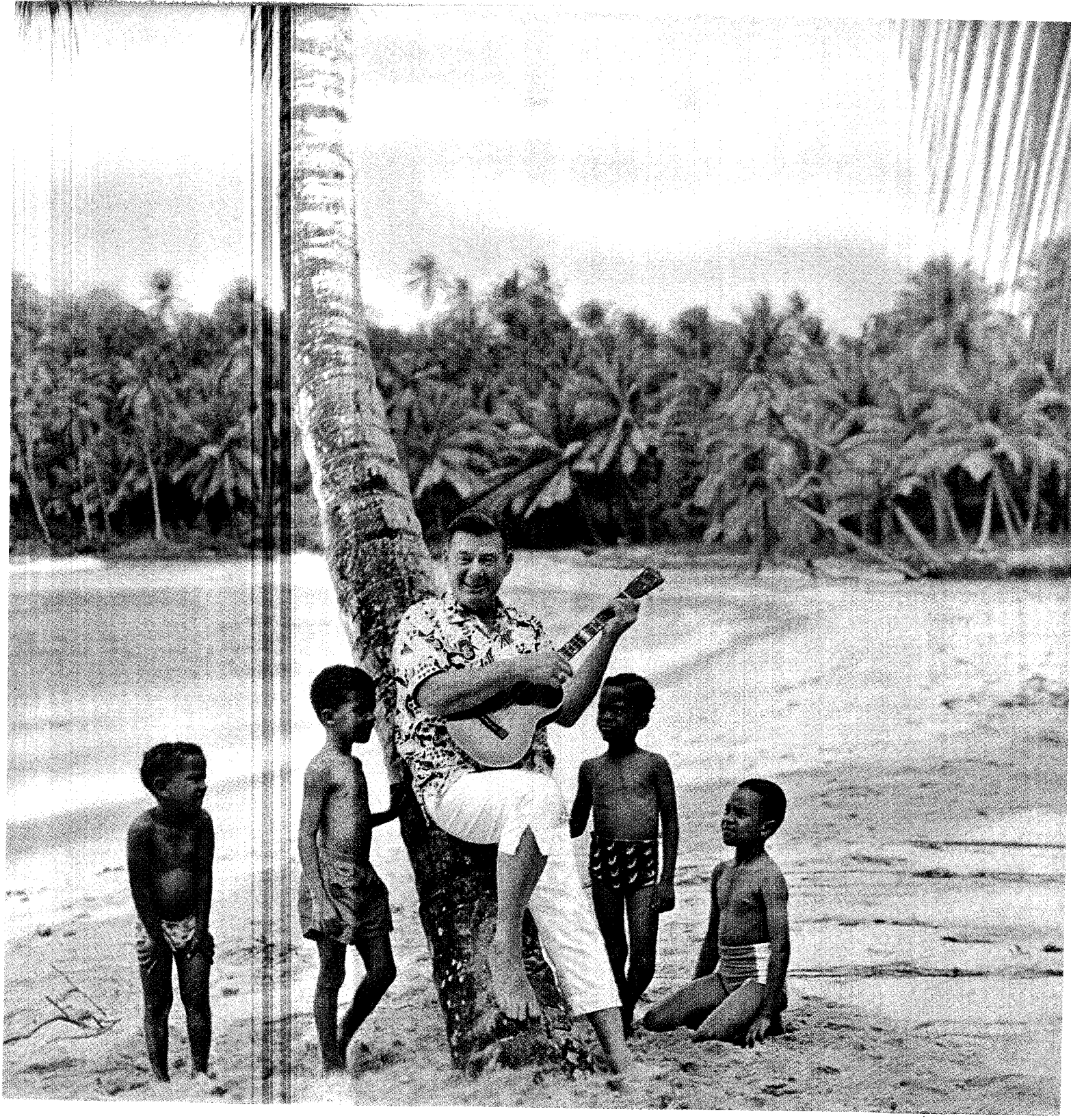

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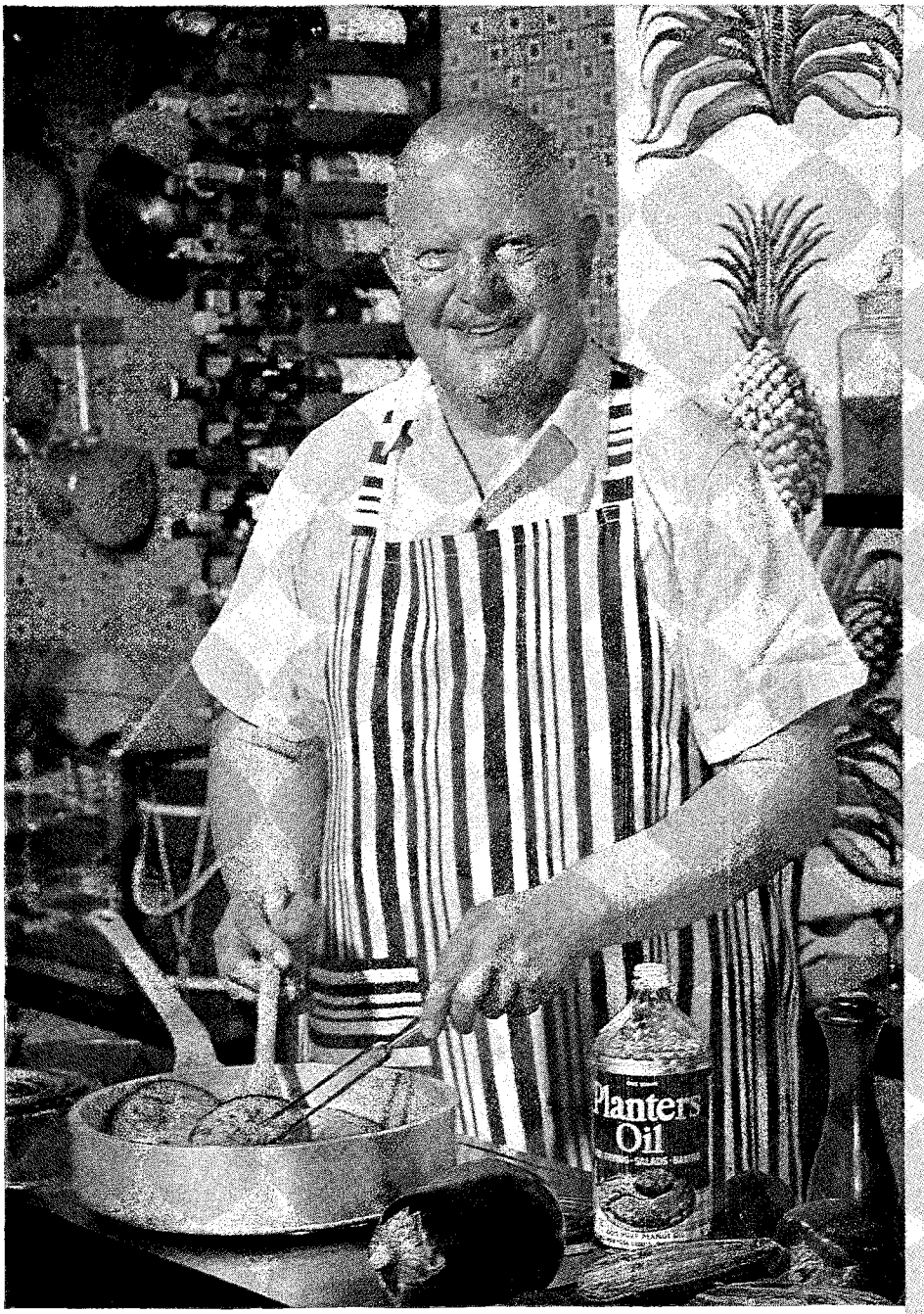

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his contemporaries might have been endurable, being called "Flenchy" wasn't. Perhaps as a consequence of this, Cousy's natural sympathies for the underdog were exceptionally acute by the time he reached manhood, and during his first year with the Celtics he found himself in a position to give them useful day-to-day expression when it developed that another newcomer to the team that year was Charles Cooper, the first Negro to play on a National Basketball Association team. As fellow-beginners and simply as fellow-men, Cousy and Cooper became friends almost at once, and they often roomed together when the team travelled. There seems little doubt that Cooper's difficult role as a pioneer was made a good deal easier by his friendship with Cousy and by the object lesson that their friendship constituted for the other players, whether Celtics or competitors. Once, after an exhibition game in Raleigh, North Carolina—a town that Cousy speaks of angrily to this day—Cooper, unable to face the separate but distinctly unequal quarters that he had been assigned while the rest of the team spent the night in a good hotel, got permission from the coach to take a train north that same night instead of flying back with the other Celtics the next morning. Cousy insisted on keeping him company—an action whose only remarkable feature, as far as Cousy is concerned, is that most of his teammates thought it remarkable.

Cousy first handled a basketball just after his father—who was then a taxi-driver, and now works for the cargo department of Pan American Airways at Idlewild—moved the family from Yorkville to the Queens community of St. Albans. Almost at once, young Cousy became so enamored of basketball that his parents began to wonder if their son was growing up to be a monomaniac. He practiced endlessly, working particularly hard with his left hand and eventually becoming almost ambidextrous on the court, and by the time he was fourteen or so he was an outstanding neighborhood player. In spite of this prowess, the basketball coach at Andrew Jackson High School, where Cousy sampled education during his non-sporting moments, took a dim view of the boy's seemingly inadequate stature, and it wasn't until Cousy was a junior that he made the school team. When he did, however, he clicked immediately, and as a senior he became the brightest star in the New York public-school system. He scored more points than any other high-school player that season, was named captain of the *Journal-American's* mythical All-City team, and was so

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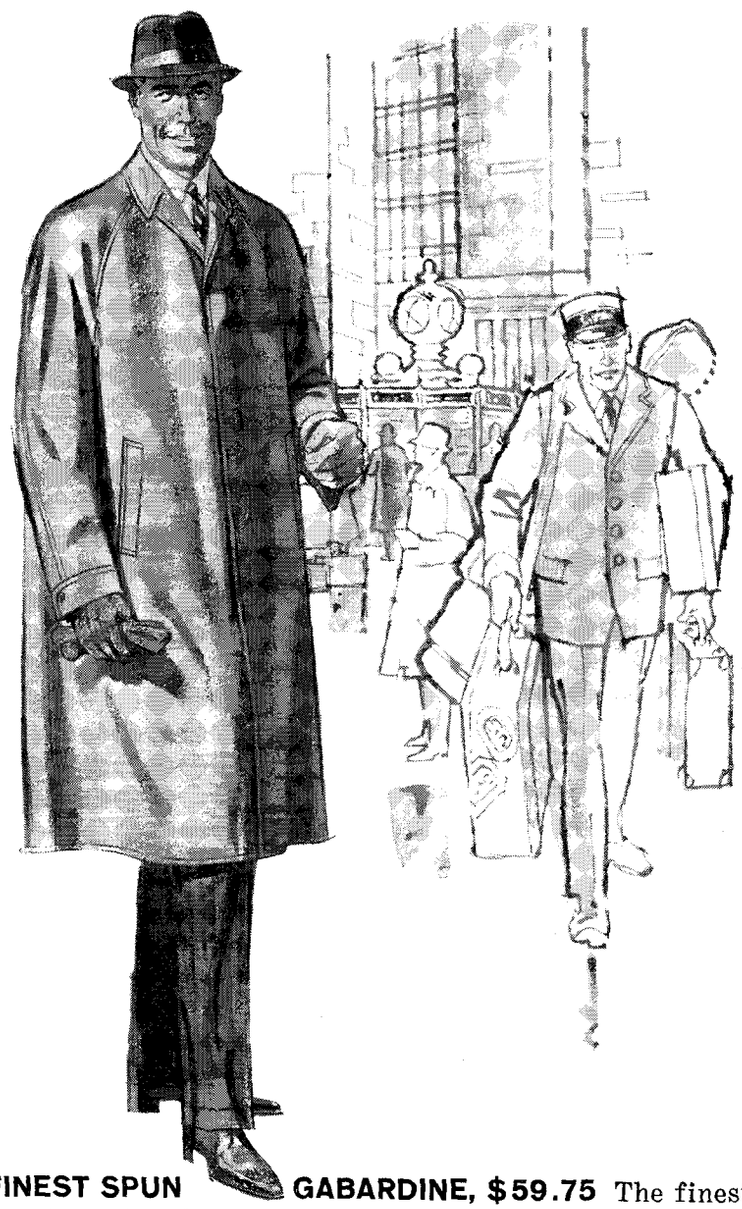

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idolized by his schoolmates that he was elected president of Andrew Jackson's General Organization, the equivalent of a Student Council. Despite this record, when he graduated from Andrew Jackson in 1946 there was no rush in his direction by college athlete-recruiting officers; he was still regarded as too short. At length, Holy Cross offered him a four-year scholarship that covered his room, board, tuition, and books, because the coach there wanted to round out his squad. Wartime rules allowing freshmen to compete in intercollegiate sports were then still in effect, but Cousy failed to make the starting team his first year at college, and this so exasperated him that he developed a violent and visible dislike for the coach, and once went so far as to refuse to go out on the court when the coach, having kept him on the bench for almost an entire half, ordered him into the game with a mere thirty seconds left to play. Cousy's irascibility in those days is a part of his record that he is far from proud of in retrospect, and it didn't make it any easier for him to become a regular. In his sophomore year, he finally did become one, and he turned out to be the most sensational player Holy Cross had ever had. During his first season, the team won the National Collegiate Athletic Association tournament, and in his senior year, when he was named co-captain and a member of just about every All-America squad one could mention, the team completed an unprecedented string of twenty-six consecutive victories.

When Cousy graduated, in 1950, his ambition was to play for the Celtics. Holy Cross had appeared in the Boston Garden a number of times and he had become popular with the crowds there; he knew and liked Walter Brown, the Celtics' president; and he wanted to make his home in Worcester, which is only an hour's drive from Boston. Under the complex system by which professional teams acquire college players, the Celtics could have had him for the asking, since he had played for a school that was regarded as being in their "territory." However, Arnold Auerbach, the Celtics' coach, whose quota of recruits was strictly limited, picked a man who stood six feet eleven instead. Cousy thereupon found himself the property of a team that represented the so-called Tri-Cities of Moline and Rock Island, Illinois, and Davenport, Iowa. Even before the season got under way, this organization traded him to Chicago, which promptly went into bankruptcy, leaving its players to be parcelled out among other teams in the Association. By the luck of the draw,

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Cousy ended up in Boston after all. He was naturally delighted, but Auerbach, who had had his eye on a couple of outsize Chicago players, was much less so, and once more Cousy had his troubles establishing a place for himself. He didn't become a starter until halfway through the season, but from then on, running true to form, he turned in such a brilliant performance that he was named Rookie of the Year. The following season, he placed third in the Association in points scored. On the strength of this, he was chosen to play for the East in the annual All-Star game, and was awarded a position in the lineup of the hypothetical All-N.B.A. team—both distinctions that have been conferred on him every year since, giving him a record no one else in the game has equalled or is likely to equal in the near future.

Though Cousy's qualities, skills, and gifts are evident enough now, his struggles against the coach's reluctance to use him regularly during his first year or so with every team he ever played for were not entirely the result of the coaches' boneheadedness. There are valid reasons for a basketball coach to look at a man Cousy's size with as little initial confidence as a football coach looks at a man who weighs only one hundred eighty. Auerbach, who declined to hire Cousy when he graduated from college, has since become one of his most unreticent admirers—"Another player like him may not come along for twenty-five years," Auerbach said recently—but Auerbach insists that if he were faced with the same decision again he would have to decide the same way. Height is vital on a basketball team not so much for the offense—though a tall man obviously has an easier time scoring than a short one—as for the defense. In any goal-to-goal game (which is what such games as football, hockey, soccer, and basketball are called in the sports world), victory depends on having possession of the ball a major part of the time; without the ball, the most unerring marksman can't score. A crucial part of a basketball game is the struggle for the ball as it bounces off the backboard after a shot has been missed, and in that struggle height is the vital element. That Auerbach wasn't being altogether obtuse when he passed Cousy over is proved by the fact that the Celtics, though Cousy's presence gave them the most awesome offense in the game, were not able to win a championship until they acquired a superb six-foot-nine-and-a-half defensive specialist named William Russell in 1956. Russell doesn't score much him-

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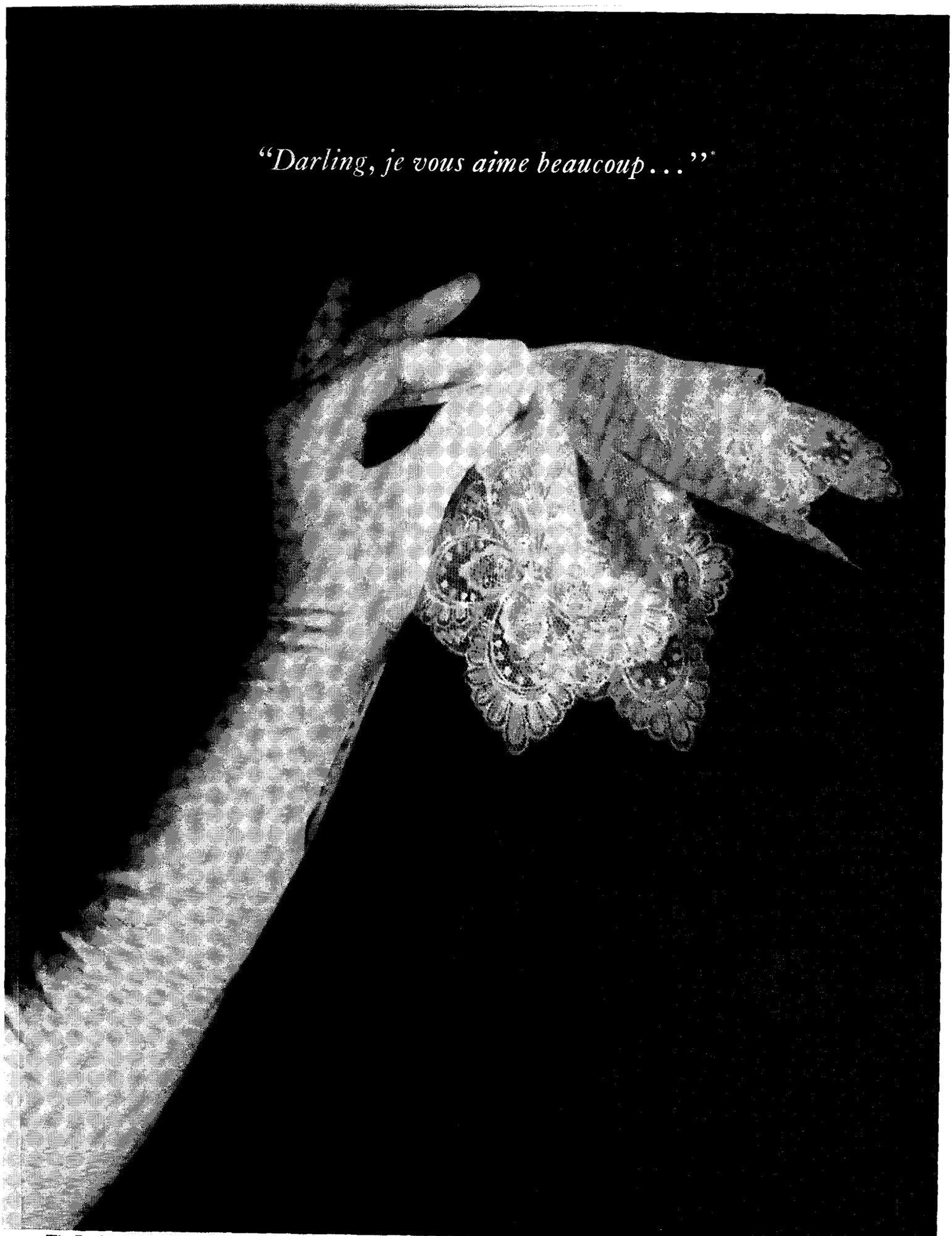

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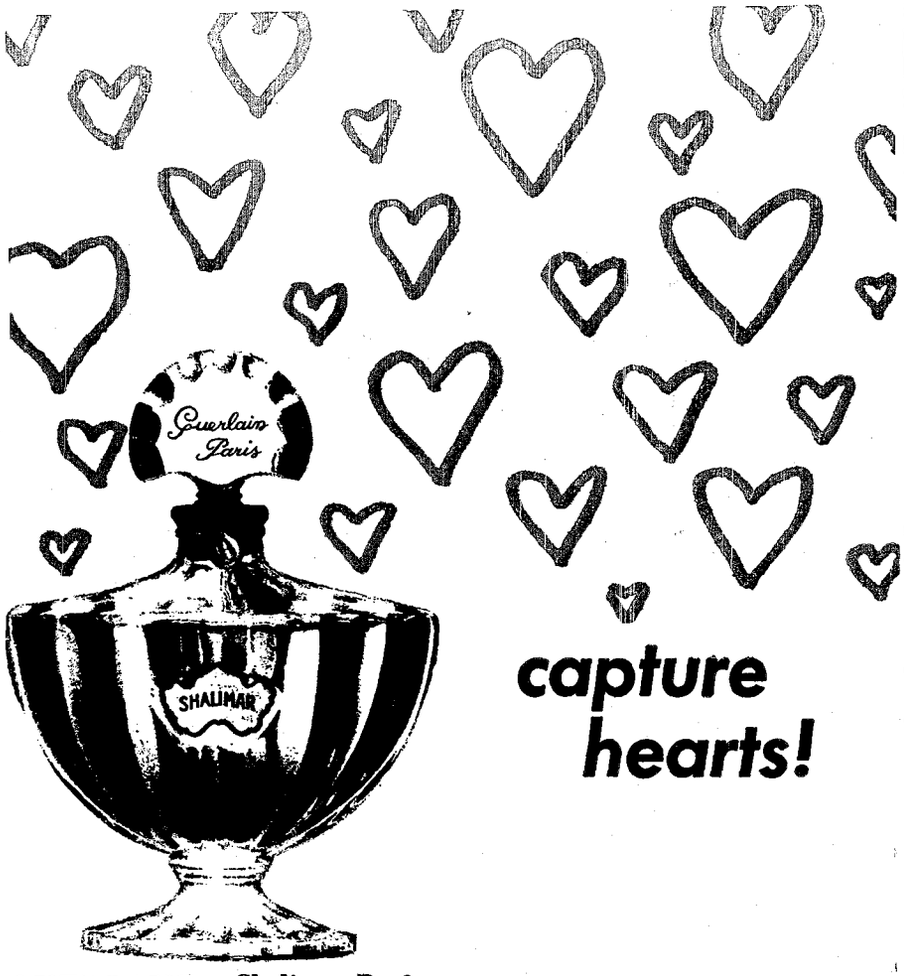

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self; he just sees to it that Cousy gets the ball.

ALTHOUGH Cousy has several interests in addition to playing for the Celtics—he is a partner in an insurance business in Worcester, is half owner and athletic director of a boys' summer camp in New Hampshire, and also contrives to spend a fair amount of time with his wife and their two daughters—his contributions to basketball have by no means been confined to the court. He holds the supplementary distinction of having, in 1955, almost singlehandedly organized the N.B.A. Players' Association, which is, in fact, a subdued term for a labor union of the men who are hired to win games for the eight cities in the league. At first, about the only help he got in this project was from his Worcester business partner, Joseph Sharry, whom he induced to become the group's executive secretary and who did most of its paperwork. In the beginning, all but a handful of the other players in the N.B.A. were too timid to do anything more than pay dues to the N.B.A.P.A., and a good many of them hesitated to do even that. Three years ago, the team owners officially recognized the N.B.A.P.A., and since then it has managed to negotiate a few small improvements in working conditions and in minimum pay. Like his earlier attempts to make Charles Cooper feel that he was not an intruder in the league, Cousy's efforts in behalf of his Players' Association have been entirely altruistic, for when he became a labor leader he was already the highest-paid player in basketball, and had enough personal bargaining power to take care of all his own potential grievances without help from his colleagues.

With a limited number of All-Star, All-N.B.A., or even Celtic years ahead of him, Cousy is now in the predicament that confronts most athletes his age. The enjoyable profession that made it possible for him to get to college and that brought him glory before he reached voting age and a handsome income not long afterward is one that he will have to abandon by the time he has paid perhaps his dozenth yearly visit to the polls. He is already feeling small intimations of senility. Not only is his appetite for victory less ravenous than it used to be but his muscles are beginning to betray him; he has lost a little speed and a little agility, and there is a frail spot in his right thigh that gives him a Charley horse a couple of times a year and puts him out of action for a week or two at a time, whereas in his first four years with the Celtics he played in two hundred and

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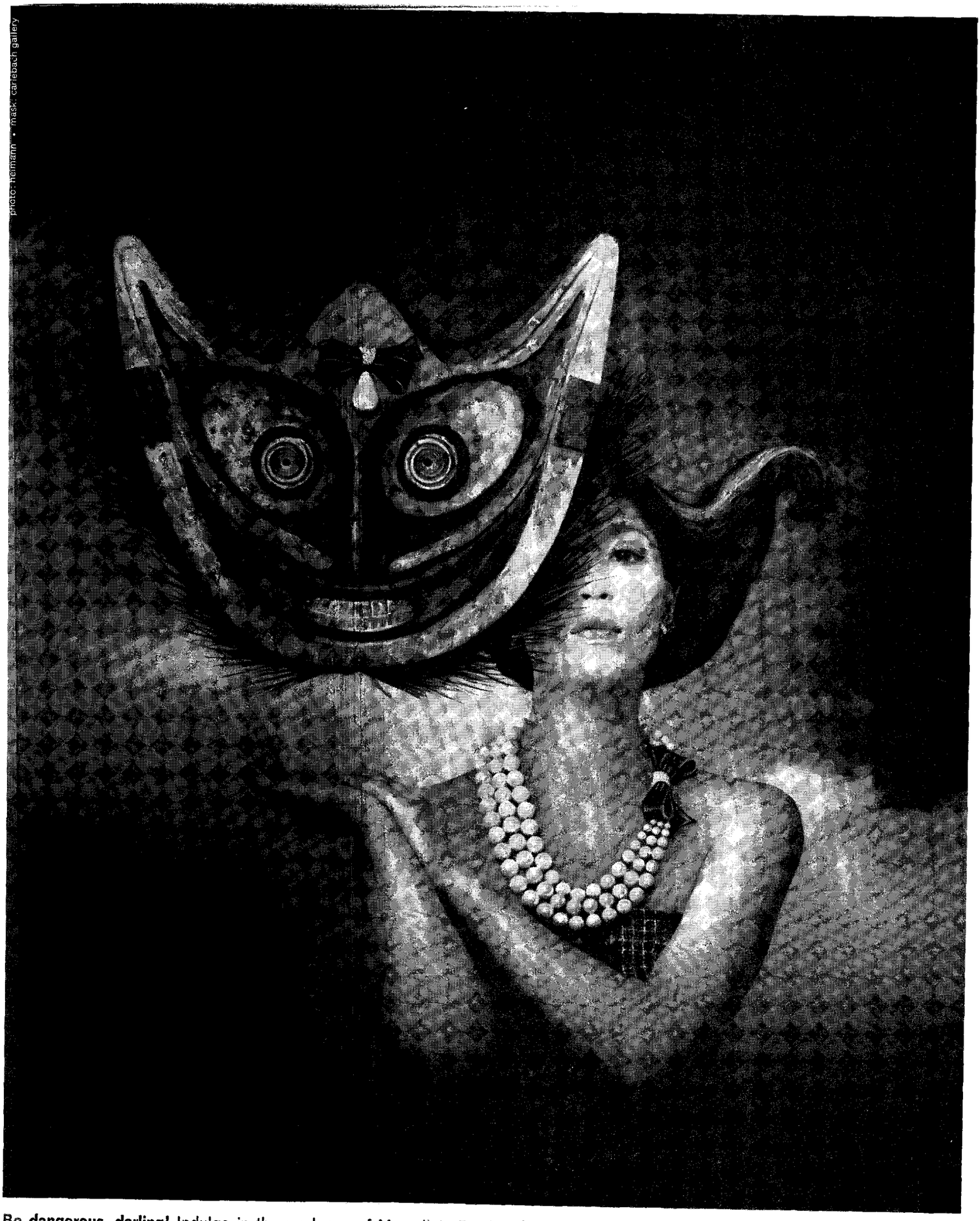

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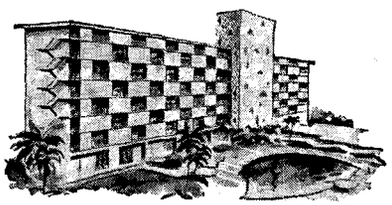

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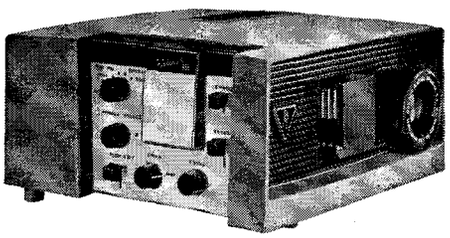

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seventy-eight consecutive games. His biggest problem, though, is fatigue. A professional team's regular yearly schedule consists of about seventy-five games, and, in addition, there are generally something like fifteen exhibition games to play and, in the case of the Celtics, something like a dozen more games in the championship playoffs, for a total of roughly a hundred playing dates between November and April; furthermore, no team ever plays twice in succession in any of the league's eight cities except its own, and those cities, since the Minneapolis franchise was moved to Los Angeles last fall, extend from coast to coast. In the last two or three years, what with all that playing and all those hotel beds, coffeehouse meals, and overnight planes, Cousy has been a tired man by March. Being the perfectionist he is about his work, he has developed some new acrobatics designed to conserve his strength by making it unnecessary for him to run quite so hard and quite so far, and by keeping him, as often as possible, out of punishing scrimmages under the basket. The most surprising of his recently acquired tricks—one he taught himself a couple of years ago by practicing for months—is jumping off with his right foot to make a long right-handed shot in midair. It is a play against which there is almost no defense, because it is so contemptuous of any reasonable law of human equilibrium that it is impossible for a rival guard to anticipate it.

Such dodges, however, will prolong Cousy's playing life for a year or two at best, so the problem of how to continue to maintain himself and his family in the comfort to which the Celtics have accustomed them is a nagging one. Not that Cousy will need to apply to his own union's welfare fund for assistance; through the years, he has accumulated a good deal of cash on the side by publicly approving of Ovaltine, Wheaties, frozen Florida orange juice, Table Talk bread, Jansen bathing suits, and a gasoline additive called Cristy Drygas, and by contracting with the Seamless Rubber Company and the Hood Rubber Company, makers of outdoor basketballs and basketball shoes, respectively, to attend a certain number of sales meetings and basketball "clinics" annually in behalf of their products. Last year, Hood put his name on one variety of its basketball shoes and agreed to pay him a royalty on every pair bought. Since Cousy's name is not expected to frighten any customers away, he ought to make an agreeable profit from the arrangement, inasmuch as the shoes were selling at the rate of a half-million

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pairs annually in their previous, nameless version. For some years, Cousy has been in considerable demand as a speaker by lodges, businessmen's organizations, and other groups that can afford to pay a substantial fee in return for being told about the importance of physical fitness, but such income will, of course, be drastically curtailed, or disappear entirely, when he ceases to appear in public in shorts. Against that day, he is devoting increasing amounts of his far-from-exhausted energy to his summer-camp project and his insurance office. In the latter venture, there is a competitive problem that Cousy faces philosophically, and even with a certain amusement: a Celtics teammate, Tom Heinsohn, has also gone into the insurance business in Worcester, and has turned out to be such an energetic salesman that even Cousy's oldest friends are not immune to his blandishments.

Cousy's post-playing career poses a psychological threat as well as an economic one. He is not certain he will be able to bear a life in which the only competition he will meet is the almost wholly cerebral and comparatively leisurely kind that businessmen indulge in. Swivel chairs, telephones, and attaché cases would seem to offer little relief to a man whose system is regularly awash with norepinephrine. For years, during the off season, Cousy suffered from violent nightmares, in the course of which he suspected that enemies were lurking nearby and scheming to do him in. He would get a stranglehold on his bedside lamp, for example, and warn it hoarsely—in French, as likely as not—to stand back and drop that knife. After his marriage, in 1950, his wife was usually able to bring him to his senses with a word or two or a reassuring hand on his shoulder, but one night at camp two or three years ago he became so overwrought that her efforts were useless, and, while still asleep, he blundered out into the darkness, shouting and cursing, and ran head on into a tree. The contusions, physical and mental, left by that episode induced him to consult a doctor, and since then he has been taking a tranquillizing pill every night at bedtime during the summer. Because games are so good for Cousy's nerves, it is quite possible that he will become a coach when he stops being a player. Auerbach, who has visions of leaving the bench and assuming the stately role of the Celtics' general manager, would like Cousy to be his successor. Under the auspices of the State Department, the two men have made a couple of trips together to Europe, Africa, and the

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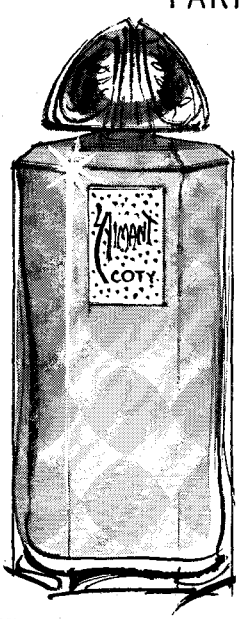

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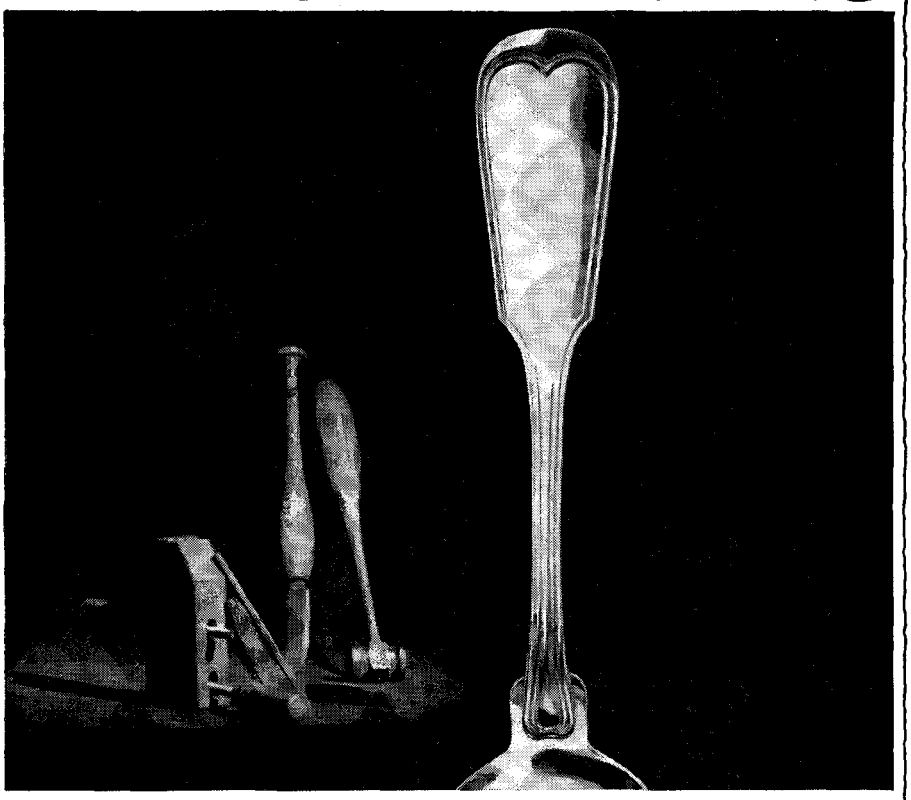

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Middle East to instruct various basketball-minded groups, including the French Olympic team, in the fine points of the game, and Auerbach believes that Cousy has all the qualifications of a successful coach except, perhaps, patience with players whose personalities he finds strongly unsympathetic. During stops on their missionary visits, Auerbach would explain some technical matter or other, with Cousy acting as interpreter if the audience was a French-speaking one, and Cousy would then go out on the floor with the team under instruction and demonstrate how the theory worked in practice. What impressed Auerbach most about Cousy's efforts at such times was that he could adjust his game to the capacities of whatever team he was playing with; instead of making beginners look inept, he would induce them to play better than they had supposed they could.

Before he decides whether or not he will become a coach, Cousy is waiting to read the fine print in whatever contract may be offered him. He isn't sure that he would like to coach a professional team, because all the players would inevitably know very nearly as much as they were ever going to. He has a notion that he might find it more enjoyable to coach at a college, where he could presumably indulge some of his craving for the academic background that he believes he overlooked in his own college years, and could also impart some of his vast basketball knowledge and experience to boys who didn't yet have much of their own. On the other hand, college basketball coaches are not paid very well, and, in any case, Cousy has no intention of moving away from Worcester, where he has a wide and congenial acquaintance, as well as a pleasant old ten-room house crammed with loving cups, plaques, platters, scrolls, and other tributes to his prowess. Whatever Cousy ends up doing, it is a safe prediction that he will do it with zeal. Professional colleagues who spend their summers sleeping and fishing and playing golf with clear consciences and no apparent concern about the future appall him almost as much as if they were dozing on the court in the middle of a close game. "You'd think college men would have more sense," he says.

—ROBERT RICE

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In TvB's opinion, specialized magazines such as *The New Yorker* and *The Atlantic* have a future.—*Media/scope, a magazine for ad men.*

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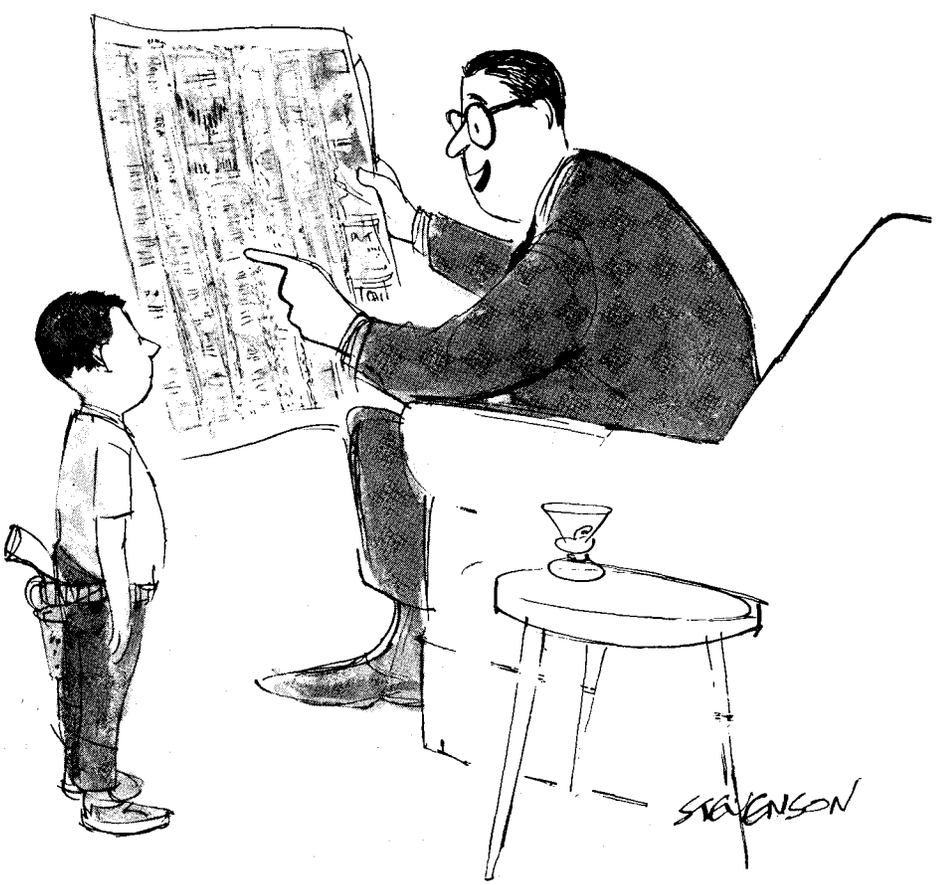
DO SVIDANIIA

LAST week, a comedy entitled "Julia, Jake, and Uncle Joe," written by Howard M. Teichmann and starring Claudette Colbert, opened at the Booth and closed after one performance. The program was printed in boldface Russian, with English subtitles, and the actors, some of whom hailed from Siberia, the Ukraine, or Warsaw, chattered like squirrels a good deal of the time in the Russian language. This made for a sort of diversion well suited to the Slavic scholars of the Berlitz Schools of Languages, but it's possible that monoglot types did not get the bang out of it that the author intended. Mr. Teichmann based his play on a book by Oriana Atkinson, in which she described her adventures in Moscow as the wife of an American correspondent for the *Times*. Her husband, of course, is the redoubtable Brooks Atkinson, who abandoned his seat on the aisle as a drama critic in 1945 to take a look at the outside world. As represented at the Booth by Myles Eason, Mr. Atkinson—known in the play as Jake Ryan—was a remote kind of character, more interested in watching birds than in paying attention to the political doings at the Kremlin. His wife, on the other hand, was a gadabout, who quickly established their quarters in the Hotel Metropole as a favorite meeting place of assorted Russians, including a pair of secret police assigned to keep an eye on her and her husband.

Obviously, there must be in a situation like this all kinds of fun and games about the Russians' terror of the oppressive monolithic state and their contrasting warmhearted impulses. The idea was explored in the movies and on the stage in "Ninotchka," and last week's production added nothing new. But it was not only the old-hat aspect of "Julia, Jake, and Uncle Joe" that furnished a basis for complaint. There was also a plethora of intramural jokes about drama critics, who were alleged to be outsiders even when they got outside. As the dénouement of Mr. Teichmann's work approached, the protagonist was incarcerated in a Soviet jail on the ground that he was a spy. Actually, all the poor fellow had been doing was trying to watch some of our Russian feathered friends in Red Square.

As you can see, there wasn't much opportunity for comedy as the drama developed, but, with the exception of the gelid Mr. Eason, the performers were an amiable lot, and Miss Colbert was, as always, a very ingratiating lady. Richard Whorf directed "Julia, Jake, and Uncle Joe" rather laggardly in the first act but with more bounce in the second (there were only two), and the settings, costumes, and lighting, all by Frederick Fox, were most appropriate.

—JOHN MCCARTEN



"See where I'm pointing? Daddy owns a teeny little bit of that, and it closed at eighty-six."

OFF BROADWAY

Three Cheers for Albee

CLASSIC tragedy is still kaput, and that rare and most admirable acrobat who, by managing the almost invisible tightrope between tragedy and comedy, produced the incalculably effective form known as tragicomedy no longer exists. He has been replaced by the horror-comic writer, who, like his progenitor, must have perfect equilibrium. If he slips, the results are either cruel or empty. Fortunately, it doesn't look as if Edward Albee, the thirty-two-year-old author of "The American Dream," a one-act play at the York Playhouse, will ever slip. His first and third plays, "The Zoo Story" and "The Sandbox," which were successfully unveiled in New York early last year, are estimable demonstrations of his footwork, and this time around, Albee even flips over onto his hands, and without a single wobble. (His second play, "The Death of Bessie Smith," inexplicably unproduced in this country, is quite different; it is an out-and-out horror story that all but dissolves in its own acidulous irony.) Indeed, "The American Dream" is a unique and often brilliant play. Its horrible aspects, which reach directly back to the butchery and perversion of the Greek theatre, are forbidding, for they have nothing to do with a stage business of moans and blood and bodies. Far worse, the play's horror is only reported or implied, and it is further pointed up by being juxtaposed with an unfailing and wholly original comic inventiveness that is by turns ridiculous,

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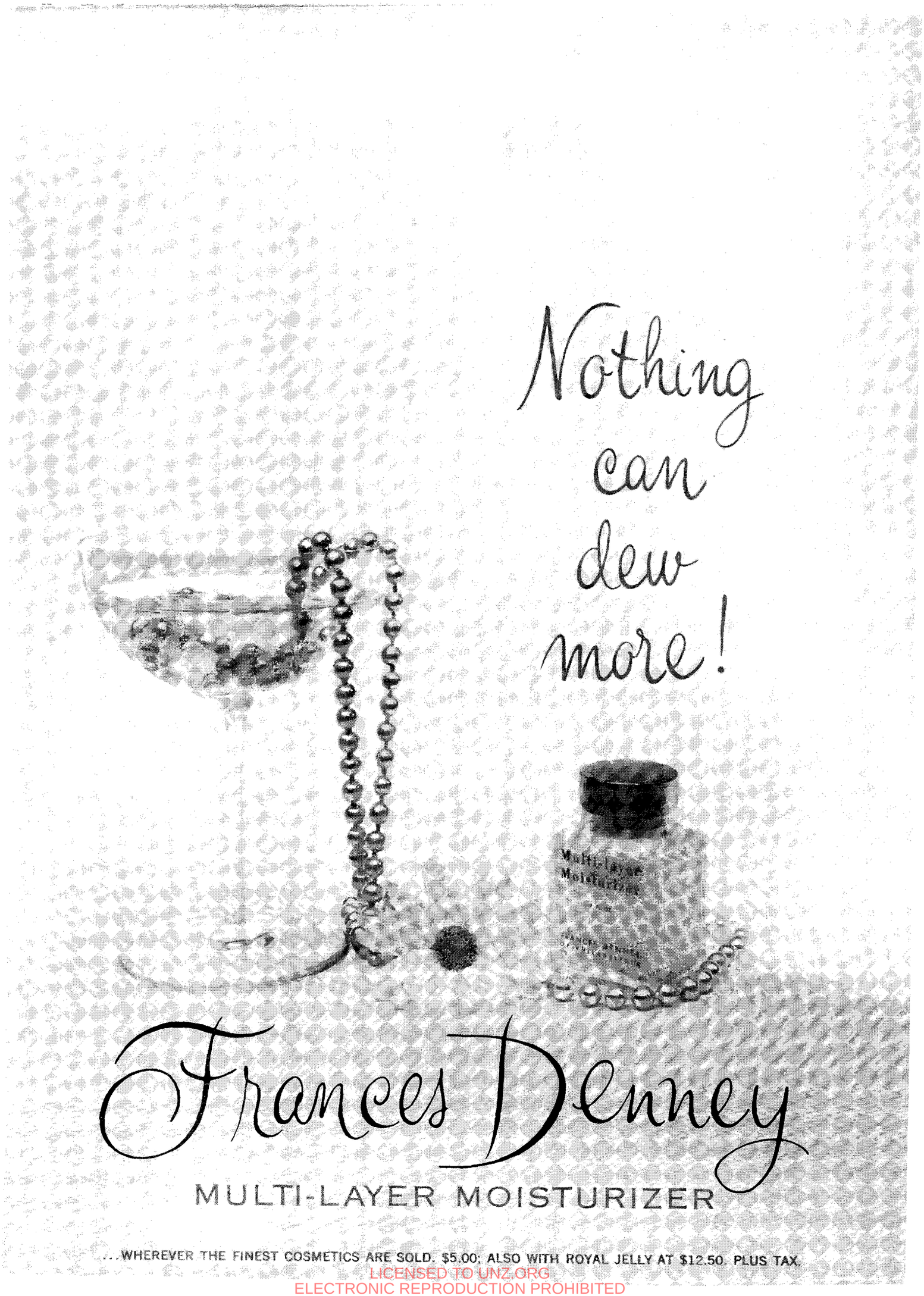

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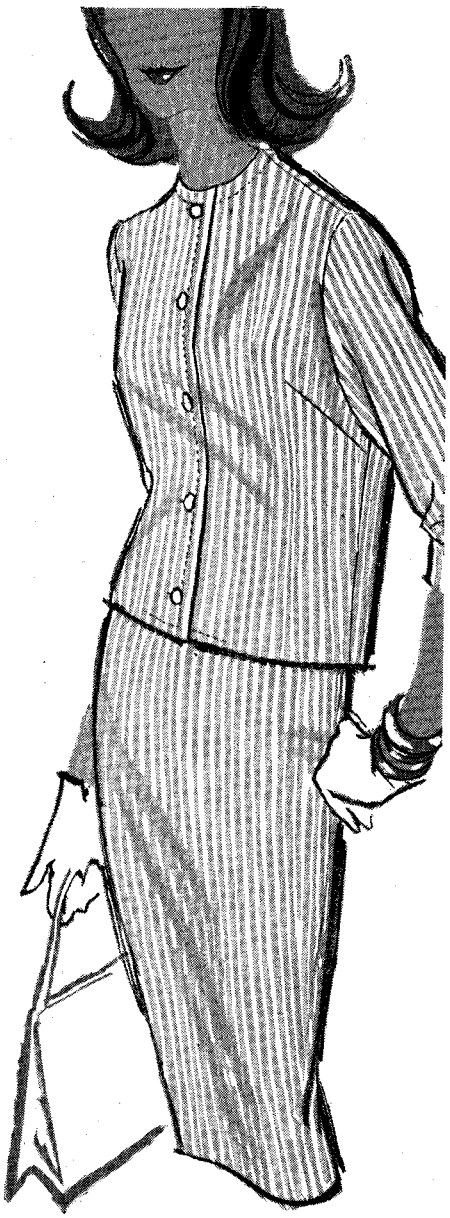

The freshest thing about Spring, except crocuses, is probably seersucker. Ours is exceptionally crinkly, in Dacron polyester and cotton. The suit itself is breathtakingly young and simple . . . a stalk of skirt, a collarless cardigan. Blue or Olive stripe. Sizes 8 to 16. At Alberts, Northampton, Mass.; Amjo Scott, Morristown, N. J. and other fine stores. About $23.00

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satiric, sardonic, and sensibly Surrealistic. No sooner has a Sophoclean dismemberment been mentioned than it is illumined by a comic sense that matches and often resembles the comic sense of Gertrude Stein, Lewis Carroll, and Jacques Tati. The play is not realistic, but neither is it purely illusory. It is, in the fashion of a comic nightmare, fantasy of the highest order.

Like most expert playwrights, who graciously underwrite in order to make room for their interpreters' artistic proclivities, Albee comes fully alive only when seen. (The hot-and-heavy playwright usually regards actors and actresses as mere chimneys for his fire and smoke.) On paper, his work suggests a graceful but sketchy blueprint. "The American Dream" deals with a brief climactic period in the lives of five characters—Mommy, Daddy, Grandma (Mommy's ma), Mrs. Barker, and The Young Man. The setting is Mommy's and Daddy's plush apartment living room, which is succinctly suggested by William Ritman in a series of tall gray panels, Romanesque arches, heavy gilt-and-brocade furniture, and gilt picture frames, one of which is surmounted by two small crossed American flags—a touch that establishes the tone of the evening before a word is spoken. Since Albee doesn't have to worry about tragedy, Mommy is from the start a hideous caricature of a childless, waspish, well-to-do middled-aged American woman. Thin-lipped and snake-faced, she speaks in a voice that alternates between needles and syrup. She moves, her shoulders bent in witch fashion, in a series of sharp zigzags, and is smartly overdressed in a purple velvet suit, pounds of gold jewelry, and ugly harlequin glasses. Daddy is mild, cowardly, conservatively dressed, and, since his digestive "tracts" have reportedly been replaced by "tubes," largely comatose. Albee sets his queer, singsong "Alice in Wonderland" dialogue, which reveals an impeccable ear, going at once. Mommy bullies Daddy into listening to a marvellously repetitious harangue about a hat and the subtle distinctions of color between beige and wheat. ("What did I say, Daddy? What did I just say?") The conversation veers with perfect aplomb to a broken toilet that no one seems able to get fixed. ("You can't get satisfaction any more," whines Daddy.) Then Grandma, who is short, spidery, blue-eyed, and eighty-six, and is dressed in black with a large pioneer-type shawl, appears and dumps at Daddy's feet an enormous bundle of boxes she has just wrapped. (The play is an

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endless series of surprises; in fact, it seems more improvised than written.) The boxes are fruitlessly discussed while Grandma, Mommy, and Daddy trade with glacial composure alternately hypocritical and vicious remarks about one another, including some indelibly libidinous remarks by Mommy about her sex life with Daddy. Mrs. Barker, the prototype of the American clubwoman, arrives, and is offered every comfort—a seat, a cigarette, a drink, the chance to cross her legs, and the suggestion that she remove her flowered silk dress, which she does, revealing a handsome black slip, in which she remains for most of the play. (No one seems to know Mrs. Barker or why she is there.) The rudeness and politeness, hypocrisy and truth, immediately envelop Mrs. Barker, who amiably joins in, and bit by bit the horrible vacuity of Mommy's and Daddy's life together is revealed. Grandma, who is unsentimental, plucky, shrewd, and funny, and who is Albee's sole but wholly adequate counterbalance to what goes on about her, is our chief informant. She tells with relish of how her daughter's head resembled a banana at birth, how she herself recently slipped secretly out of the apartment and entered a store-bought cake in a baking contest and won twenty-five thousand dollars, how Mommy and Daddy would like to shut her up in a home, and how the packages she has wrapped contain all the things Mommy and Daddy are always trying to take away from her, among them a blind Pekinese (a fine Albee touch) and her television set. In the meantime, Mommy has left the room with Mrs. Barker to show her where she can get a glass of water, and Daddy to search Grandma's room. Albee, though, is always a league or two ahead of us. Mommy cannot find the kitchen, and Grandma's room has disappeared. So it goes, through the revelation, ticked off like a shopping list, of how Mommy and Daddy, twenty years before, angrily dismembered an adopted child in an effort to remedy its illnesses and also to get their monetary "satisfaction." By this time, The Young Man, a vision of handsome, heartless muscularity (the American Dream), is on hand, and—well, the more one attempts to describe Albee the more elusive he becomes. Moreover, the play's resolution, which is critical, depends on considerable suspense. It is enough to say that Grandma gets full revenge on Mommy and Daddy through The Young Man, Mrs. Barker gets dressed again, and the play ends, leaving an irreparable

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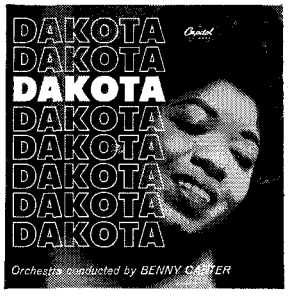

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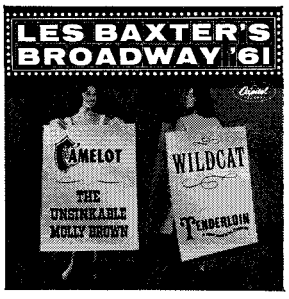

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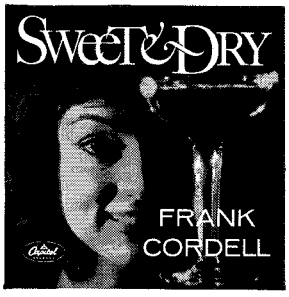

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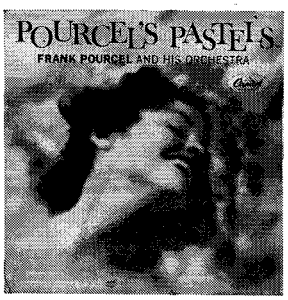

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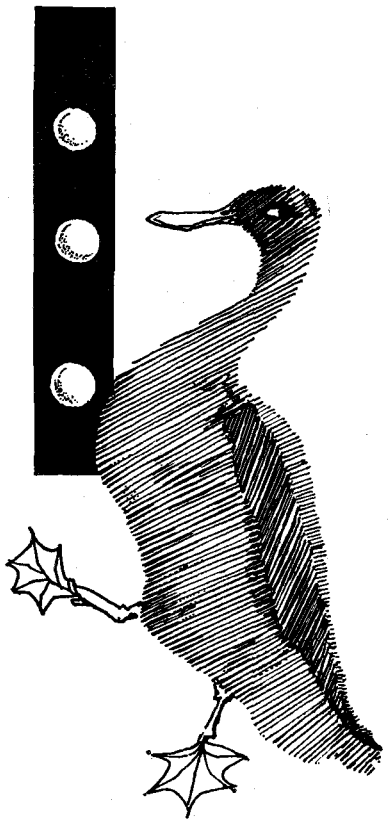

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and enormously comic hole in contemporary American middle-class life.

The production, under the direction of Alan Schneider, is nearly faultless. The only flaw in the mocking seriocomic level that must be maintained to support Albee's almost insupportable anger is the presence of Grandma, who, as played by Sudie Bond, is occasionally kittenish. But hearty praise should go to Jane Hoffman, as Mommy; to John C. Becher, as Daddy; and especially to Nancy Cushman, as Mrs. Barker. Ben Piazza, as The Young Man, is suitably solid and ruddy. A warning: This is a play for the resilient young and the wise old. All those paunchy, sluggish targets in between had best stay away.

UNFORTUNATELY, "The American Dream" is prefaced by "Bartleby," an indigestible one-act opera skillfully adapted from the Melville story by James Hinton, Jr., and Albee, with music by William Flanagan. ("The Death of Bessie Smith" would have made a perfect twin.) "Bartleby" is a dead-end tale that deals with a mysterious and taciturn clerk of that name, who, when asked to do this or that by his employer, a New York lawyer, simply replies, "I prefer not to." The clerk even refuses to be fired, forcing the lawyer, a patient, kindly sort, to move his office. Left behind, the clerk is arrested as a vagrant and taken to the Tombs, where he dies of malnutrition. (In the opera, he expires in the lawyer's old office.) This is the sort of teasing, blank-faced symbolism that Melville revelled in, but its possibilities are pretty well buried by Flanagan's score, which is vaguely atonal and full of the difficult, craggy melodic content that Charles Ives invented. The singing is adequate, if understandably gray (Roberts Blossom, as Bartleby, doesn't sing a note, and is just right in a pale, rat-faced manner), but Ritman's set, with its dim skylights and bleak furniture, is again beyond cavil.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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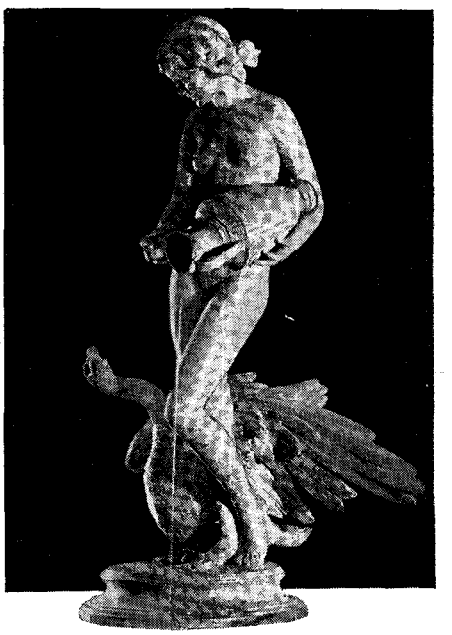

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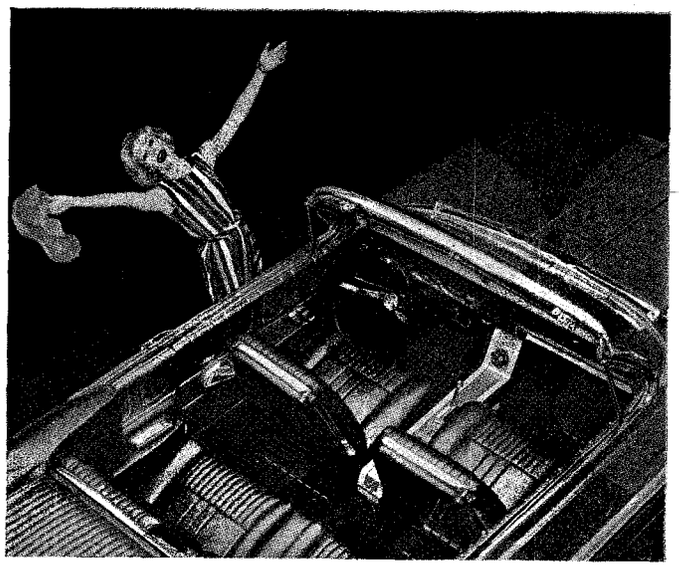
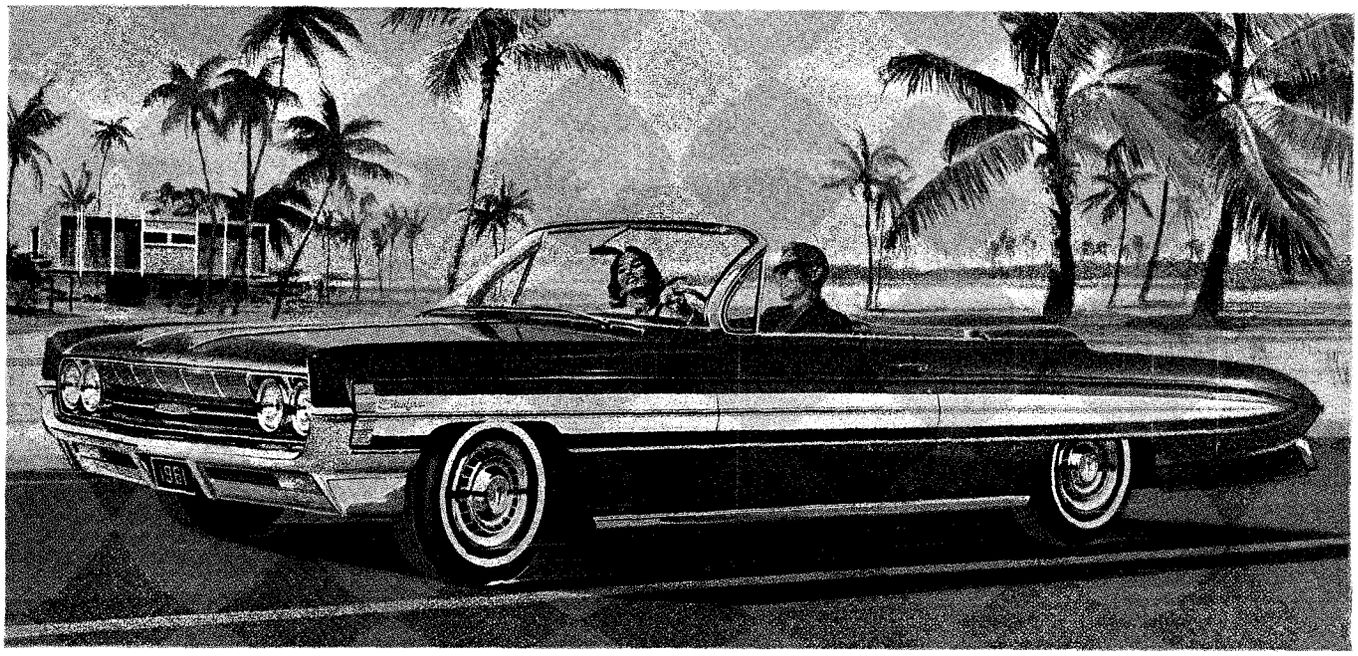


Spectacular! Top-grain leather interior . . . with contoured bucket seats.



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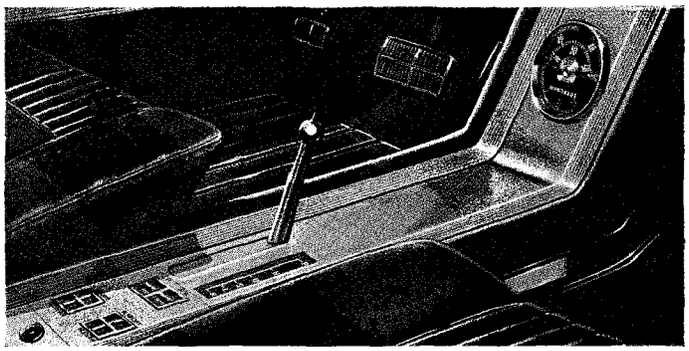

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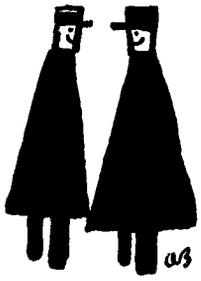
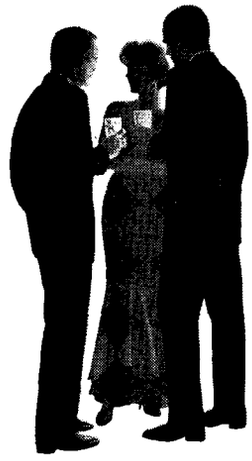
LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 24



PRESIDENT KENNEDY's Inaugural Address stirred rare interest and praise here. It was talked about with satisfaction by Paris citizens and was written about with serious appreciation by the Paris papers (one of them called it "an exception in the Western political literature of today"), and the laudatory reaction to it was the same whether the people or the newspapers were right, left, or merely middle in their own local politics—a unanimous frame of mind extraordinary in France. *Figaro* devoted a special editorial, entitled "A New Tone and Style," to what the President said and how he said it, pointing out that "his formulas were constantly direct and his figures of speech always striking, making no mystery of the dynamism, which youth alone cannot explain. . . . It was virile language, aimed at arousing the energies of a great nation that is menaced today by the very excesses of its own prosperity." *Le Monde's* Washington correspondent, a Frenchman, cabled that "all the American and foreign confreres agreed in thinking that his speech was of an exceptional richness of thought for a discourse of this sort," adding, "It was written in beautiful language, in which certain phrases resounded like poetry." *L'Aurore*, below an astonishing inaugural headline about "weather in which you would not put a dog out-of-doors," reported that "the First Citizen of the first country in the world" had declaimed his "hymn to liberty on the Capitol steps, hailed by more than a million people in the snow." There was acute interest here in how the Communist *Humanité* would handle him. Its headline said, "KENNEDY DECLARES, 'I SHALL NEVER FEAR TO NEGOTIATE,'" thus carefully reflecting Premier K.'s present amiable hope in young President K. and in an immediate private dialogue about an East-West peace. This benevolent mood *Humanité* furthered by reprinting nearly half of Kennedy's speech—though not his covert warning to the world's new states to stay clear of Soviet aid, since "in the past, those who foolishly sought power by riding the back of the tiger ended up inside." This aphorism, borrowed from

A Scotch with Authority



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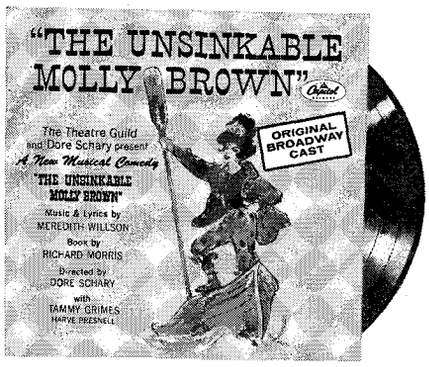

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the limerick about "the young lady from Niger," was clearly baffling to the rest of the Paris press, but *Humanité* understood it so well that it left the tiger out. All the French papers and their readers frankly enjoyed the collapse in American know-how when the lectern caught fire just as the President was about to read his speech on it. None of the Paris editors chose to explain about the Douay Bible on which he swore his oath, though it had been a notable early French publishing event. It was an English translation of the Latin Vulgate done during Queen Elizabeth's reign by Romanists (meaning English-speaking Roman Catholics) at the English College at Rheims for their special use, and they still use it. Finally published in the northern city of Douai in 1610 (the Old Testament was completed in 1582), it is the precursor by one year of the King James Version, published in 1611 for English-speaking Protestants, on which our previous thirty-three Presidents took their oaths, and which is far superior for its genius as English literature.

THE Council of Europe is normally more preoccupied with the Coal and Steel Pool and the Common Market than with art, but it was lately responsible for the staging by the French of the largest exhibition (only just terminated) ever held in the Musée National d'Art Moderne, where about fourteen hundred heteroclite items were on view, including the charming, démodé, curlicue metal-and-glass pavilion that until recently served as the street entry to the Porte Dauphine Métro station. The title of this remarkably stimulating, and also exhausting, conglomeration for art lovers was "The Sources of the XXth Century: The Arts in Europe from 1884 to 1914." In this, her first Council show, France logically chose to represent herself as the cradle of modern art, following the earlier Council exhibitions of Humanist art, in Brussels; of Mannerism art, in Amsterdam; of the *seicento*, in Rome; of rococo, in Munich; and of Romanticism, in London. Paris took 1884 as its opening aesthetic date because it was the year of the first Salon des Indépendants and of the first Neo-Impressionism, followed by Nabism, Fauvism, Cubism, Expressionism, Blaue Reiterism, Futurism—and then by war, 1914 marking the end of the beginning of European modern art (and of European *fin-de-siècle* capitalism). These thirty years the exhibition brought back to life. Not only were some of the most famed pictures of the scintillating star

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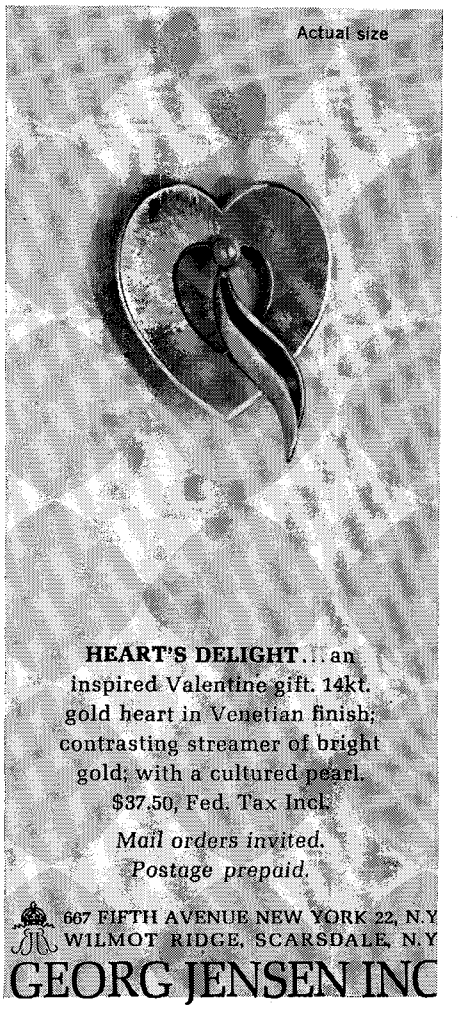
painters on display but also works by minor, little-known luminaries who cast their modest light—thirty years' worth of modern artists, born all over Europe, England, and America, who at some moment in their struggle with their strange visions came with hope to Paris (or already inhabited it) and for a lifetime or a brief time, paint and brushes in hand, were part of modernity itself. The only way to give any idea of the richness of this exhibition and what it summed up is to name some parts of it. There were pictures by Gauguin, van Gogh, and Degas; by Mary Cassatt; by the revolutionist Signac; many by Seurat and by Cézanne; some by Aubrey Beardsley; moody landscapes by the dramatist Strindberg; a nonconformist blue self-portrait by the composer Schoenberg; three multicolored early canvases by the New Yorker Feininger; and several Rousseaus, including his "Snake Charmer." There were many Picassos, including "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" and Blue Period works of early genius; many perfect Cubist Braques, including the apex creation, "Girl with a Guitar;" many Matisses, including "Luxe, Calme, et Volupté," and even "Le Luxe I." There were Mondrians, Duchamps, Villons, Utrillos, and Modiglianis; works on the German poor by Käthe Kollwitz; canvases by the Blue Knights Marc, Klee, and Kandinsky; by the Futurists Severini, Balla, and Boccioni; and by two other Italians, Morandi and Chirico. There was a painting by the morbid Franz von Stuck; some customary canvases by the Belgian Ensor; paintings by Wouters; by the Russian couple Larionov and Gontcharova; by Chagall and Kokoschka; by the Englishmen Steer and Nevinson; by Munch, Maurice Denis, Léger, Dufy, Derain, Van Dongen, and Rouault. There was sculpture by Archipenko, Epstein, Lehmbruck, Gaudier-Brzeska—even Rodin. There was probably too much of everything. All the art that operated before Cubism, displayed in its geometric grace in one enormous room, seemed in no way to serve as a source for Cubism and the esoteric surprise it still gives the eye and the imagination, but evidence that Cubism itself served as a source for much of what followed could be found nearly everywhere—until the war stopped it all.

As background to its modern art, this exhibition even included samples of the domestic décors and the personal adornments of the European rich, in their *fin-de-siècle* reliance on those fancy tastes of Les Arts Décoratifs—Art Nouveau *style Métro* and *style nouille*,



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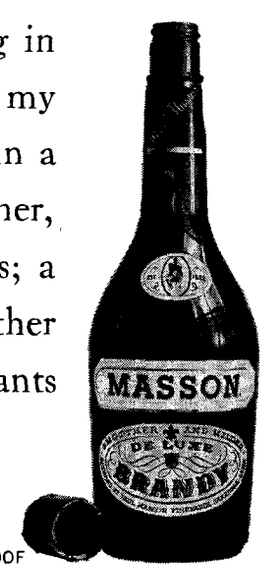

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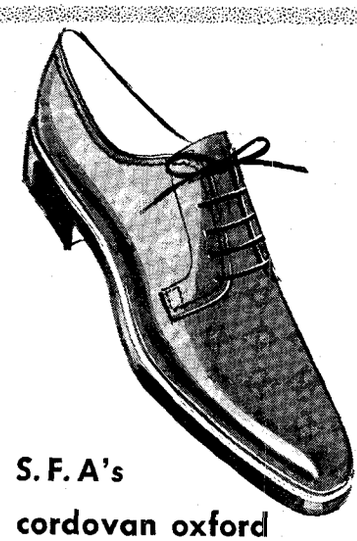
or noodle style, so called because of its limp, farinaceous-looking loops in ironwork or carved wood. This part of the exhibition looked like Third Avenue, what with a bed shaped like a butterfly, ladies' brooches shaped like dragonflies, vases shaped like water lilies, and Tiffany and Lalique glass. The most remarkable inclusion was that of the above-mentioned outsize, ornate Métro pavilion, by the architect Hector Guimard, who designed nearly a hundred of them around 1900, thus creating singlehanded *le style Métro*, soon ridiculed but still loved by true Parisians. Unhappily, they are being replaced with ugly simple balustrades around the Métro staircases. The Guimard creations are now being sold for whatever it costs to dismantle and remove them—the equivalent of two hundred to four hundred dollars. Inspired by the presence of one of them as an objet d'art in this show, the modern-art museums of Amsterdam and Munich have reportedly each selected an example for their collections. One is already in the garden of New York's Museum of Modern Art, and another has been bought by nostalgic French oil workers at Hassi-Messaoud, in the Sahara, who plan to place it on the sand among the palm trees to remind them of Paris.

FOR the meticulously well-organized bank robbers and safecrackers of France, for the spectacular smash-and-grab *fric-frac* gentry who steal sparklers from jewellers' windows, and even for the alert second-story burglars such as recently lifted some valuable letters by Louis XIV from an aristocratic lady's bedchamber, the year 1960 should be gratefully remembered as the one in which they bettered all previous records for their annual loot, which added up to more than a billion Old Francs. Merely in the four days after Christmas, close to two hundred thousand dollars' worth of French cash and gems vanished into thin Paris air, some of them during a raid on a jeweller's window in the Place Vendôme at lunchtime, in which thieves nipped a diamond-and-ruby necklace worth about fifty thousand dollars while everybody across the way was streaming into the Ritz for hors d'oeuvres. But over the New Year's weekend in Marseille, cracksmen rifled the equivalent of three hundred and twenty thousand dollars from the strong room of the Family Allowance Office of the city's Social Security Administration—a spirited beginning for 1961.

France is in the midst of a crime wave. In Paris, the outcry against the



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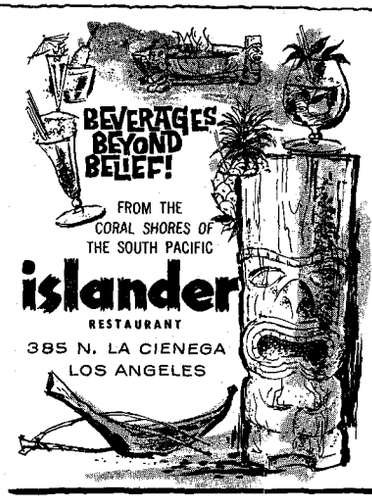

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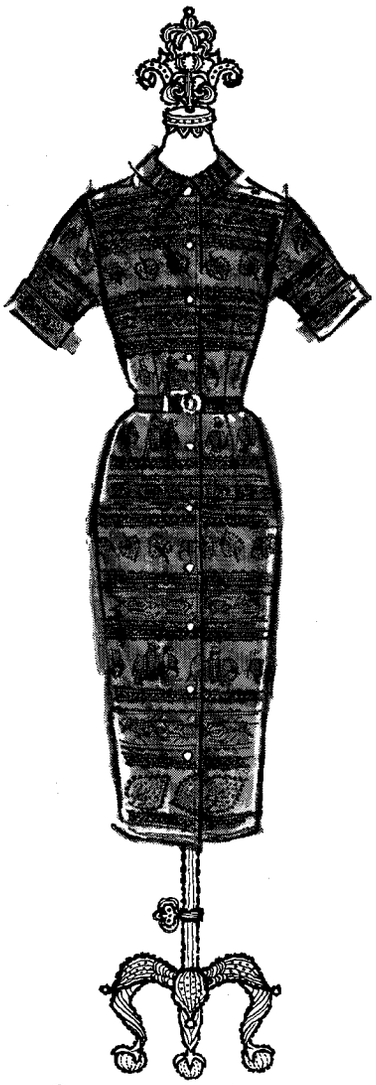

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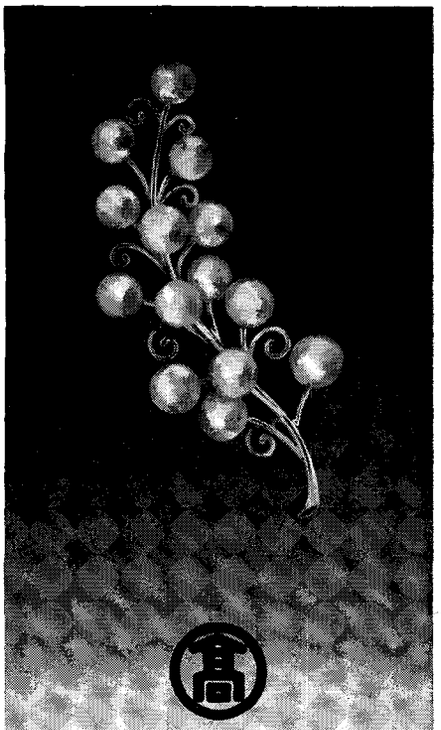
police has been so vociferous (far noisier than that against the criminals) that M. Maurice Papon, the Préfet de Police, has recently held some press conferences in self-defense. What he said was pathetic and precise. He said that his so-called motorized flying squad for all Paris consists of a hundred and fifty patrolmen and fifteen modest-paced little *quatre-chevaux* Renaults, one only equipped with radio communication and none anywhere near speedy enough to catch up with robbers in fast, first-class stolen cars. For three years, his police force has been busy with three new priority tasks—the Algerian terrorists, public order (such as street riots for or against General de Gaulle), and state security—with little time left for chasing gangs. Times have changed, grown more technical. Paris bordellos, once gay centers for bandits, their loquacious girls, and police stool pigeons, have long been closed. The police have perforce lost touch. Nowadays, criminals go to see the best thriller movies like students going to postgraduate classes, benefiting from the inventive combined brains of scriptwriters, improving their own intellectual planning, widening their psychological approach. They no longer live picturesquely and loosely in Montmartre bars but in quiet suburban villas, hard to find among the trees, where they lead the regular life of businessmen, which they are—as are also the young policemen, M. Papon added with bitterness, who are so busy filling out administrative forms or studying for exams to become *commissaires* that they have no time, or taste, for *le bitume*, for pounding the asphalt like the ignorant old-style Paris *flics*, whom Préfet Papon prefers. And what chance today has an ambitious young policeman to meet the smash-and-grab diamond circles socially, when his hospitality is confined to two francs ninety centimes for a meal and sixty centimes for a drink, in all equal to seventy cents? None.

Some of the objects already stolen this year are in themselves unexpected, considering the circumstances. For instance, two thousand louis d'or—gold pieces minted under the Emperor Louis Napoleon—were stolen from the cellars, which are ancient Christian catacombs, beneath a school bookshop across from the Sorbonne, along with a vast quantity of pencils and ball-point pens. A safe containing the equivalent of six hundred dollars in New Francs was stolen from a manufacturer of Paris police and firemen's uniforms. In the Avenue Brochant, a court reporter walking his fox terrier at midnight



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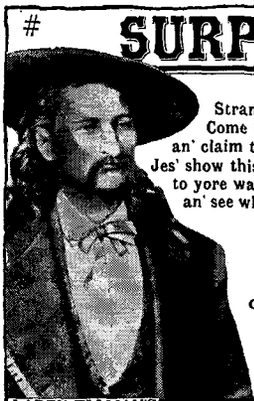

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sicked him onto a fleeing man with the order "Bite him!," which the dog obediently did, thus bringing down a thief who was also a murderer. A Prisunic, or five-and-ten store, was held up in suburban Paris by bandits operating a popgun that shot corks; result—nine thousand New Francs stolen. The Hôtel de Paris, on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, was held up at dawn on New Year's Day; a big, undisclosed haul was made in dollars, pesos, and French cash. In the city of Nice, masked bandits on the street held up a bank clerk carrying seventeen million francs in a sack; he yelled, they fled. Last Saturday, the cashier of a big Paris cheese shop was robbed of her shopping bag, which should have held a large sum in francs for payday but contained only a quarter-pound of grated cheese; no explanation. The window of the luxury tobacco shop on the Place de l'Opéra was broken the other night by smash-and-grab bandits while a performance of "Aïda" was being sung in the Opéra.

Naturally, the most talked-of robbery has been that of the Duchesse Edmée de La Rochefoucauld, member of the Prix Fémina literary jury, who dwells in a private mansion in the Place des États-Unis. Last week, gloved robbers dropped over the garden wall, walked up the grand staircase to her dressing room, and there stole her small portable jewel case, containing family jewels valued at more than a million New Francs, including a choker composed of six ropes of pearls, *une rivière de diamants* trimmed with pearls, one perfect emerald in a ring, one diamond of eight and a half carats in another ring, and two original manuscripts of "Maximes," in the handwriting of her illustrious ancestor François, Duc de La Rochefoucauld, the great seventeenth-century skeptic moralizer. These last are of a value that cannot be estimated, because such rarities have their place only in family archives or in national libraries, not in commerce. The rumor in Paris is that they were stolen with a purchaser in mind who is a great collector but also "*maniaque et indélicat.*" The manuscripts have in times past been slightly nibbled by rats, the experts add.

—GENÊT

•

More women than men are being used on airport control tower microphones because there is a monument which marks where the equator crosses Ecuador.

—*Los Angeles Citizen News.*

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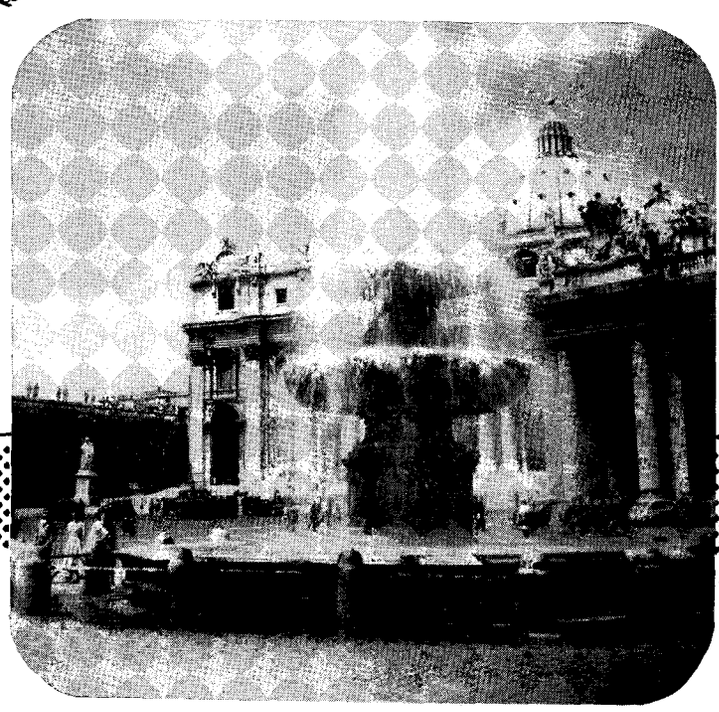

ROME

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

CERTAIN once noble words have lost their meaning because of overuse. "Elegance" has long been a case in point. And smear tactics often put perfectly decent endeavors into disrepute. One of the most recent victims was the chemise dress, which burst upon the world too hurriedly and was immediately copied in such a boxlike, clumsy way that it suggested the flapper days of the twenties, when all girls thought they were dressmakers. It was so simple then. You sewed up a length of thirty-six-inch goods into a tube, bound the neck and open armholes (that was the one hard part), clamped a flower or rosette or something on one hip, and there you were, dressed properly, depending on the material, for any time of day. The justifiable howls that went up when this happened again has forced the chemise to disguise its true nature by aliases; "shift" and "semifitted sheath" are two of its *noms de couture*. The basic chemise is still with us, in subtle guise, but with nothing of the flour sack or those muu-muu clothes to rouse the mobs again. Our Mr. Donald Brooks and wizards from foreign lands, such as Emilio Pucci, have a way with bias cut, diagonal seams from under the bust and down the ribs, and other tricks not visible on a hanger that make the chemise willowy to the body.

All of which brings us straight to Lord & Taylor, where this skimpy line (belts are optional) is queen of the scene. Donald Brooks is our Great White Father in this field. A characteristic of his is a double string-tie belt that can be placed wherever the waistline is wanted, since many a dress has no waist seam whatsoever. His little nothings are usually sleeveless and collarless besides. One comes in a brilliant sunflower print on his favorite silk linen—yaller flowers and dark-green leaves on a black or white ground—for $85. Silk linens in any number of plain colors make other dresses of his, with very wide bateau necks and broad shoulder lines above their sleevelessness; $75. Some have a separate full skirt to tie over them when you feel like being bouffant instead of undernourished. And now, before I continue with the considerable D. Brooks talents, there is another line of his (and others) that has been in unjustifiable disrepute—the "trapeze," slim and straight down the upper part of the body, from a high bust, and outward onto a mildly circular skirt. (What are they going to call it *this* time? Better find out, because it's imminent.) The idea is perfect for small-busted figures, whether the hips need the outward sway below or not. A Brooks beauty is done in oyster-white silk linen on which the outlines of stylized flowers are printed in black. Inverted V seams mold it just under the bust. An overblouse version is also of oyster white, with black binding; the skirt swings out from a bodice beneath the brief top. There are bone buttons down the bodice and more on the skirt. Likewise at L. & T. are Emilio Pucci's tissue-weight trifles of matte silk jersey that amount to no more than a hefty four to six ounces and can be stuffed into a coat pocket without damage. Sash belts are optional. These dresses are often bateau-necked and long-sleeved, and always sinuous; $99.50. Naturally, they appear in Pucci's marvellous prints—architectural, skyscrapery blocks in browns and yellows and reds, massed chrysanthemums in blues and greens, gray fans with fuchsia touches—as well as in plain black and vibrant solid colors. You could carry a wardrobe of them in a small hatbox. The overseas prowls of L. & T. have additionally discovered meticulous workmanship and special fabrics not to be found over here. In the first field are the $39.95 dresses from Hong Kong. They're of Oriental persuasion—band collars, frog fastenings, a beltless and easy fit, and the like—and they are *not* made of Chinese brocade. (Too many worthy clubwomen in my past have given me a block about Chinese brocade.) Instead, the fabric is a fine pongee, entirely lined with China silk in another color or a shade of the pongee—Shocking with pale yellow, azalea with gold, turquoise with pale blue, and so on. Beautiful hand piping and other detail are involved. From India, at the same remarkably low price, have arrived hand-loomed, handmade silk *kurtas*, which are men's elongated shirts or (hush!) chemises. They have tiny band collars and silver studs on the ves-

"I'm sorry, sir, I have no idea. I'm just filling in while the regular girl is out to lunch."

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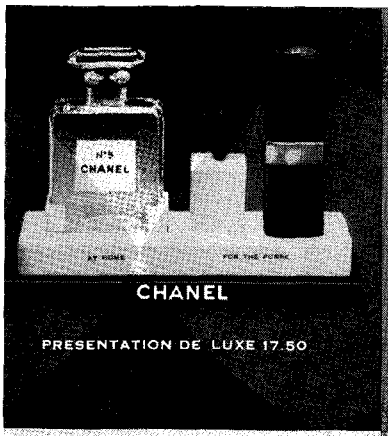

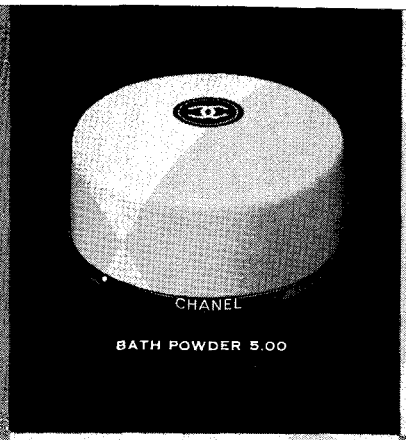

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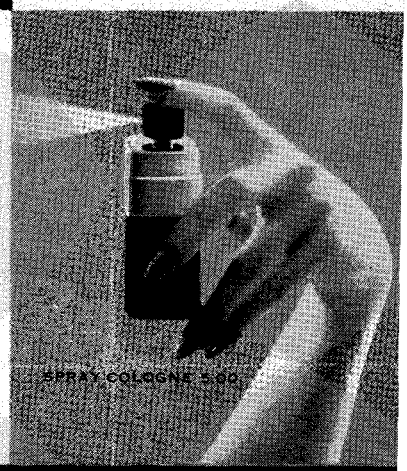

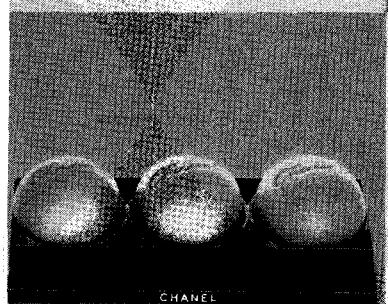

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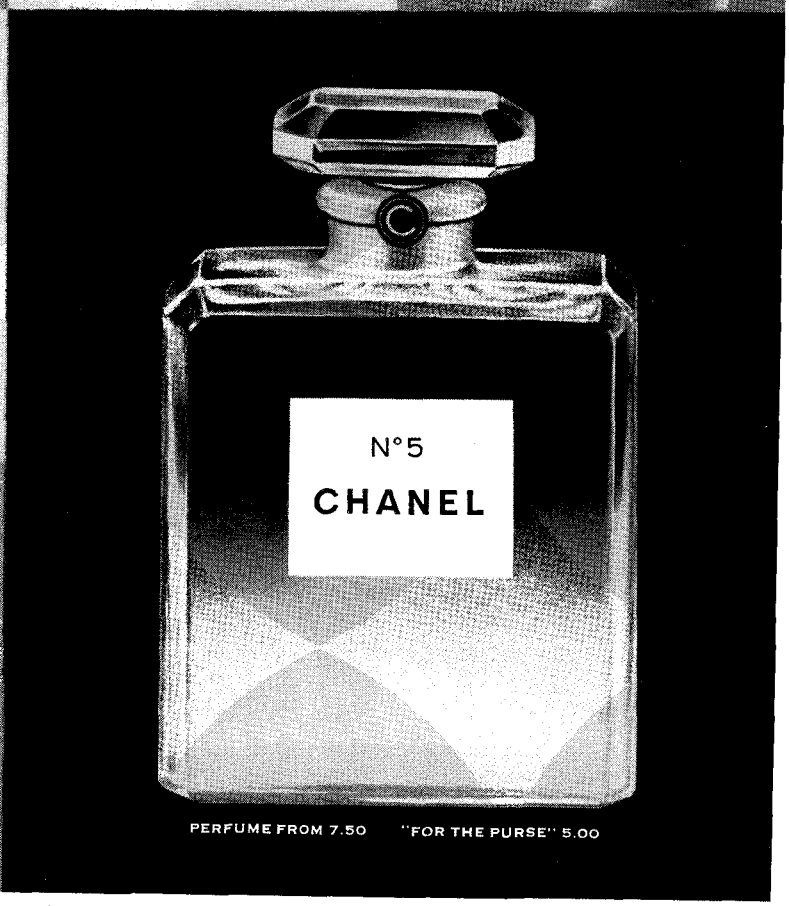

ALL PRICES PLUS T

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'23 skidoo and a Side Car, too

The Twenties—Fads, flivvers, flappers. Era of wonderful nonsense...Paris cafes jammed with Americans and Frenchmen enjoying that inspired mixture of Cointreau Liqueur, Cognac and lemon juice, whimsically tagged the Side Car.

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Cordials by Cointreau, 50 to 80 proof.

tee, with silver chains looping between. The colors are pastel—apricot, for one—and the sleeves are three-quarter. In Milan, L. & T. ferreted out a man to hand-block, on surah, ancient mosaic designs from Ravenna (lively chartreuse and blue-greens are in one), Venice, and elsewhere. They end up in simple dresses with scoop necks and full, lined skirts. I liked best one in tortoise-and-white with flashes of dull blue, but there are plenty more to choose from; $135. All only at Lord & Taylor.

SO what else is new? Well, there is a glorious miscellany everywhere, but let's start, just for the hell of it, with a few of the De Pinna temptations. Among the de-luxe items is Zuckerman's suit (also visible elsewhere in the town) of pink wool, and a real wow, for $225. There are three crocheted buttons below the little turnover collar, the jacket is semifitted, and a sleeveless jersey blouse to match completes the job. De Pinna has plenty of Trigère's suave linen dresses, too. One of them is in cornflower blue (but many other colors are around the place), with short sleeves, tiny tucks flanking the waistline, and a bow at one side of the round neck; another is a bias sheath with pockets jutting out on the hipbones. Big stuff in embroidered linen comes from Winston—cap-sleeved, scoop-necked, and with a skirt slightly gathered at the sides, though it is flat front and back; $289, and done in white with red chrysanthemums all over it. In lieu of the ubiquitous dress-and-cashmere-sweater combination, there is Suzanne Augustine's sleeveless dress of bright-pink surah with a hot-pink *tweed* jacket over it; Nantucket Naturals, which has its place in the sports shop, offers a more traditional sweater costume, and one of the most ingratiating I've seen. The dress is of silk linen, with cluster pleats at intervals around the skirt; the matching sweater is waist-length. No sequins or embroidery or appliqué, just minute self buttons and bindings. The prices are endearing, too—$55 for the dress, $39.95 for the sweater. In the line of casual merriment, De Pinna presents a full pants-skirt by Eddy George, in eggshell silk with a huge pattern of sea shells in desert oranges and pale golds and avocado greens. This culotte deal is $29.95; a shirt to match is $22.95. Cabana contributes a one-piece culotte, sleeveless and round-necked and slim-legged, in a Japanesy print involving purple and orange chrysanthemums on white cotton sateen. A reversible, wrap-around linen dress, or beach dress, has big pearl buttons. It comes in combina-

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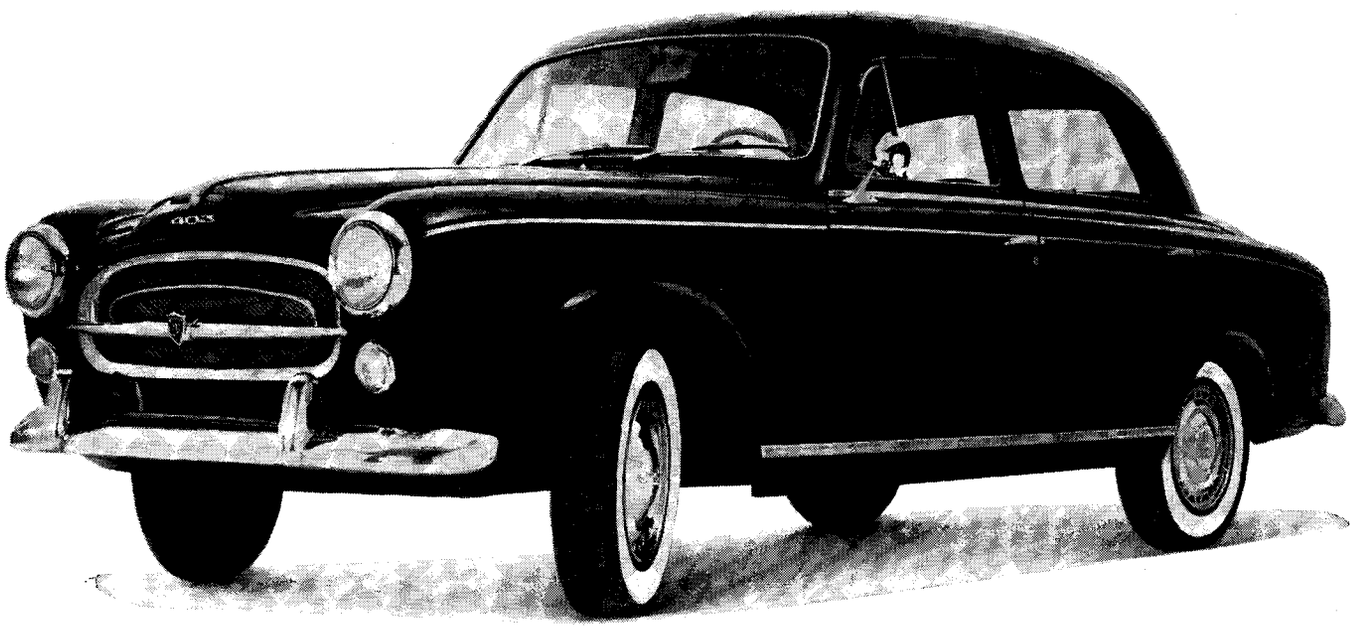
Note: if you prefer you can have Michelin X instead of whitewall tires or cloth instead of leatherette upholstery.



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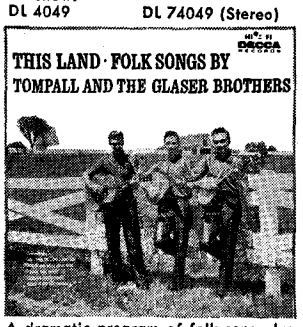

A dramatic program of folk songs by the famous Tompall and The Glaser Brothers — *Erie Canal, Wreck Of The Old Number 9, This Land Is Your Land,* and many other favorites.
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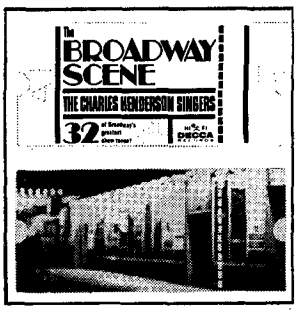

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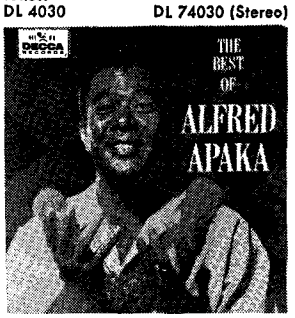

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tions—pink and oyster, oatmeal and lime, and such; $29.95.

I WAS speaking about sweater costumes a moment ago, and Jay Thorpe teems with them. You can make up your own set with, say, a pleated skirt of white Arnel and a sweater by Arbé, a firm new to me. One of these sweaters, very Sousa's band, is waist-length, in red or black cashmere, with the crustiest possible white curlicues of braid up the trim front and elsewhere; $59.95. Another, a few inches longer, is of black cashmere with copper Pennies from Heaven all over it; $55. Then, there are the classics from David Goodstein. A new one involves a dress of white surah with a scrawly red or royal pattern, and a red or royal cashmere sweater piped with the print; $155. Lawrence of London raincoats are here, too, and they serve multiple purposes, as dusters or evening coats as well as mere shelter from a wetting. One I saw in a Shocking silk with a peau-de-soie look. It has a big collar and a peppermint-stick lining. Another is in dark peacock blue, and the lining is Shocking-purple-and-white vertical stripes; this one is $69.95. On the premises we also encounter Jamison's disarming Liberty-print linens. Among the Jamison linens are sleeveless dresses with turnover collars, at $39.95. Others, a bit more dressy, sometimes have patterns of coral or porcelain-blue roses on a white ground; these are either sheaths or dresses with slightly circular skirts, and the tab is $50. Thorpe is also one of the places to find the Jamison sharkskins. A white one piped in bright blue has shoulder straps and a little blue string bow at each side of the waistline, plus a slender blue line to the hem below each bow; $35.

THE Peck & Peck shops have been doing good works with a junior-size department, hereinafter to be referred to as (j), as well as with regulars, hereinafter referred to as (r). For instance, marvellous linens from Ireland, of which my very favorite is shaded two-and-a-half-inch checks in blues or lilacs. This and other linens are employed in sleeveless, round-necked, long-waisted, and willowy dresses (j) on which box pleats take over from the hips on down; $35. Others (r), in solid colors, have this long waist, box pleats, and a string belt (optional) at whatever is now considered the normal waistline. And in (j) is a bateau-necked sleeveless sheath with a streaky chartreuse-to-blue stripe down just one side from shoulder to hem. Let us now approach some sub-

this and a kiss...
to make her thine.
The no-iron blouse with a flutter of pleats, in 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% cotton...3.98

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dued shirtdresses for both normal and junior sizes. My favorite in this case (r) has long, full barber sleeves, which white sleeve-garter bands catch in above the elbow; there's a white band collar and a soft pleated skirt, and the fabric is vertically striped cotton. Well, they love stripes around Peck & Peck. In (j) sizes, there are soft burlap pants, one pair in bright dark blue with shaded purple stripes down the sides ($10.95), and one in white with narrow multicolor stripes ($9.95). Soft sailcloth makes white pants with tomato cuffs and a belted tunic top with diagonal stripes two inches wide in olive and tomato or other combinations; $17.95. These are (j). A pleated skirt, with horizontal stripes, to match is $11.95.

For the beach, Peck & Peck displays the work of reasonably great men, and in great supply. The first is Cole of California (j), represented here by (among others) three of the damnedest bathing suits ever seen. One is of white Dacron-and-cotton dotted swiss, with a little tunic flare out over the minute pleated skirt; another, clearly junior-executive, is of gray flannel (there's Orlon in it), with a scooped camisole neck, shirring down the ribs, and very brief pants; the third is a balloon with elastic circling it under the arms and a bloomer bottom. Up-and-down stripes rule this one; the front is half orange and half petunia pink, and the back is bright blue and bright yellow. The other prominent citizen is Brigance (r), who is on a deep-gold rampage here. His elasticized synthetic wool knit has a black Paisley design all over the gold background. The bathing suit it makes has a camisole top and short panties; a collarless gold lumberjacket piped in black goes with it. Also gilt is his knit maillot, at $19.95, and a voluminous beach coat that could serve in many other guises. On it are big patch pockets and eight buttons in double array; $25. For travellers, these shops think well of Leno, a loosely woven wool that doesn't crush and that comes in sun yellow, grape, watermelon, and so on. It makes cardigan suits and one of the very nicest travel coats—collarless, deep-dropped shoulders, full length, and straight; $79.95.

AMONG the many *elegancias* at Saks Fifth Avenue are sweater costumes done especially for it by Terry-Allen, such as a surah sheath with a gold or turquoise parquet pattern. One of these colors also makes zigzags down the front of its white cashmere sweater. The Terry-Allen stuff ranges from $160 to $185. This be-

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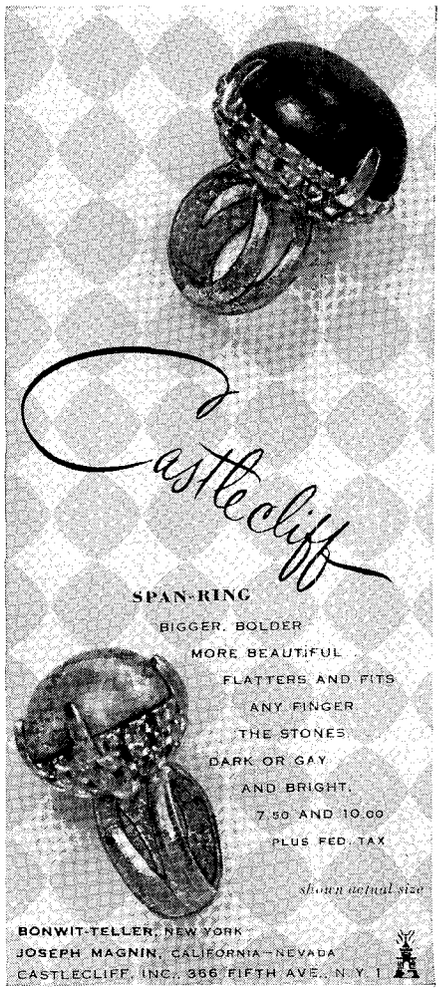
ing a season that is stripe-crazy, Saks is showing a cotton David Hart in brilliant stripes (the colors are Mexican) around the bodice and the barrel skirt. And there are many, many linens, one of them involving a Larry Aldrich sheath with bolero detail on the bodice and a long-waisted back, for $70, and several of them involving Trigères (which cost a bit more), some in her two-color combinations. The most notable one has a short-sleeved top and a skirt with a few easy tucks on the hips to provide moderate fullness. A wide and contrasting band goes down the front and the buttoned back. I saw it in raspberry and bright pink, in bright blue and white, and in other mixtures, but there are swatches of samples for anyone who wants to order her own color scheme. N.B.: In the bathing-suit department, there's a plenitude of hats by Marjorie Webb of California, made of fluffy, fluffy organza-type material on straw, and all quite insane.

UP in Bergdorf Goodman's Sports Department are more things from Jamison, one (which only Bergdorf has) being a long-tunic shirtwaist outfit in white or pale-blue shantung, with an inset belt starting at the sides and tying in back. The blue has dark-blue pants and the white has black; $65 either way. For sports, very short shorts appear in, for instance, a mustard cotton below a poncho top of cotton in multicolored stripes, with dolman sleeves and an inverted shirttail V falling a bit past the waist front and back.

THE Hattie Carnegie Blue Room contains a couple of endlessly useful travel costumes from Leonard Arkin. One is a dress of a dark print surah with tiny red rosebuds; there's a low, outward fold at the sides near the hem, and the jacket is straight. It's $80, and a tidy price indeed. Another Arkin consists of a plain silk-linen dress with a print-lined jacket in just about any color; $90. As for linens, a special Nantucket Naturals (to be found nowhere else) is sleeveless, and four self bow-knots march down one side below the simple, round neck; $35, in bright colors, pastels, or beige. Then comes a wool jersey in fireman's red, beige, black, or navy. Concerned with this are a set-in belt, which knots at each side, and two wooden buttons that sit below the sharp, pointed collar detail; $70. Jerry Silverman *fecit*. There are always loads of puff-skirted dance dresses around Carnegie, including some nice embroidered linens. Abe Schrader uses white linen with little pink or blue sprigged flowers



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for a dance dress with a curved boat neck, short sleeves, and pink or blue piping, plus an overlapping business in front that ascends from the skirt, which gives it the bogus naïveté that Carnegie specializes in; $45, which is *not* a typical Carnegie price.

IN those coast-to-coast, clime-to-clime everlasting wardrobes, knit has an essential place, and Kimberly knits have theirs, mainly because they manage to be both useful and undated without taking on the familiar too-"classic" look. Altman has quantities of Kimberlys, and so, you may be sure, has Martha West, the No. 1 champion of knits for every time of day. At West is a seed-stitched knit wool with a square neck, three-quarter sleeves, and elasticization at the waist. This comes in bright blue, navy, aqua, or raspberry in sizes up to 20; $45. West has her own knits as well, among them her celebrated linen knit, this year decorated with floss and ribbon embroidery to match. It's a short-sleeved sheath, and a plain, waist-length cardigan with three-quarter sleeves goes over it. Parma violet (now called snow violet), oatmeal, aqua, and navy are some of the colors. Like most Martha West things, its sizes run up and up. Above 20, an extra charge applies; the sizes end at 44. They're $149.50 or $165, as the size may be. Finally, ribbon knit in a shell pattern makes a short-sleeved sheath with a self belt; this is $195.

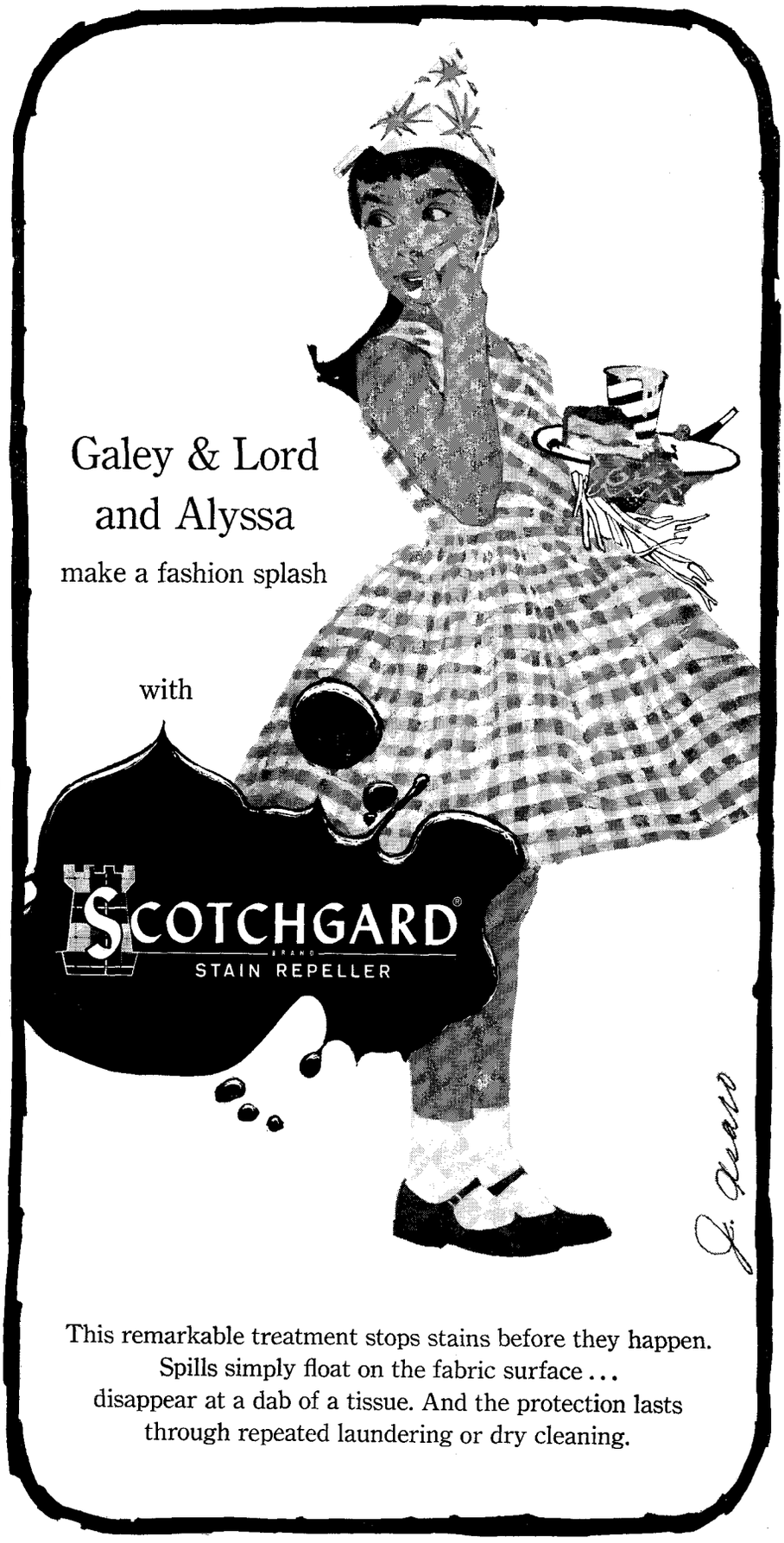
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH is permitting itself a circumspect chortle at the moment, for after all those years of being "dear old Abercrombie" it's become a leader of fashions, now that Norman Norell has made culottes high style. Abercrombie has *always* had them. Always. Deep, inverted pleats front and back conceal the division, smooth lines go down the hips, and they're Bermuda length. They appear in a terrific Dacron denim or in linen, either way in almost every color. It's $13.95 for denim, $15.95 for linen. This all goes to show that if you stick to your last, you last a long, long time.

—LOIS LONG

•

We drove along the Via Flaminia . . . along the banks of the Tiber, and then over a handsome new bridge. . . . Within a quarter of an hour we were clear of Rome and in the open country bowling along the Via Cassia with a good view of the distant Appalachian mountains.
—*From "Continental Coach Tour Holiday," by S. P. B. Mais and Gillian Mais.*

Bet you had your distance glasses on!



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What Happened When the Buggy Broke

by
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Established 1849

The first Justice Harlan, a native of our Kentucky town, often returned to visit old friends and look over his farms.

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"Jedge, lemme fix it," the boy said. He got under the buggy and in five minutes they were again on their way.

"Now why couldn't I fix that buggy?" fussed the learned judge.

"I don't know," said the boy, "'cept'n some folks knows lots more den uthers!"

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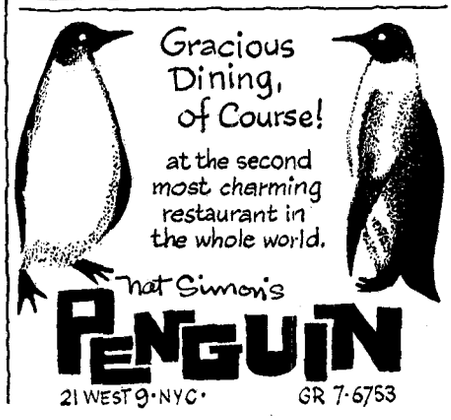
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Misfire

IT will require a filmgoer of immensely sterner aesthetic discipline than I possess to consider "The Misfits" on its artistic merits alone, for its double identity—as a major new film and as an honest-to-goodness news story—is complex and nearly indivisible. It is, of course, the last movie made by Clark Gable, who died almost immediately after completing work in what appears to have been an exhausting role. It is Arthur Miller's first screenplay, written as a serious vehicle for his wife, Marilyn Monroe, who divorced him as soon as it was completed. Its director, John Huston, and its other principals—Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, and Thelma Ritter—have all attained a level of accomplishment that inspires hopeful curiosity about any film in which they have a part. All these circumstances make it easy for me to report that "The Misfits" is almost continuously absorbing, and all the more painful for me to have to add that it strikes me as a dramatic failure of considerable dimensions.

"The Misfits" was filmed in Nevada, mostly outdoors, and concerns itself with a young, hopeless, and frightened divorcée who contracts a tentative alliance with a middle-aged vagabond cowboy. All is felicity until she accompanies her paramour and two footloose cronies on a business expedition to capture wild mustangs, which are to be turned over to a dog-meat factory. The cruelty of this seedy operation reawakens all her terrors of a world that has treated her most shabbily, and the violence of her innocent reaction to it causes the three men to understand the self-delusions that have sustained their highly prized concept of personal freedom. This inadequate summary will at least indicate that Mr. Miller has been entirely earnest in his intentions, and that "The Misfits" contains plenty of good, chewy dramatic opportunities for its fortunate players.

The casting of the film is almost impeccable. In a part literally made for her, Miss Monroe displays a gentleness and a tired, childlike grace that are appropriate and moving and, very evidently, a reflection of herself. If she is not consistently an actress here, she



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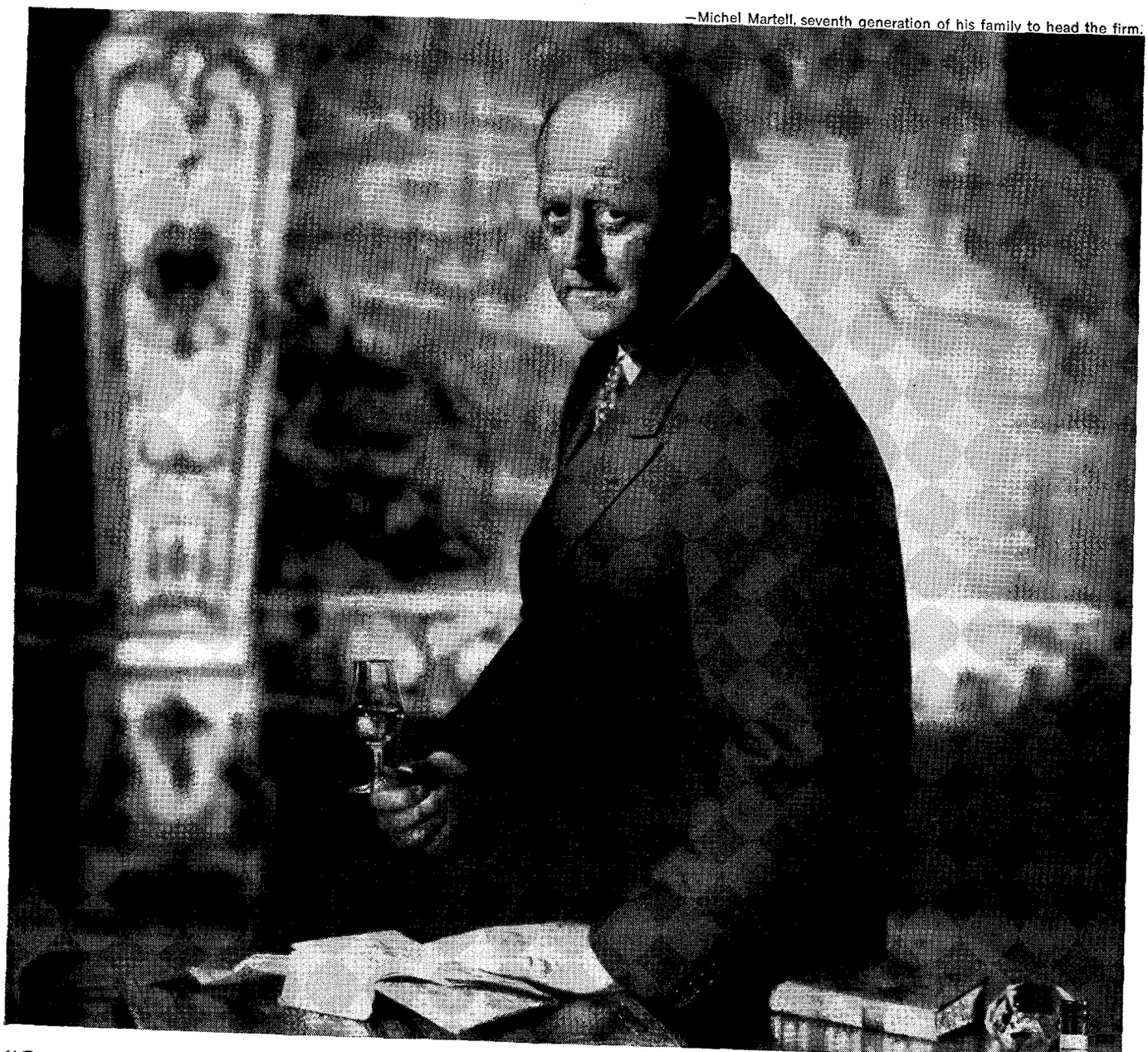

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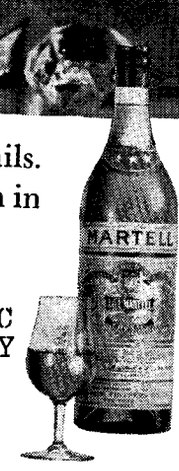

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is an actress at moments, notably in one scene of sad, sensual alcoholic collapse. Mr. Gable underplays his aging frontiersman with a professional awareness of his own attractiveness and of his own limitations; my only reservation is that he is almost too visibly at peace with himself as a person to be always convincing in the part of a sentimental failure. Montgomery Clift, as a young bronc rider, and Eli Wallach, as a confused, threadbare ex-bomber pilot, are admirable, particularly in several passages of comedy, and Thelma Ritter does fine as a cheerful middle-aged bat. Mr. Huston's direction is at least deft, and his scenes of the mustang roundup, which is accomplished by airplane and flat-bed truck, are stirring and even horrifying.

It must be clear by now that all my severe doubts about "The Misfits" center on Arthur Miller's screenplay, which seems to me obtrusively symbolic and so sentimental as to be unintelligent. Let it be admitted that hearts of pure gold (which are what all the principals in the story own) are difficult for a dramatist to set beating with a thud that sounds human, but this is a handicap Mr. Miller has chosen for himself. I wish he had not attempted to pose his valid dramatic questions about the survival of personal goodness in an increasingly cynical and unlovely society in the persons of a fallen child and three true-blue buckaroos under a big desert sky, for this romanticism makes his answers false and fundamentally uninteresting. What must ensue is some embarrassingly high-flown dialogue ("We're all blind bombardiers," says the guilt-smitten former pilot. "I can't make a landing and I can't get up to God") and a landscape peopled with caricatures. When, at the end of the picture, Mr. Gable's rueful cowboy, the last of the Western giants, ropes and wrestles down the last free stallion and then cuts it loose, we realize with disappointment that we have been on the Plains of Allegory all along and that the drumming of hoofs does not obscure the clack of the author's typewriter.

—ROGER ANGELL

•

Mr. De Sapio, on the basis of his record thus far, is not such a man. Rather he is a politician's politician. Other politicians respect and admire his handiwork. They welcome his counsel. In an earlier age, he would have been unbeatable. But this is the sixth decade of the twenty-first century. Times have changed.—*The Times Magazine.*

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THE ART GALLERIES

Camera Eye

THE new exhibition at the Whitney Museum, called "The Precisionist View in American Art," is a loan affair comprising some ninety paintings by sixteen modern artists, and I found it one of the most interesting exhibitions I have seen this season. To be sure, it has its flaws and its limitations, some of them intentional. Precisionism, if we are to accept the term—and I suppose we might as well, though it seems to me only a substitute for such older, more or less synonymous ones as Magic Realism, Purism, and so on—means here, as I take it, the effort to polish, refine, and, above all, simplify the reproduction of the image until it passes beyond the borders of representationalism, beyond even the photographic, into a kind of super-realism of its own.

In a way, there's a sort of alchemy involved in the process (which is one reason I prefer the term Magic Realism), for if the attempt is successful the very "literalness" of the rendition eliminates the literal; instead, the object portrayed is endowed with a feeling of being realer than real, and usually with a vague implication of momentousness underlying its prosaic exterior. In this sense, there has been a thread of Precisionism—thin, it must be admitted, but fairly continuous—running through American painting from the days of Raphaelle Peale, on down through Harnett and other nineteenth-century perfectionists, to the present, and the show, in limiting itself to contemporaries (the dates are roughly from 1915 to today), tends to deny the American tradition that the school, if it can be called such, is founded in.

In strict truth, though, there never has been a "school" in the usual sense of the word, and Precisionism (I'm still quibbling about that term) has to be granted something like grab-bag proportions if room is to be found in it for the wide variety of artists included in the show. These range from such formalists as Charles Sheeler and Georgia O'Keeffe to the Abstractionists Niles Spencer and Ralston Crawford and to such more or less out-and-out Surrealists as Peter Blume and O. Louis Guglielmi,

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and it occurred to me as I went through the collection that in general the artists are allied far more in their choice of subject matter than in either their styles or their philosophic approach.

Thus, while Charles Demuth's view was witty and irreverent and Charles Sheeler's has been consistently austere, both painted barns and factory chimneys with equal relish, as did the more nostalgic and gently sentimental Preston Dickinson. Another provocative juxtaposition is that of the Blume, Guglielmi, and Louis Lozowick interpretations of the bridges of Manhattan, and it seems as if practically everyone in the collection had had at least one fling at skyscrapers, night streets, and waterfront vistas. It's the interpretations, however, that differ. Thus, in the bridge series, the Blume painting called "The Bridge" emphasizes (perhaps a shade unduly) the size and weight of the piers, standing almost like barriers against the river traffic and half obscuring the buildings in the background. Massiveness is accentuated here, while in the Lozowick "New York" the attempt appears to be to convey a feeling of movement, with the bridge approach traversing a slightly mannered and basically Futurist swirl of house fronts, as they might be seen by a spectator passing along it. The Guglielmi, the most poetic of the three, and called "A Muted Street," leaves the bridge a mere arch of masonry in the distance and focusses instead on a group of three persons, posed in enigmatic attitudes on an almost sinisterly empty street. This sort of variation in moods, evoked by the same or similar subjects, runs all through the show.

Guglielmi, who died just four years ago, at the age of fifty, but is already in danger of being forgotten, is one of the standouts of the show. Only four of his paintings are included, but all are excellent efforts, and certainly they are the most openly emotional. In general, the selection has been discerning throughout. There are a few omissions, but none are of great importance, and although I was a bit troubled by a certain disparity in the amount of attention accorded some of the entries (for instance, only one sample apiece, and those not particularly pertinent ones, by Stuart Davis and Joseph Stella, surely two of the foremost Precisionists in their day), the disparity was more than compensated for by the thoroughness with which the works of many of the others have been explored. This is carried out to the point where, in some cases, such as those of O'Keeffe, Sheeler, and

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Demuth, one is offered what amount to small but illuminating one-man exhibitions.

Sheeler's group, of no fewer than fifteen examples, is the largest. It is also the widest chronologically, for it begins with a small Cubist "Landscape" dated 1915 (it is interesting to note how many of the artists, in their youth, went through at least a passing phase of experiment in the Cubist manner) and goes on to include a couple of paintings done only a few years back. In the course of it, most of his predilections in subject matter are touched upon (see, for instance, "Bucks County Barn" and the interior called "Americana," both embodying his fondness for native American architecture and craftsmanship, as well as such industrial pieces as "Classic Landscape," of the Ford plant at River Rouge, and the admirable study, "Incantation," of two huge oil tanks set in a jungle of girders and piping), and the whole group has been well chosen to reveal this artist's feeling for compositional justness and accuracy.

Demuth, more urbane and more complex in character, comes off less well, perhaps because his approach was more varied and his impact, within the context of the movement, less emphatic. (What has the small still-life called "Poppies" to do with Precisionism, even in its broadest definition—or, for that matter, the whimsical "Poster Portrait of O'Keeffe"?) But a number of his major canvases are included, among them the famous "My Egypt," which has become almost the prototype, or "pilot study," of factory installations rendered with only the subtlest variation from drawing-board exactitude, and there are others, like the gaunt arrangement of sheds and chimneys called "After All . . . ," to show that even if he was less an admirer of the machine age than a rebel against it—his incantations performed more in exorcism than in celebration—he was certainly a keen observer. I also liked his "The Tower—After Christopher Wren," of a serenely aspiring village steeple, as well as the small, charming "Modern Conveniences," which by the very unaffectedness of its approach almost ennobles a simple back-alley vista.

The O'Keeffes form a fine assortment, too—see, for instance, her pale, involuted "Abstraction, 1926" and the looming "Ranchos Church, Taos." Yet for the most part she stands outside the purlieus of the movement, in a sort of mirage-ridden, desert-dry world of her own, and on the whole I thought the Niles Spencers the most representa-

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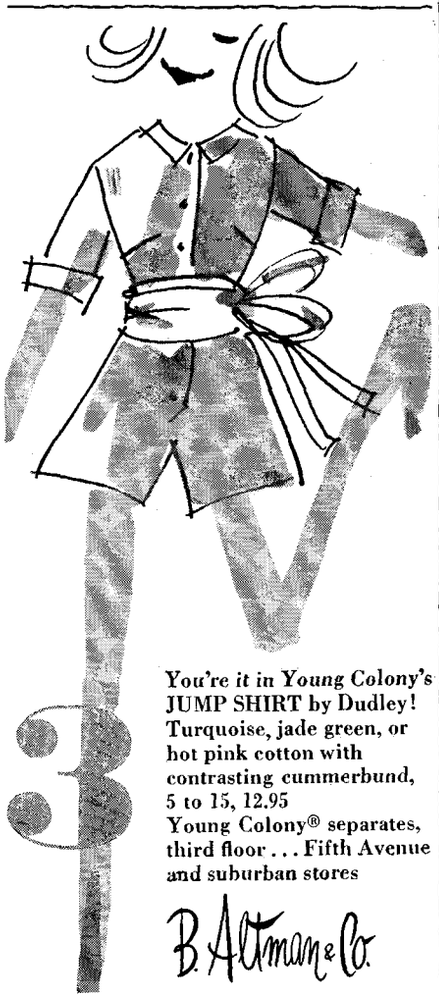

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tive. Spencer, by the time of his death, in 1952, had succeeded in infusing into his primarily abstract approach a tonal richness and depth that made him unique among his contemporaries. Though his palette was limited, centering principally on deep browns and ochres, his color really glowed, and though his range of subjects followed pretty much the same line as the others, he was able to endow his canvases with a sonority that immensely enriched their artistic value. I liked especially "Edge of the City," in which the bare buildings in their bare open space have a touch of Chirico nostalgia; "Erie Underpass;" and the handsomely composed and wholly abstract "Above the Excavation."

Though the better-known figures constitute the main body of the collection, they by no means take up the whole of it, and one of the great values of the affair is the number of less well-known or now overlooked artists who have been sought out for inclusion. I'd cite especially such pieces as Elsie Driggs' fine "Pittsburgh," with its smoky-gray cluster of roofs and chimneys; the George Ault "From Brooklyn Heights," a harbor view, and his "Sullivan Street Abstraction;" and, almost in toto, the small group of abstractions by Morton Schamberg, but most particularly his "Still Life, Camera Flashlight" and "Machine."

I should add that on leaving here the exhibition will be seen successively at the Detroit Institute of Arts, the Los Angeles County Museum, and the San Francisco Museum of Art. It has already been shown at the Walker Art Center of Minneapolis, which organized it. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

The piece is called "Modern Jazz: Variants." Its score was especially commissioned from Gunther Schuller, who served as guest conductor, and is built around the particular style of the Modern Jazz Quartet, who were also guest artists. No doubt only "squares" have to be told that the quartet consists of John Lewis, pianist; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Percy Heath, bass; and Connie Mack, drums.
—*John Martin in the Times.*

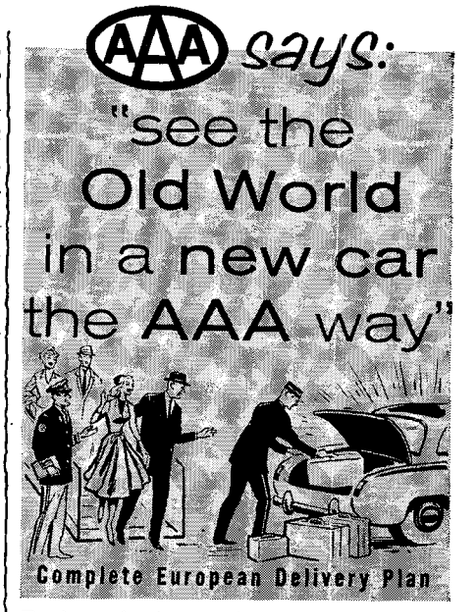
Squares, and a few old ballplayers.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From an address by Richard H. Crowder, Educational Director of Phi Gamma Delta, delivered at the fiftieth-anniversary meeting of the National Interfraternity Conference*]

Not only does high scholarship provide excellent publicity, but it is of practical advantage to the individual.



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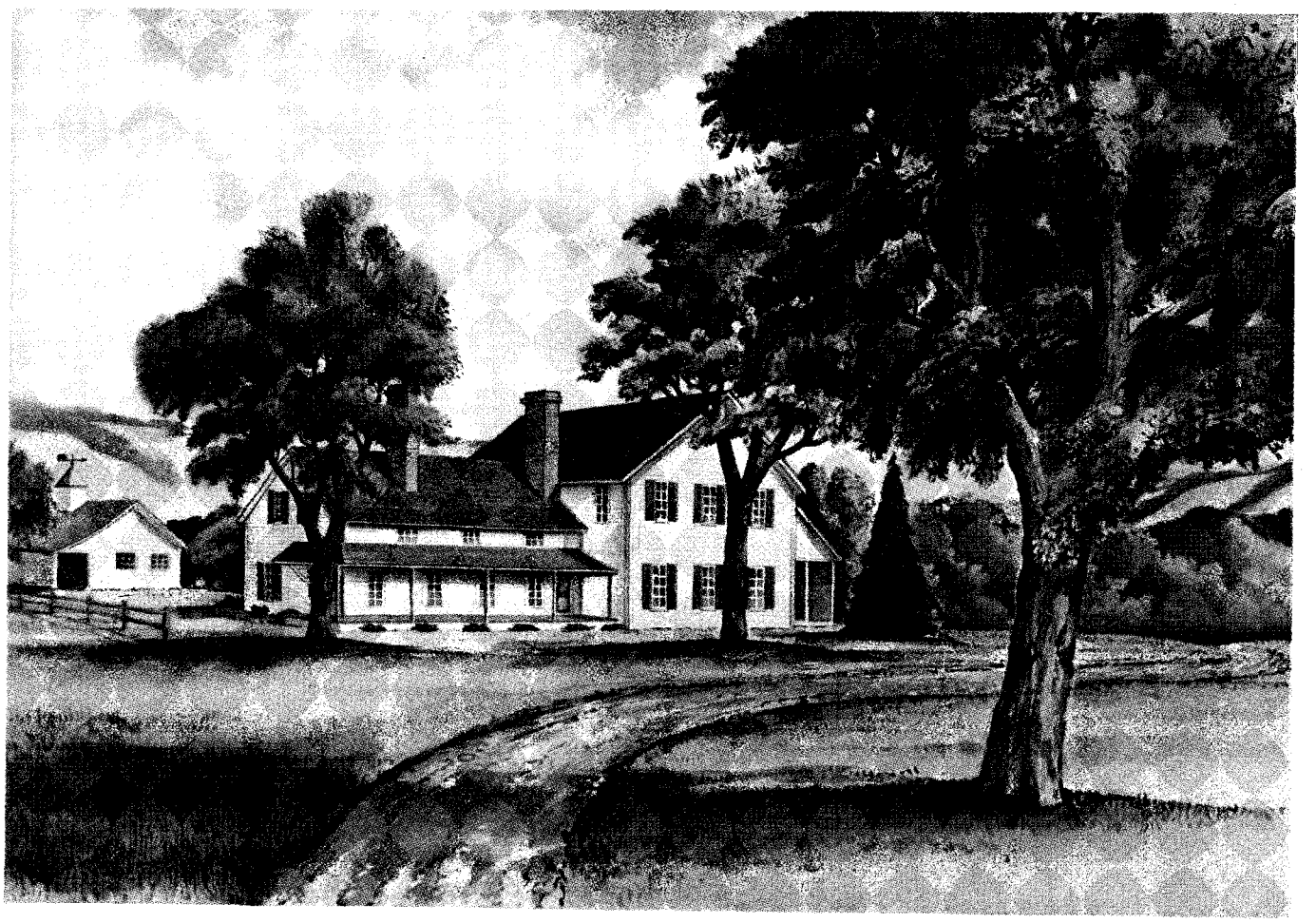

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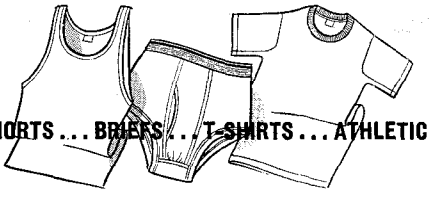

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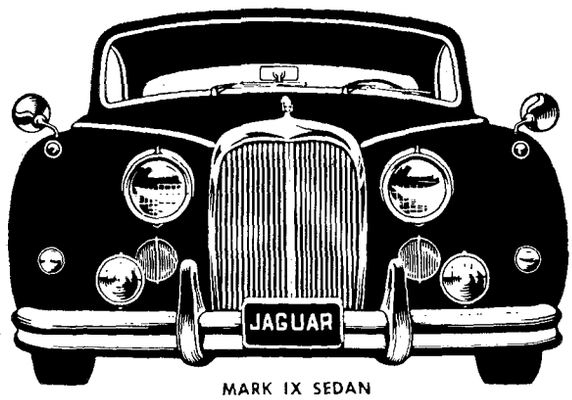
THE RACE TRACK

Golden Westerner

THE continued success of Rex Ellsworth's colt Prove It, who won the Maturity Stakes at Santa Anita last weekend, seems to bear out the glowing reports from California about his being the best in the West. It's possible that there have been easier victories in this fixture for four-year-olds, but I don't remember one. I gather from the chart and from the Voice of Santa Anita on my radio that the race was rather tame, with Prove It following close on Grey Eagle's heels until they turned into the stretch, where Shoemaker let Prove It have his head. At the wire, Prince Blessed was second, four lengths or so behind; Grey Eagle was third; Tompion was fourth; and T. V. Lark was sixth—next to last. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:01, which was good going on a track that was still a little damp from recent rains. Now, of course, Prove It will run in the Santa Anita Handicap three weeks hence, having removed any doubt his stable may have had of his ability to go ten furlongs. He's already a hot favorite with the home talent, and that's only reasonable, since he has won eight of his nine starts and finished second in the other, and has earned $143,570. How the horseplayers dote on those big-money winners! Although only two runners—Mark Ye Well, in 1953, and Round Table, in 1958—have ever won both the Maturity and the Big Cap, as they call it out there, in a single season, it could happen again this year. I suppose I'm falling under the spell, too, but Prove It seems to be a nice colt, and his opposition is no great shakes. Furthermore, he'll have a bit the best of the weights in the Santa Anita, getting in at 115 pounds, or nine less than Tompion and ten less than T. V. Lark, who will carry the top weight unless Don Poggio, who ran third to Never Give In and April Skies at Hialeah the other afternoon, is shipped west for the race.

THERE'S an old saying that bad luck runs in threes, with the breaks getting tougher each time, and that's the way it hit the Harbor View Farm horses at Hialeah a few weeks ago. Quiz Star, a good racer on turf,



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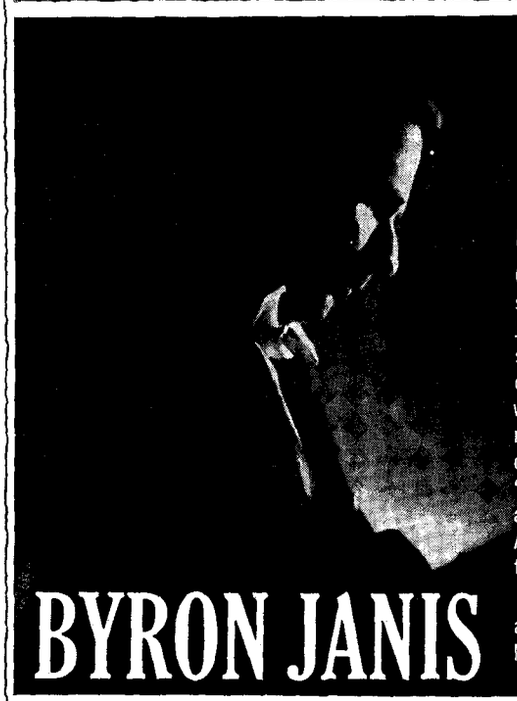

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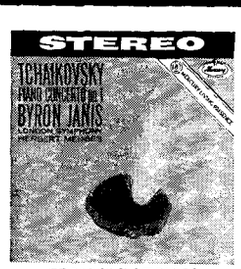

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THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

wrenched a muscle in his back; then Garwol, the winner of the Pimlico Futurity last autumn, strained a ligament in one of his legs; and a few days later Roving Minstrel, who won the Champagne Stakes at Belmont in October, reared up while walking in the stable yard, lost his balance, and fell. His head struck the ground so hard that he suffered a cerebral hemorrhage (a most unusual accident), and he had to be destroyed. Well, things at Harbor View Farm took a turn for the better last Saturday when Wolfram, who had been bought only two days before, to replace Quiz Star, won the Bougainvillea Turf Handicap. Noholme II, Australia's Horse of the Year in 1959 (they have such things in Australia, too), took the lead at the start and looked the winner all over until Wolfram turned on a burst of speed in the last furlong and passed him. North Pole II was third. Harmonizing, the favorite, seemed unable to get going, and wound up tenth. These races on the grass are getting positively international. Three of the fourteen starters in the Bougainvillea were bred in France (one of them was Wolfram), three others were from the Argentine, one was from Australia, and one was from Peru.

SPEAKING of luck, Bowie had it mostly bad last week. It was nothing that a spot of good weather couldn't change, though. Three racing days were lost because of snow and icy roads, but the crowd in the stands on Saturday was much larger than the one on opening day, and the betting topped a million. The horses ran fast, too. For one thing, they like to in cold weather, and for another the racecourse was frozen hard beneath its loose top dressing. At any rate, on Wednesday something named Bugona stepped off five furlongs in 0:58⅖, a course record for the distance, and on Saturday Moon Shot won the Burch Handicap at five and a half furlongs in 1:03⅘, which equalled the track mark set in 1954 by Pet Bully, a noted sprinter. So it goes.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

COLUMBIA, S.C., JAN 9 (AP)—A BAND OF NEARLY 100 KU KLUX KLANSMEN BURNED A 15-FOOT HIGH CROSS ON U.S. 76 NEAR NEWBERRY SATURDAY NIGHT WHILE CALLING FOR A UNITED FRONT AGAINST INTEGRATION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

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SCARY ENOUGH TO CURL MY HAIR

MARIE, the blond, squarish hairdresser in a shop near my Greenwich Village apartment, is French, and she does my hair as if she were cooking a soup—silently and deftly. With her pink nylon uniform she wears the kind of cobblestone shoes a sensible woman would go marketing in to pick out greens and a good marrow bone. I don't mean that Marie is stodgy. She has a flair for whatever is new in hairdos, and I am her most frustrating customer because I insist on being flat on top. I have held out politely but implacably through the Italian Mafia Mobcap, the Emperor's Fez, the Queen Beehive, right down to the current Tumbleweed.

At the beginning of our relationship, Marie often tried to sneak in a few swirls or a bit of forehead crimping, but over the years she seems to have given up on me. Occasionally, as she parts my sopping, putty-colored hair, she mutters, "*Oui*, I know, plain on top." With her accent, this comes out grudgingly, "Plengh ongh tope," and it makes clear what she thinks of my stubbornness.

Almost all I know about her is that she came over from France sometime after the Second World War, is married, and had an awful time with an abscessed tooth a couple of months ago. All she knows about me is that I'm single, and set in my ways.

WHEN I went in recently for a one-o'clock appointment, Marie and I settled into our usual silence. There was only one other customer, under a dryer, and the three other operators, all men, whom the owner of the shop, then away in Bermuda, refers to as "the Boys," were in the back room where the employees gather to eat sandwiches and to smoke and gossip. Just as I was coming up from the second rinse, one of these men came out and said to me, "Have you heard about Marie being a police siren?"

Marie giggled and hung a dry towel on my neck. "He mean I scream good," she said.

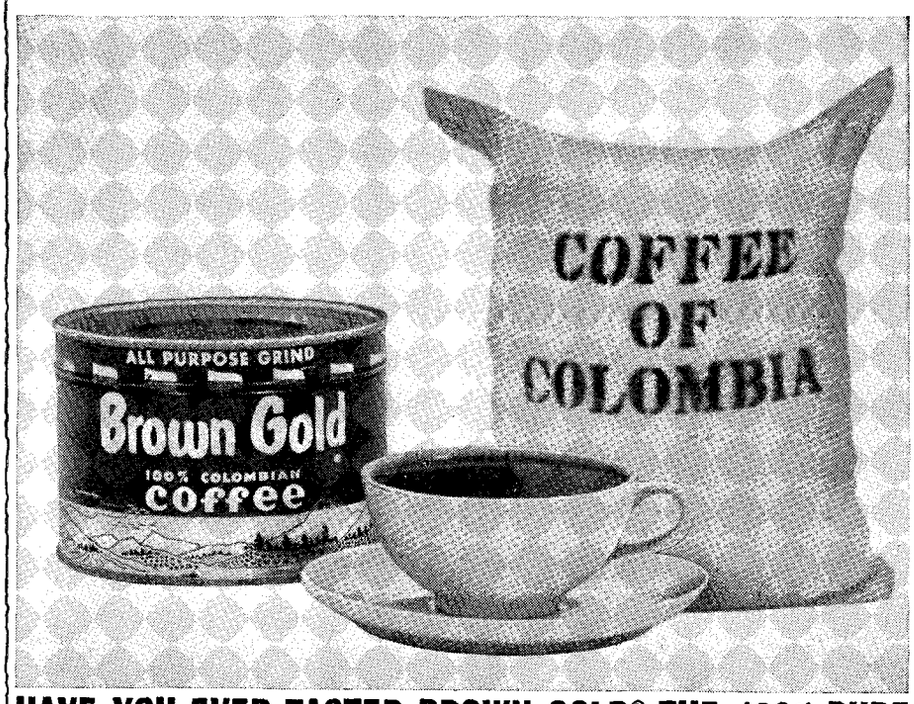
"Good!" he exclaimed. "It was shattering. I haven't been the same since."

Just then a customer arrived, and he left us. Naturally, I asked Marie what she'd been screaming about.

She said reticently, "Teef," and began combing my hair, to set it.

I remembered the abscessed tooth, and had the sudden notion that the pain must have hit other "teef."

"He came in bawk door there," she



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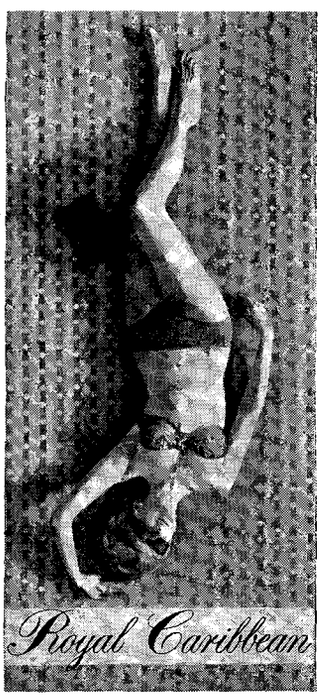

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said, pointing with the comb, and I abandoned the teeth theory.

The afternoon before, she told me, she had gone to the employees' room for a cigarette between customers, and noticed a man going out the back door.

I should explain that the hair salon is on the ground floor of a modest hotel. The front entrance of the salon is separate, but its back door, at the end of a narrow passageway beyond the employees' room, opens onto the hotel's rear corridor. Repairmen and the window-cleaner often come and go through that door, and occasionally a male guest staying in the hotel wanders into the hair salon by mistake. I couldn't understand how Marie, just by glancing at a stranger's back as he went out, knew that he hadn't merely wandered in or come to fix something, but was a "teef." When I asked her about this, she said that she was instantly suspicious because she had forty dollars in her purse, which she had left in the employees' room.

As the man disappeared, Marie, without even waiting to check her purse, simply started screaming, and gave chase. Her quarry ran down the hotel corridor, past the kitchen, and out through the delivery entrance, with Marie after him. She has very short legs, and she said the man was a "beeg" fellow, but her screams must have confused him, because she caught up with him at the corner of Twelfth Street, grabbed his arm, and went on yelling.

The Village is not like uptown New York. We often go up to somebody in a friendly way to find out why he or she is screaming. Several passersby stopped to see what the trouble was, Marie said.

Meanwhile, as she later learned, the male operators from the hair salon, who hadn't seen the intruder and knew only that Marie had rushed out screaming, were running up and down the rear corridor and into the kitchen, trying to find her. Her screams were still so loud the men kept thinking she was somewhere close at hand. It took them several minutes to track the noise to the street.

At the time, there were three customers in the hair salon, and these women, who knew only that they had been deserted and that somebody was screaming, grew restive. One of them suddenly bolted out the front door, and the others went after her. Two of them were wearing the shop's pink seersucker kimonos, which are cut like hospital gowns. One woman's head was in the preliminary stage of a dye job, bright orange, with a band around her forehead. Even as Greenwich Village sights go, they made quite an unusual grouping as they reached the corner and

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joined the screaming Marie, her six-foot catch, the male operators, the passersby, and some tourists hung with cameras, who had popped out of a nearby bar.

Two of the men held the man Marie had chased, somebody else phoned the police, and one man, not a tourist, who had come out of the bar with his drink in hand, gave it to Marie as a quieting influence. When a patrol car arrived, the police found that the man had not only Marie's forty dollars but two hotel waiters' wallets as well, and a few unidentified five-dollar bills, all presumably snatched on that one visit.

"He is droog addicte," Marie explained to me. The police, when they got him to the station, had to give him an injection. She had learned this when, escorted by her husband, she appeared in court the next morning, several hours before my appointment with her.

"My husband say I take terrible chance," Marie went on. "Droog addictes have knifes." She jabbed the comb into her stomach, to illustrate the fate she'd escaped.

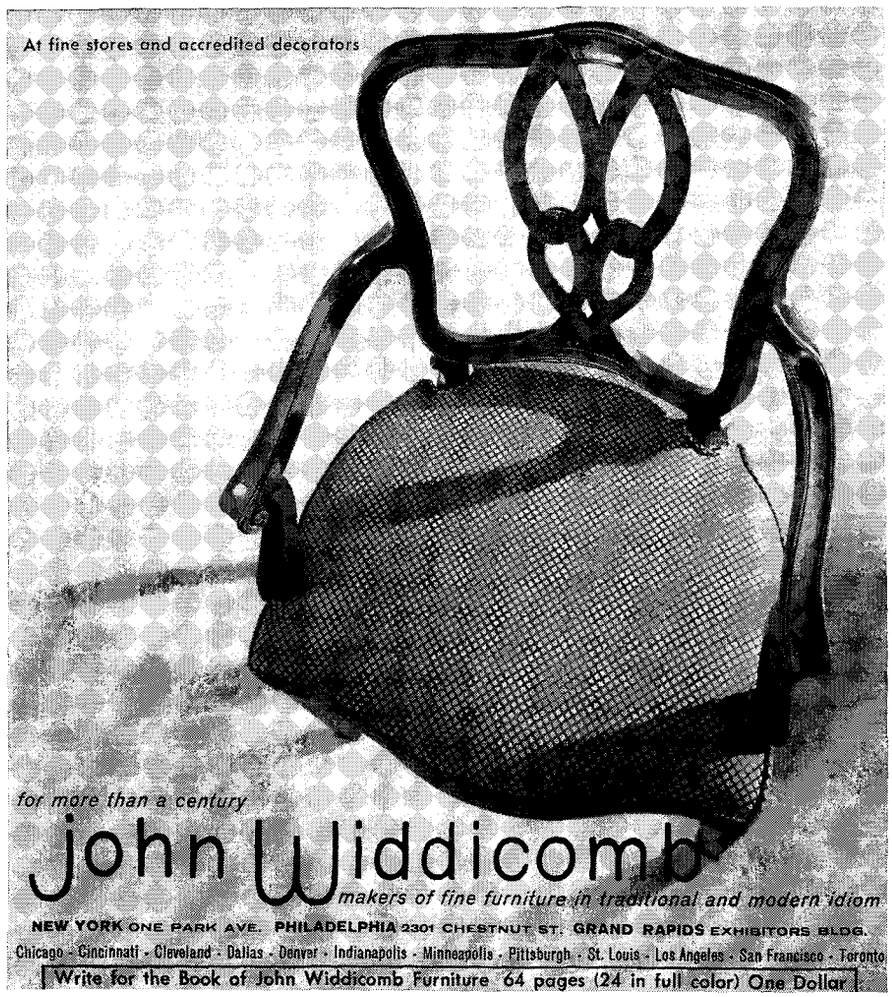
I wasn't as worked up over the possibility of a stabbing as I was over her chasing a man before she had any real idea of what he'd been up to, if anything. "What would you have done if he'd been innocent?" I asked her.

Marie shrugged. This was a metaphysical realm she chose not to enter. The subject was closed. The money was back in her purse—or, rather, the police receipt for it. They were holding the cash as evidence.

I had been so engrossed in her story that when I finally glanced in the mirror, as she put a hair net on me, I thought I must be looking at the reflection of the woman in the next chair. But it was my head, all right, and it was covered with red wire rollers like little sausages. In her excitement, Marie had evidently forgotten whose hair this was, and her deft fingers had automatically turned out the most popular model, a Tumbleweed.

I decided this was no time to be fussy. She was, after all, an artiste, and my hairdo had to express all the turmoil she'd been through. Oddly enough, even when she combed me out, a tossing of curls with not one flat inch showing anywhere, she seemed not to notice what she'd done, though she looked quietly content.

I went home and brushed until my scalp was sore, but a Tumbleweed has more staying power than you'd think, for the first twenty-four hours. Everybody who saw me during that time said it was the most becoming hairdo I'd ever had. —HILDEGARDE DOLSON



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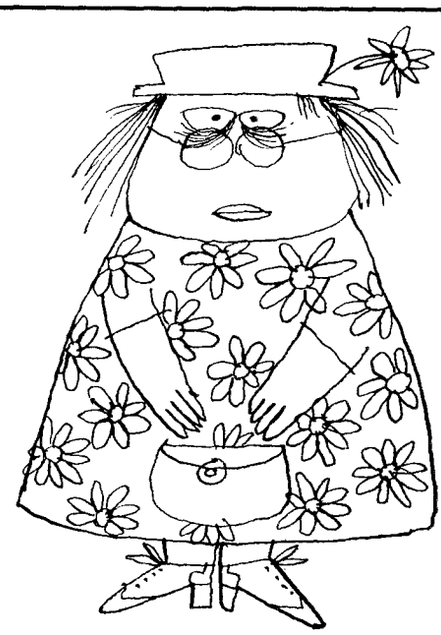

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Great Night

LEONTYNE PRICE'S Metropolitan début, as Leonora in "Il Trovatore," on Friday night of last week was one of the great operatic triumphs of recent years. It was a triumph not only in the judgment of the public, which jammed the auditorium and greeted her "D'amore sull'ali rosee," at the beginning of the last act, with one of the most prolonged demonstrations of enthusiasm that I have ever witnessed at the opera house, but in the judgment of the most fastidious and critical of her listeners. And for those who have watched her steady rise from things like "Porgy and Bess" through her memorable performances with the American Opera Society and various symphony orchestras, and have heard of her tremendous successes at Vienna and Salzburg, it was nothing short of thrilling to find her, now at the peak of her career, a full-fledged diva in the grand manner, comparable to the finest dramatic sopranos who have starred at the Metropolitan within the memory of anyone living. The role of Leonora, with its formidable demands in the way of style, agility, and full-bodied volume, is, of course, the perfect test for a soprano of this sort, and Miss Price overcame its technical hurdles with the utmost ease, seeming to have sonority and brilliance to spare, and giving the part a special dramatic eloquence, which arose partly from the rich, vibrant quality of her voice and partly from the authoritative artistry with which she used it. Her interpretation was virtually without flaws. The meticulous critic might have desired just a shade less Italianate swooping from note to note than occurred in the aria that led to the last-act ovation, and the meshing of her phrases with those of the tenor in the "Miserere" could have been just a bit more carefully adjusted. But in view of the magnificence of her total performance these were points of no real consequence.

The rest of the cast, as sometimes happens, seemed to catch fire from the momentousness of the occasion, and the result was an all-round production of unusual spirit, in which even Fausto Cleva, at the conductor's desk, was roused to a degree of artistic vigor he

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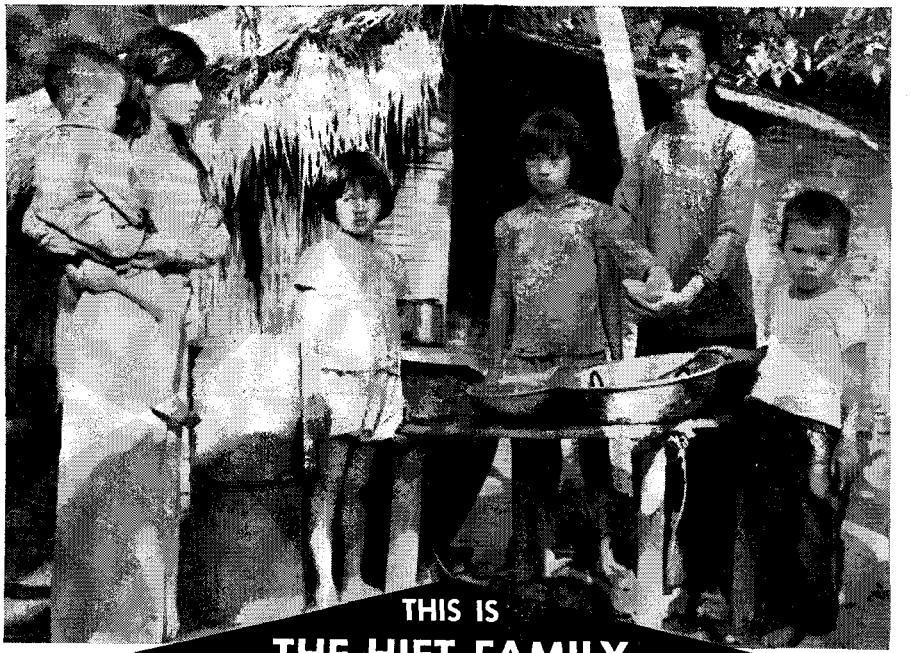
does not always display. A new Italian tenor, Franco Corelli, sang the role of Manrico with admirable power and freshness and a very commanding stage presence. As tenors go, Mr. Corelli is something of a phenomenon of nature, being six feet one, with an Apollonian build and a voice that, in the time-honored scale of classification, may be placed somewhere between the *tenore robusto* and the *tenore di forza*—a very valuable kind of tenor indeed. He is not the most polished singer imaginable, but what his voice lacks in subtle coloring it makes up in trumpetlike sonority and vitality, and it is quite a while since we have had a Manrico of such dashing looks and uninhibited lustiness. Robert Merrill outdid himself as the Count di Luna, contributing perhaps the finest singing I have heard from him, and, as Azucena, Irene Dalis combined a very striking characterization with a great deal of deft vocalism. Even the lesser roles—among them Helen Vanni's Inez, William Wildermann's Ferrando, and Charles Anthony's Ruiz—were done with special skill. Altogether, it was one of the Metropolitan's great nights, and I urge you to get tickets, if you can, for its forthcoming repetitions.

TURNING to the previous night's revival of Flotow's ancient comic opera "Martha," I am afraid I cannot work up any comparable state of enthusiasm. Not that the Metropolitan spared any pains to make it a worthwhile occasion. The cast, including Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi, was top-notch, and the scenery and costumes were charming. The work itself, however, has become terribly dated since its last Metropolitan performances, in the late twenties, and such efforts as were made the other night to brighten it with up-to-date lyrics seemed to me awfully awkward and unfunny. Moreover, the musical direction, under Nino Verchi, was very heavy and ill coördinated. Miss de los Angeles, who has a truly heavenly voice, was somewhat miscast as a comedienne; Mr. Tucker, who is also a fine singer, did not have the requisite lightness for his role; and Miss Elias was almost inaudible a great deal of the time. Mr. Tozzi, the only singer whose enunciation was understandable, was, as usual, a tower of strength. He is such a superb artist that he can put on a distinguished performance in the midst of almost any kind of disaster, which is pretty much what he was called upon to do on this occasion. But I do not know what can be done about "Martha" as a whole. As an opera, it is something



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like *choucroute garnie*—a Franco-German dish for bucolic tastes, innocent, totally lacking in spice, and made up largely of leftovers. ("'Tis the Last Rose of Summer" and the tenor aria "M'appari" are the only good tunes.) One thing I am sure of is that it can't be modernized in the manner that the Metropolitan chose for it. It would have been preferable to leave it alone and let its faded and rather frumpy charms make their way unaided into the hearts of such nostalgic sentimentalists as find them gratifying.

ALFRED WALLENSTEIN took over last week's performances by the New York Philharmonic and proved something that I have long been aware of; namely, that though he has recently been a somewhat neglected and taken-for-granted figure, he is probably the most gifted of all the American maestros currently before the public. On Friday afternoon, with the help of the Juilliard Chorus and the excellent vocal soloists Nan Merriman, Leopold Simoneau, and Donald Gramm, he presented, in its entirety, Berlioz's dramatic symphony "Romeo and Juliet," an extremely tricky and taxing score that makes infinitely subtle demands on the man with the baton, and conducted it with supreme coherence and finish. It was good to hear this not very frequently performed work again. It is one of Berlioz's masterpieces, and contains many moments of startling originality and haunting poetic evocation. They were all set forth with wonderful clarity and with a degree of poise and a sense of dramatic climax that they receive only at the hands of a master orchestral craftsman. Under Mr. Wallenstein's direction, the Philharmonic played with brilliant intensity, taking on a distinctive crystalline sheen, something like that which the Cleveland Orchestra assumes under Georg Szell—a sort of sheen that the Philharmonic ordinarily lacks. I wish that we were to hear more of Mr. Wallenstein's work than we are getting in the two weeks of guest conducting that have been allotted to him. He is a conductor in the Toscanini tradition, which he absorbed long ago, before he left off being one of the finest cellists of his time to devote himself to his present métier. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Ronald Schilt was taken to St. Michaels Hospital the week before Christmas and operated on for surgery. He is home now.
—*Plainfield (Wis.) Sun.*

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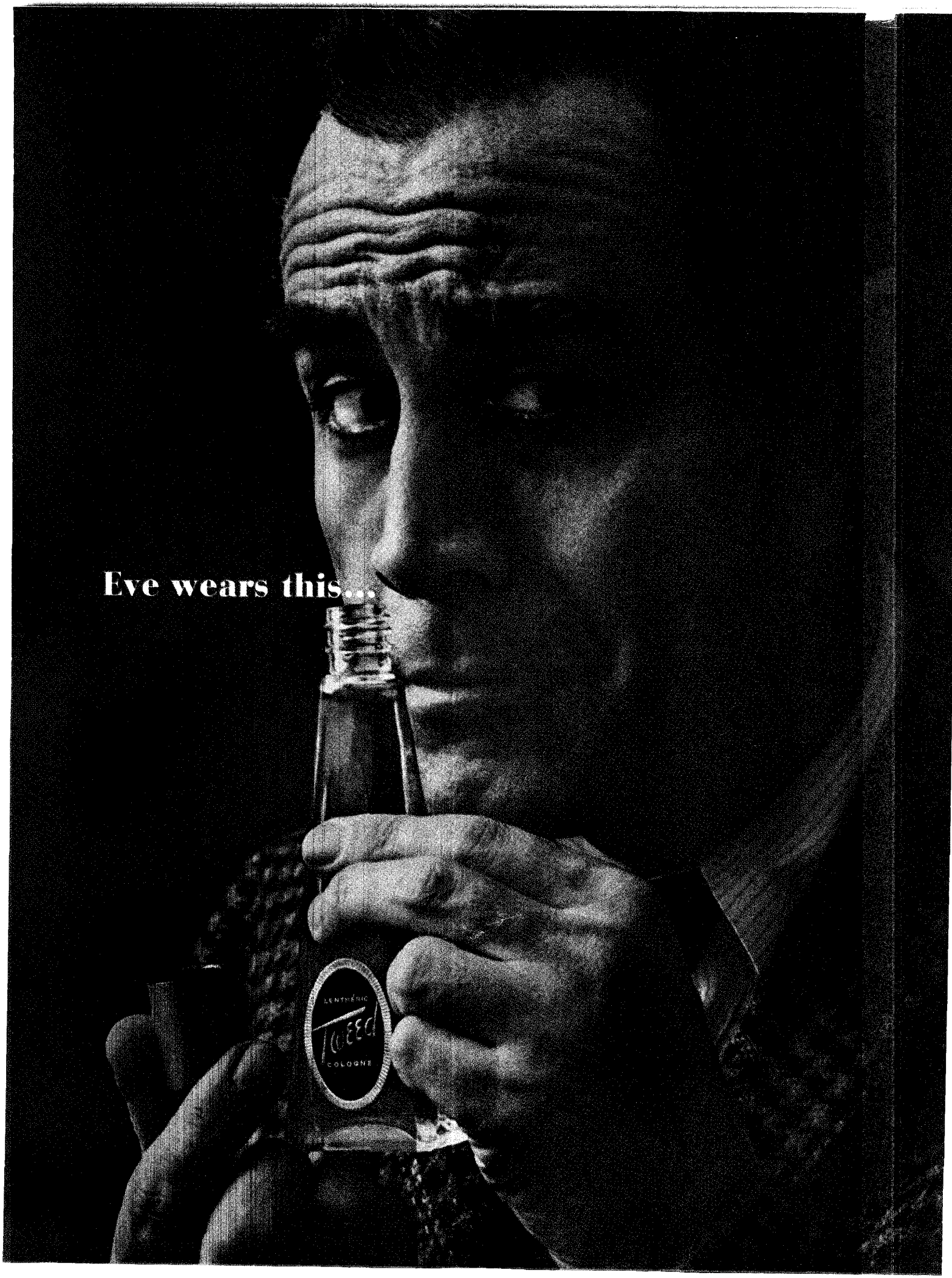

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 30

IT has been a crowded week—one in which the President has seen and seized approximately one large opportunity a day. The successes he has enjoyed have been the products of ideology and imagination, not of power. Mr. Eisenhower could have sent his Secretary of Labor to New York to try for a settlement of the harbor strike, and Mr. Mitchell, who is fully as skilled in such work as Mr. Goldberg, could almost certainly have carried out the mission. But Mr. Eisenhower did not believe in that sort of thing. If Mr. Kennedy can use revenues from customs to buy more and better food for distribution to the unemployed, Mr. Eisenhower could have done it, too. But Mr. Eisenhower was advised by his Secretary of Agriculture that there was no statutory authority for this use of the funds. Mr. Benson may well have been right. Mr. Kennedy found his authority in general-welfare provisions of the Constitution, and the chances are better than good that no court will be requested to pass judgment on the matter. If it ever turned out that Mr. Benson was right about the law, there would be no means of remedying the injustice. Imagination pure and simple produced the triumphs of the first press conference on live television, of the largess to the Congo, and of the guarded challenge to Communist China that was intended by the announcement that we might, under certain clear conditions, contribute to the alleviation of famine in mainland China. With a single exception, nothing that has happened in the brief tenure of the new administration could not have come to pass in the closing days of the old one. The exception is the release of the RB-47 fliers; this was a product, pretty much unexpected here, of Nikita Khrushchev's imagination, and it could not, obviously, have happened while Mr. Eisenhower was in the White House. It would probably have come about, though, if recounts in Illinois and Texas had placed Mr. Nixon at the summit of American power.

Mr. Kennedy may have a few more strokes of beginner's luck, and imagination may yield further prodigies, but the emphasis in the coming weeks will be on power. Either he does or he doesn't have the votes in the House of Representatives to enlarge and reorganize the Rules Committee so that it will be sympathetic to the welfare state—or at least indifferent enough to it to pass decisions along to the full House. Right now, the handicappers are refusing to handicap. The administration will win or lose by a handful of votes. In the opinion of most people, a very great deal hangs on the outcome; it is said that if the restraining power of the Rules Committee cannot be broken the President will be unable to get any of the domestic legislation he wants, and that this revelation of the weakness of his position will embarrass him in all his undertakings. The argument may be sound. The most eloquent political rhetoric and the most gifted executive aides cannot save an administration that meets steady resistance and defeat in Congress. Still, it is hard to conceive of an administration as energetic and resourceful as this one suffering endless defeats at the hands of a single Congressional committee—even if that committee's present position of strength were to be maintained by a majority in the House of Representatives. Mr. Kennedy's party has a sizable technical majority in both houses, and Mr. Kennedy is not known to have any scruples that would prevent the use of harsh political reprisals. His program may be delayed a bit and watered down more than a bit, but a considerable body of opinion here holds that Congressional minorities can never, in the long run, win against a determined President. Mr. Eisenhower, using only a fraction of the power he might have used, generally got what he wanted from a hostile Congress, and if it must be said that what he wanted was very little, it can also be said that he enjoyed great success in preventing a powerful and ably led majority from forcing legislation upon him that he did not want. In foreign affairs, Mr. Truman got everything he wanted from a Republican Congress, and when he complained that it had

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blocked his domestic program, the voters responded by reëlecting him and giving him a Democratic Congress.

Whatever the outcome of the Congressional struggle in the next few weeks, it is an undeniable fact of the moment that the executive branch has, in a single week, greatly diminished the legislative branch. Throughout the Eisenhower years, the White House was an imposing edifice that contained a man of enormous popularity and authority, but it was also a place in which the novel, the unexpected, and the unforeseen were seldom to be found. There was no tension there, no rub, no friction—no excitement. Nature abhors a vacuum, and nature chose Capitol Hill as a vacuum-filler. It was there—and particularly on the Senate side—that one found controversy and dissent and political passion, and some rather noble and talented figures developed, among them the new President. Now he has set up shop at the other end of town, and Congress suddenly seems a rather dull and predictable place. The great dissenters are now cast in the role of junior affirmers, with advisory powers. For a time in the old days, Senator Humphrey, of Minnesota, appeared to be the only man in Washington actively at work on the problems of disarmament. Senator Jackson, of Washington, had the most interesting things to say about the American foreign policy then being made. That titanic figure Senator Douglas, of Illinois, seemed to have an eye for economic wrongs that no one else could see. Now all their insights have been transformed into official dogma by the new President, and there is no reason for anyone to run down Pennsylvania Avenue to see if any new ideas are cropping up in Congress; if any interesting ones develop there, they will be in the White House within a matter of minutes. Senator Goldwater, of Arizona, is now the great rebel.

THE impression one gets of Mr. Kennedy is that of a man who has overlooked nothing—not even the possibility that, being human and very busy, he might overlook something. Against such an awful day he is seeking protection. Beginning next week, he will have close at hand the noted Harvard historian and belletrist Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., whose principal service, according to Presidential advisers already on active duty here, will be to see to it that Mr. Kennedy does not become so caught up in the grubby details of running the country from day to day that he gives insufficient time and thought to the larger things, sometimes known as the

They're all over the lot, this pair. But right now they're pinned down at The Waldorf-Astoria's Empire Room—just for you. They've written lyrics, books and screenplays (one or the other) for such as Do Re Mi, Mary Martin's Peter Pan, Wonderful Town, Bells Are Ringing. That's Comden and Green for you. And in the flesh, as performers, they're everything. Joyful, wistful, hilarious, satirical, downright sentimental. They run the gamut. Race along with them, every evening at 9:30 and 12. Opening February 2. Emil Coleman's music for dancing.

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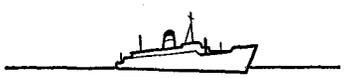

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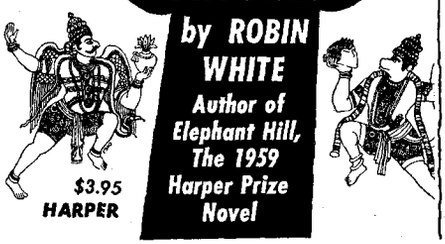

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Great Issues. No one in the Kennedy administration would be so gauche as to say that Mr. Schlesinger is being brought to Washington to Think Big, but that appears to be about the size of it. He will turn out drafts of speeches from time to time, and he will probably be expected to keep a historian's diary, but these tasks, it is said, are less important than the job of now and then forcing the President to have some care for the morrow after the morrow and for eternal, or at least enduring, verities. (Relativism and pragmatism are rife in this administration; a truth will be considered lasting if it is thought to have some chance of surviving beyond 1968.) It is an extraordinary assignment, and one that has no precedent in American history or, probably, in the history of any modern democracy. Aristotle schooled the young Alexander, and Voltaire broadened the horizons of Frederick the Great, but the court philosopher went out of fashion along with royal courts. Mr. Kennedy's revival of the institution may serve to strengthen the case of those who have claimed to detect the clear development of dynastic tendencies in the past few months. Associates of the President see it as evidence of the present breadth of his own perspectives and the richness of his own perceptions. Their case is impressive.

The large-scale employment of intellectuals continues to be the most striking thing of all about the administration. Back in November, when the first appointments were being announced, it was fashionable to say that Mr. Kennedy was restoring intellectuals—and professors in particular—to the prestige they had enjoyed in the New Deal. What has happened since November goes far beyond anything that was known in the thirties. Franklin Roosevelt patronized a handful of intellectual celebrities like Felix Frankfurter, Robert Sherwood, and Archibald MacLeish, and he found a place for Professor Raymond Moley in the State Department, but the total number was small and the basic concept was very different. In the main, Mr. Roosevelt demanded of the universities that they supply him with bright young attorneys and with authorities on egg marketing, reforestation, and some of the newer doctrines of public finance. One cannot conceive of his doing what Mr. Kennedy has done in asking a young Harvard don and dean to be his principal adviser on all those activities of government that have to do with "national security." Nor can one imagine his opening such a sacred preserve of the politicians as the office of Commissioner of Internal

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Revenue to a professor of law from the University of Virginia. Mr. Kennedy's use of academic men and other intellectuals is, of course, not altogether an exercise of personal taste and judgment. The expansion of government under the New Deal and in the years since has more or less required a steady increase in the use of experts of the kind that are nowadays found mainly in the universities. An institution like the President's Council of Economic Advisers—established in the Employment Act of 1946—cannot be turned over to automobile dealers or political fund raisers, and on the basis of the total number of professors on the payroll Mr. Eisenhower may well have been a greater patron of academicians than Mr. Roosevelt. Moreover, the growth in size and complexity of government and the concurrent development of public administration as a discipline in more or less good standing at the universities have required the universities to feed on government, just as government is now feeding on the universities. A number of the people Mr. Kennedy has recruited from Harvard and other schools were recruited by those schools *from* government. His budget director, David E. Bell, had served in the Bureau of the Budget before being appointed to a Harvard professorship. His principal adviser on the problems of transition, Richard E. Neustadt, had gone to Columbia after several years in the White House and the Bureau of the Budget. His Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs, Harland Cleveland, Dean of the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University, had prepared for his deanship by government service during the early postwar years. Mr. Kennedy remains, nevertheless, the first President to staff a government with men whose primary qualifications are their knowledge of problems, their understanding of theory, and their capacity for logical analysis. The great majority of them are new to power, and their education has included little in the way of training in the uses of power. It is a most radical experiment—a gamble that has never been tried even in the European democracies, which, over the years, have made far greater use of intellectuals than we have. In England, France, and Switzerland, there is a high premium on learning and theoretical understanding, but men with these gifts are seldom entrusted with much power of decision until they have proved themselves (and, it is often held, exhausted themselves) in years of preparation as civil servants

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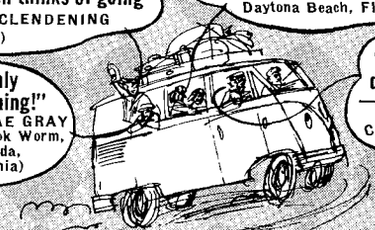

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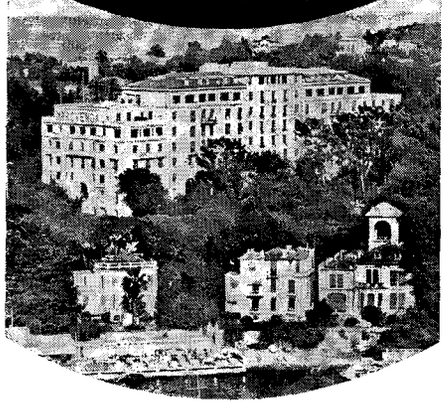

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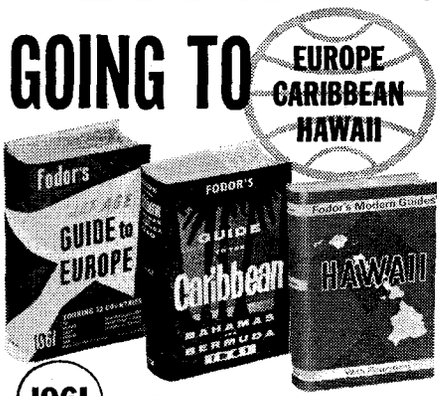

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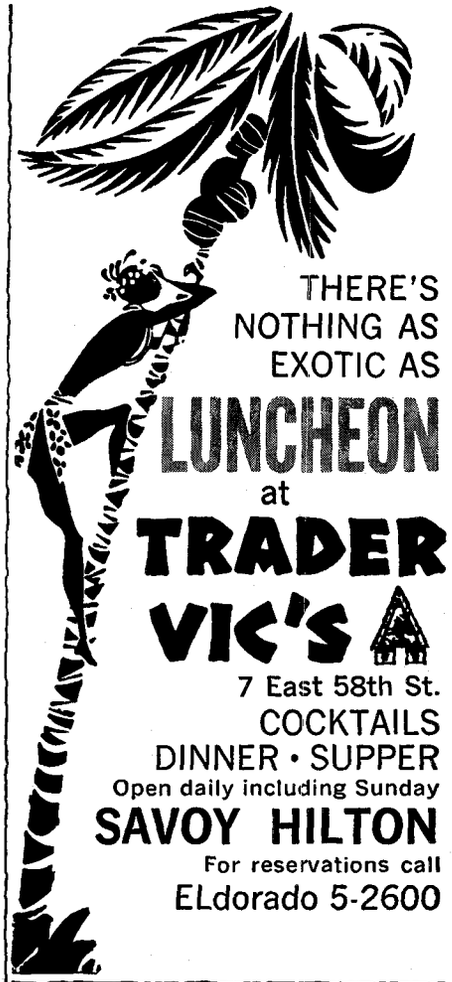
on the lower levels. In all probability, Mr. Kennedy's experiment will never be repeated. If it is any sort of success, it will thenceforth be regarded not as an experiment but as a new establishment within the old establishment.

THE President's Wednesday-night performance on all major networks has been admired by just about everyone just about everywhere. He was adroit, lucid, diplomatic, and frequently informative. The fact that he did not blow a single line doesn't mean that he will never do so, but the general tendency here is to agree with him and with his advisers that the dangers of rocking the ship of state on a live television show are no greater than the dangers of doing so by way of the newspapers. A decade ago, when press-conference rules forbade direct quotation, President Truman scared half the statesmen of Western Europe out of their wits, and brought the British Prime Minister to Washington on an early plane, when he made an observation, indirectly quoted in the press, about the possible use of nuclear weapons in Korea. Last year, President Eisenhower got into a bit of trouble not by a slip of his tongue but by faulty hearing or transcription on the part of reporters, who had him saying, apropos of a remark of Nikita Khrushchev's, "I think he's crazy," when in fact, as a tape recording subsequently revealed, he had said, "I think it's crazy." In the government and in the press corps here, the common opinion is that the world has learned to live with tensions far greater than any that might be generated by ill-chosen words spoken on television. Trouble comes more often in the form of carefully phrased announcements of changes in substantive policy.

There has been no criticism of the President's handling of his questioners on television and almost none of this use of television, which has, in the words of the President on Wednesday evening, "the advantage of providing more direct communication." The lack of criticism can perhaps be explained by the lack of thought devoted to this institutional innovation in a period when there are so many other things to be thought about. It is to be expected, of course, that a President will judge an institution like the press conference by the value it has for him as a maker and administrator of policy, and there is no reason he should not seek to modify it in ways designed to serve his ends. But there is no reason anyone should accept at face value his assertion that "more direct communication" is



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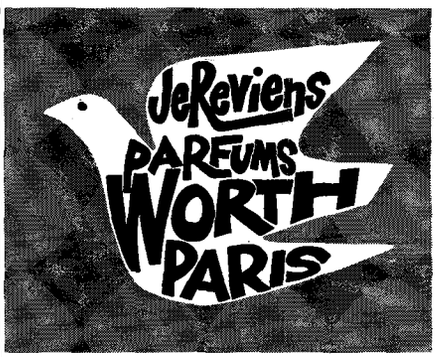

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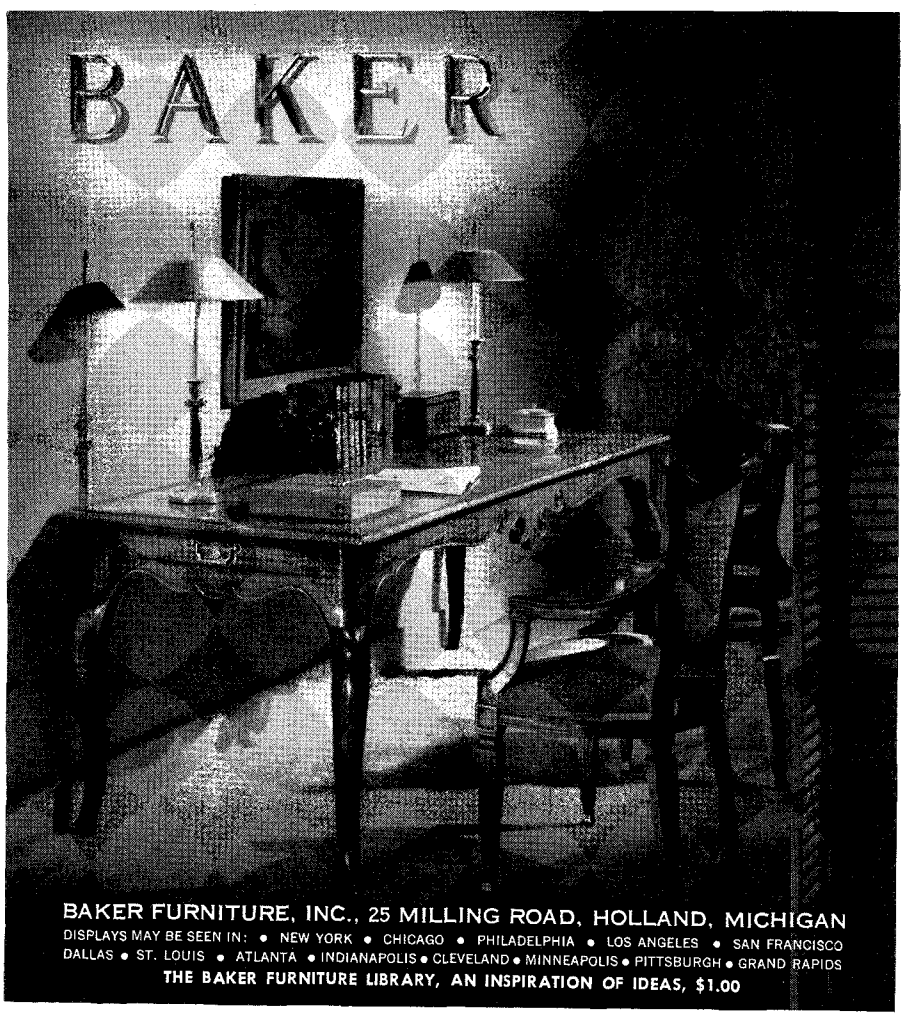
advantageous. If his assumption is a sound one, then it would seem to follow that the sensible thing would be to abolish the press conference altogether and encourage the President to go on television alone and deliver the kind of didactic monologues that Fiorello La-Guardia favored New Yorkers with over the municipal broadcasting station. If the Presidential press conference has any continuing value as a device for spreading enlightenment, the value rests in the fact that it is, among other things, a means of *indirect* communication, since it provides observers who are presumed to be particularly well informed on matters of public policy with an opportunity to request clarification and amplification of what the President has said in public speeches and other forms of direct communication. In theory, at least, any resulting enlightenment is a product of the interplay of the President's mind and the minds of those who fashion the questions put to him. The words exchanged are raw material to be appraised, refined, and given shape and meaning by the observers present or by those who study and analyze the text. A meeting in which the President attempts direct communication with several million onlookers through the medium of the press corps cannot possibly have the same value and meaning for anyone as a meeting in which the members of the press examine him on behalf of the millions, to whom the findings are presented in print or orally. Indeed, the whole press-conference form that has developed over the years is inappropriate to the function that President Kennedy proposes to make it serve. To conserve the time of all participants, the background of events is assumed to be understood and agreed upon, and the language used can be highly technical. The press conference requires no sequence, no developing logic, no rhetorical bridges or transitions; these are to be supplied later. If the President wishes to use some sort of Socratic system in his direct communications, he would be well advised to get his interlocutors from somewhere other than the Washington press. Indeed, if direct communication is to be the aim, the members of the press might very well, at some future date, force exactly this decision upon him, for what they are being asked to do in appearing at a live television conference is to serve every interest except their own and, in the case of those whose medium is print, to serve interests directly inimical to their own. To be sure, they would still wish to know what the President was communicating, but they could satisfy their



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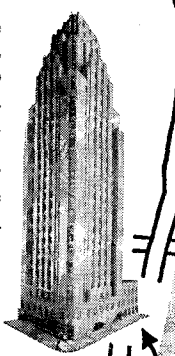
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curiosity as other citizens would be satisfying theirs—before a television set.

In all likelihood, matters will never go this far. For one thing, there is reason to believe that the inherent weakness of the press conference as a television form will in time compel its abandonment. Even with as gifted a star as Mr. Kennedy, the press conference, as a show, is poor. Even when it has an exciting and unifying theme (such as the one provided on Wednesday by the announcement of the release of the RB-47 fliers), it tends to be untidy, abrupt, and inconclusive. Interest can be sustained by dramatic announcements, but if one were sought for each televised appearance of the President, the administration would have a massive security problem on its hands. The New York *Herald Tribune* bureau here knew of the release of Captains McKone and Olmstead twenty-four hours in advance. Pierre Salinger, the President's press secretary, asked the bureau to withhold the news because publication might lead the Soviet authorities to cancel their orders, and the bureau honored the request. But stories whose advance publication might endanger lives or clearly damage the national interest are rare. The White House knows this very well, and it knows, too, of the structural flaws of the press conference. It insists, nevertheless, that the President will make as much use of television as he can. He feels he must attempt direct communication with the people because, in the first place, he wishes to awaken and arouse them, and because, in the second place, he fears that a predominantly Republican press will not deal objectively with him and his views. There are a few people here who are hoping—and a few who are betting—that he will find a better device than the one he used last Wednesday night. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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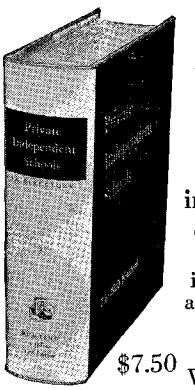

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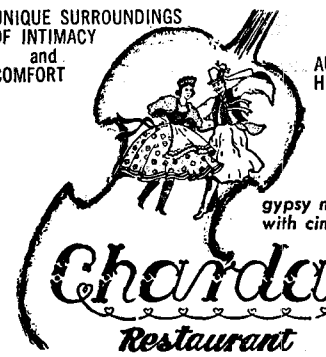

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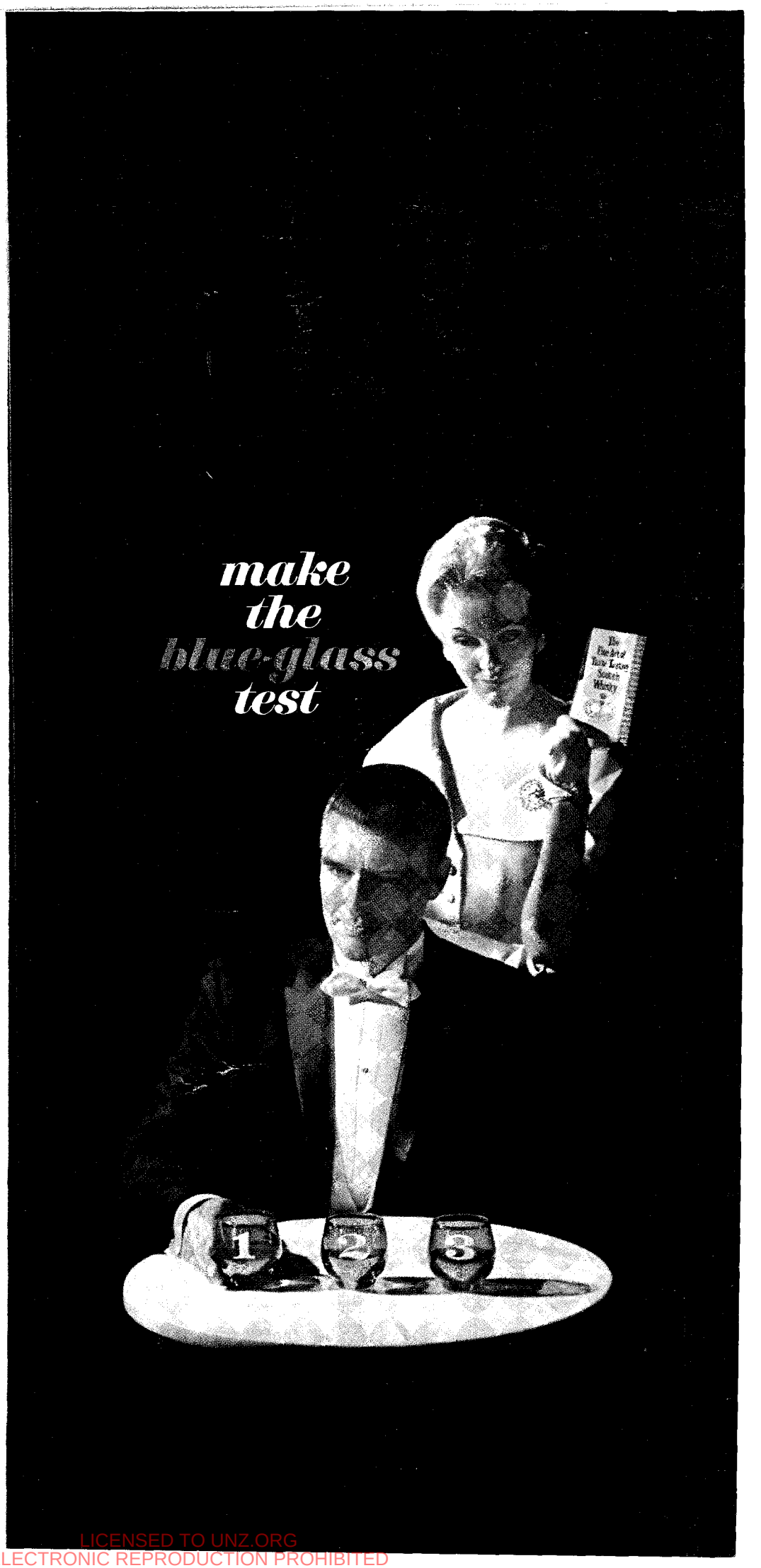

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